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THE LAND OF IND;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF INDIA.

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BY

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AUTHOR OF "DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE NATIVES OF INDIA," ETC.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—MADRAS.

		PAGE
I.	Arrival	1
II.	Landing.—Crossing the Surf	4
III.	The Landing.—First Night in India	6
IV.	Town of Madras.—Native School	8
V.	Evening Drive.—Armenian Priest.—Beautiful Mornings	12
VI.	The Natives.—Chocapah Chitty	15
VII.	The Natives and Christianity.—Missionary Schools.—English Education	18
VIII.	The Climate.—Heat.—The Sea Breeze	21

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—GLIMPSES OF THE INTERIOR.

IX.	To Arcot and Vellore	26
X.	To Bangalore	30
XI.	To Salem	34
XII.	To Trichinopoly and Tanjore	39
XIII.	To Myaveram and Cuddalore	45
XIV.	To Pondicherry and the Seven Pagodas	48
XV.	Return to Madras, and General Remarks	51
XVI.	To Pulicat	56
XVII.	To Ongole	60

CHAPTER III.

EUROPEAN MORALITY AND RELIGIOUS LIFE AT MADRAS.

		PAGE
XVIII.	General View.—Bishop Wilson	64
XIX.	Madras.—Bishop Corrie	69
XX.	Madras.—Rev. John Tucker	72

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—CALCUTTA.

XXI.	Arrival	83
XXII.	Various Nationalities.—Bazars	85
XXIII.	Native Town	90
XXIV.	European Town	92
XXV.	Our Domestic Arrangements.—Native Servants	96
XXVI.	Our Houses	99
XXVII.	Punkas in Church	100
XXVIII.	Evening Drive	102
XXIX.	Tanks	104
XXX.	The River	105
XXXI.	Native Education	107
XXXII.	The Hindoo College	112

CHAPTER V.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—GLIMPSES OF THE INTERIOR.

XXXIII.	To Midnapore	120
XXXIV.	To Cuttack	128
XXXV.	To Juggernath and Pooree	136
XXXVI.	To Burdwan	141
XXXVII.	To Burdwan.—Concluding Remarks	145
XXXVIII.	Just beyond the Ditch.—To Barrackpore	150
XXXIX.	To Chinsurah	154
XL.	To Dacca	157

CHAPTER VI.

MOFUSSIL MEMORIES.

		PAGE
XLI.	The Mosquito.—The Flying Bug	162
XLII.	The Cockroach.—The Ant	164
XLIII.	The Flycatcher.—The Chameleon	167
XLIV.	The Squirrel	171
XLV.	The Kite	173
XLVI.	The Vulture	175
XLVII.	The Adjutant	177
XLVIII.	The Bat.—The Crow	179
XLIX.	The Parrokeet.—The Mina	181
L.	Snakes	183
LI.	The Jackal.—Wild Animals	185
LII.	Toddy Collectors.—Bats	187
LIII.	Jeboon Paul's Garden	189
LIV.	Sandbank.—Turtles	192
LV.	Indian Trees	193
LVI.	Heat.—Cold.—Atmospherical Phenomena	198

CHAPTER VII.

MOFUSSIL MEMORIES.

LVII.	Plough.—Harrow	203
LVIII.	Vehicles.—Hackery; Keranchee, &c.	205
LIX.	Mills	208
LX.	Water Machines	210
LXI.	Cotton Machines.—Small Tools.—Clocks	213
LXII.	Primitive Methods	215

CHAPTER VIII.

MOFUSSIL MEMORIES.—INDIAN ART.—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

LXIII.	Wood-carving.—Tile-carving	218
LXIV.	Earthenware	219

PAGE

LXV. Hardware - - - - - - - - 220
LXVI. Textile Fabrics - - - - - - - 222
LXVII. Houses.—Ghauts, &c.—Choultries - - 224
LXVIII. Pagodas - - - - - - - - 226
LXIX. Mahomedan Mosques and Tombs - - 232
LXX. Modelling and Sculpture - - - - 235
LXXI. Painting.—General Remarks on Indian Art - 240

CHAPTER IX.

MY VOYAGE TO INDIA.

LXXII. Leaving England.—A Storm at Sea - - 245
LXXIII. At Sea.—A Visitor.—Flying Fish.—Meals.—
Sunday at Sea - - - - - - 249
LXXIV. The Line.—Sharks.—Tropical Fish - - 253
LXXV. Crossing the Line - - - - - 255
LXXVI. Continuation of the Voyage - - - 259
LXXVII. Capetown - - - - - - - - 263
LXXVIII. Capetown.—Again at Sea - - - - 268
LXXIX. Squalls.—Fine Weather.—Sea Scenery - 271
LXXX. Close of the Voyage.—The Passengers - - 275

THE LAND OF IND;

OR,

GLIMPSES OF INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—MADRAS.

I.—ARRIVAL.

LET me jot down a few notes of what has passed before my eyes since our arrival—first impressions written down on the spur of the moment.

We arrived during the night, and in the morning found the "Juliana" riding at anchor in the Madras Roads, a mile or so from the shore. The passengers, all on the tiptoe of expectation, were on deck early; but we could only see the distant city, and were not permitted to land till later in the day, after the usual formalities had been gone through. Meanwhile, large native boats came off, shaped like coal-barges, but standing higher in the water, each bringing, besides its naked crew, three or four respectably dressed natives. They arrived one by one until there were as many as ten or twelve of them round the ship.

The scene in and around the ship was interesting from its extreme novelty. Standing on deck and looking over

the side of the ship, what do we see? The large clumsy boats lying alongside are "Masoola" boats, constructed expressly for crossing the raging surf which beats unceasingly on this coast. Each boat is manned by six or eight natives, of the darkest hue and almost naked. They are sitting in their boats, waiting to take the passengers on shore, in truth, not very patiently, but keeping up an animated conversation. Every now and then a dispute arises, and, starting to their feet, they shake their fists and their oars at one another, and all but come to blows. But to blows they do not come. They chatter and scold, but do not strike. It is a strange sight; and this is the first impression we receive of the patient Hindoo.

And what is that black tiny object struggling to approach us, and tossing on the top of the waves? It is too small for a boat, and there is only one man in it. Up and down it goes, up and down, as the waves rise and fall. Now the spray dashes over it and it sinks out of sight and seems to be lost. Look again, and it is riding on the waves, bobbing up and down in a most lively manner. Gradually it comes nearer, struggling through the waves; and when quite near it is found to be not a boat, but a black raft, on which sits a man as black as itself, and quite as naked. With a single oar held in both hands he paddles away, now at one side and now at the other. This august personage is the Indian postman, and his letter-bag is a conical cap on the top of his head. Arrived at the ship, he steps on deck, dripping with wet, and without ceremony takes the letters from his skull-cap, and hands them to the captain.*

* This is the *Catamaran* boat, of which all have heard, and which is peculiar to this coast. It makes its way in the roughest sea and stormiest weather. How the man keeps his seat is a

Gradually other natives make their appearance, of more civilized aspect and milder features, neatly dressed in clean white tunics of thin cotton cloth, and with white turbans on their heads. No sooner was the ladder lowered from the deck of our ship than a number of these neatly attired Hindoos crowded on board. Some of them were servants seeking employment. One of them carried in his hand printed cards from the English hotel, which he freely offered to all. Others, and these in dress and appearance the most respectable men we saw, were native merchants and money-lenders, who came to see if there was anything to be done in the way of business, and by which they could turn an honest penny. Others still were native hawkers who came with goods to sell, and who kept up an active canvass for purchasers all the morning, penetrating into the recesses of our cabins, and requiring more than once something like force to eject them. Their goods consisted of fruit, plantains and pine-apples; others had cheap trinkets, shells, workboxes, and the like, and these they exhibited in the most tempting manner, drawing our attention in soft, insinuating language

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mystery. In point of fact he is frequently dashed from his raft, and the two are widely separated. But he takes it quite coolly, puts his oar in his mouth, and strikes out with arms and legs to rejoin his lost companion.

When closely examined the *Catamaran* is found to be a more important thing than I have described. It consists of three pieces of wood lashed together, and is eight or nine feet long.

The "Malabar" people that we first see on arriving at Madras are not to be regarded as fair specimens of the natives of India. They are the seafaring population, ill fed and not at all clothed; and the sun and sea together, to which they are constantly exposed, gives a darker shade to their skin than is at all usual, except among the fishermen caste, who alone can vie with them in this respect.

to the great bargains with which, if so pleased, we might enrich ourselves at the present favourable moment. "This very fine ivory box. This very cheap. This worth twenty rupees. I give to master for ten rupees!" Thus they go on.

II.—LANDING.—CROSSING THE SURF.

Madras has no harbour, no breakwater, no pier or jetty of any sort. There is one naked continuous sandy beach stretching for miles and miles north and south, and against which a dangerous surf of terrific violence beats continually. The boats used for crossing the surf are the "Masoola" boats mentioned above, the planks of which are sewed together, so to speak, with a fibrous material like hemp, and with thick layers of the same lying between to make them watertight. Thus constructed, rudely but ingeniously, they are yielding and flexible. The dangerous surf which would break an ordinary boat to pieces and scatter its fragments on the shore, only *squeezes* the "Masoola" boat, which gently yields to the pressure, and then recovers itself without the slightest damage as if made of India-rubber.

In three of these boats following one another in succession the passengers landed about twelve o'clock, the Indian sun in all its splendour blazing over our heads in the hot month of June. On our leaving the ship the sea was comparatively calm, the great glassy waves only heaving slowly with calm and placid surface. Further on the ground-swell became broken and agitated, and a portentous wave, stretching ever so far in length, was seen following in our track, and increasing in volume as it advanced. The boatmen kept an eye upon it, watching its approach, and when it was close at hand raised a wild

yell of *yaloo, yaloo, yaloo!* bending on their oars, and trying their utmost to steady the boat, and prevent its being driven headlong. Then there was a slight pause when this first wave had passed, and they pulled with might and main to the shore. Well they might, for a second wave, huger and more terrible than the first, was steadily advancing. Soon it overtakes them, and again raising the wild cry of *yaloo, yaloo!* they strain every nerve to keep the boat steady and prevent its upsetting. To prevent its rolling, pitching, and tossing was beyond their power; and the inexperienced passengers, some of them pale as death, held on, clutched at one another, and expected every moment to be thrown into the yawning sea and swallowed up by the waves. But all was not yet over. Presently a third wave approaches ruder and rougher than the rest, and the light boat was borne like a cork on to the sandy beach, against which it struck with a dull *thud*. This was the most dangerous moment of all, for huge rough waves came on in regular succession, breaking in spray on the beach, and threatening to overwhelm us. The naked boatmen, aware of the danger, immediately jumped into the sea, and by sheer strength of arm dragged the boat up the dry beach beyond the reach of the waves.

Now, when standing on the shore, we can view the scene with some tranquillity, and, looking back, here were always the three waves to be seen stretching miles in length, two of them solid and massive, and the third crested with foam, following each other at regular intervals like regiments of soldiers full of fight, hurrying to the attack.

But there was not much time for delay or reflection. Here were the palankeens ready to receive us, and glad we were of the shelter they afforded, for if it was hot in the boat, with the cool waves playing around us, it was

still hotter standing on the bare sand, exposed to the downward ray of that terrible Indian sun.*

III.—THE LANDING.

On my way from the shore to a house in the country, some two or three miles distant, everything was new and strange, everything animate and inanimate an object of interest. The palankeen-bearers jogged along to the pleasing tune of *hum ho, hum ho,* occasionally stopping to shift the pole from one shoulder to the other. As they trotted along in the hot sun the perspiration poured in streams down their bodies, but the poor fellows went on cheerfully as if used to it.

The stranger anticipates on arriving in India that he will find everything gay and beautiful, perpetual sunshine gilding the loveliness of nature. And certainly he will find the glorious sun shining in full splendour. Here his anticipations are not likely to be disappointed. He will find warmth and heat enough, fully equal to his most sanguine expectations; but in other respects there will be a shade of disappointment. The road is dry and dusty, all vegetation seems withered and burnt up, scarcely a tree to be seen, no green grass in the fields, or none to speak of.

After leaving the outskirts of the town and getting more into the open country, there is some improvement; the palm raises its feathery head, and the graceful

* Since these pages were written a pier has been erected at Madras, and I suppose the romance of crossing the surf is now almost a thing of the past; but in bygone times it was a serious matter. Even in the calmest weather and the stillest sea it was no joke crossing the surf, and in stormy weather it tried the nerves of the strongest.

bamboo with its dark green leaves is seen bending over the road. As for the natives themselves, the swarthy inhabitants of the country, they are swarming everywhere, some of them sitting at the doors of houses, some carrying burdens on their heads, some driving bullock-carts, some in palankeens. On getting well into the country one of the first objects that strikes the eye is a tall bamboo scaffolding with a naked figure mounted upon it. It appears to be a machine for raising water from the wells, very rude, and constructed wholly of tall bamboos; and what gives a striking effect and a picturesque singularity to it is, the naked figure seen between you and the sky, a naked Hindoo figure stepping solemnly back and forward, while at each step the water gushes into a wooden trough.

The house where I am living is a "garden-house," well out in the country, only one story high, but with spacious apartments. Never shall I forget the first night I slept here, if sleep it can be called, that sleep was none. The bedroom is a large apartment scantily furnished, with only a bed, a couple of chairs, a small table, and a washing-stand. On the table stands a glass with some thick dirty oil in it, on the surface of which floats a night-light, giving only the faintest glimmering of light, barely sufficient to make the darkness visible. What surprised me was, that the windows were standing wide-open in this heathen land, and on motioning to a native servant to shut them, he gave me to understand that it was not the custom and could not be done. It was some comfort that a soft, cool breeze was blowing through the apartment; but what if thieves should enter at night to steal your purse, or cunningly take the sheets from under you, as we have all heard and read, and when you rise to catch them, slipping through your fingers like eels! What then was to be done? Nor was this all. After

lying down, to sleep was impossible, there was such a strange buzzing and croaking outside. The earth seemed to be alive with insects, which the coolness and stillness of the night awoke to life. Add to this the mosquitoes inside the room, flying about with a sharp, stinging sound, as if saying "bite, bite!" and, worse than all, some of them have got within the beautiful white gauze bed-curtains where they are doing terrible execution upon the face and hands and every exposed part of the person. To catch them is simply impossible, try what you can, for they fly off light as air before you can touch them, though only again to renew their attack at some more exposed point. Such perseverance, such tenacity of purpose, would excite the highest admiration, if only in your agony you had sufficient coolness and presence of mind to reflect on the subject.

IV.—TOWN OF MADRAS.

Madras consists of two towns quite distinct from one another—a white town, and a black town. White-town is inhabited by Europeans, who live in what are called "garden-houses," not forming streets, but detached from one another and situated each in a garden, or park, here called a "compound." They are built very much in the style of houses at home, except that they have mostly an open verandah in front supported by a row of pillars, are without chimneys, and have flat roofs. A stair leads up to the flat roof, to which the inmates, one or more of them, sometimes retire, in eastern fashion, morning or evening, to enjoy the cool air, and take a walk on the house-top.* I have said the dwelling-houses

* It is the same with the churches here, which have also flat roofs; and one of the pleasantest of my recollections is seeing

have no chimneys, and for this simple reason, that there are no fires or fireplaces, at least I have not seen one yet. The heat is such all the year round that we can well dispense with fires in our sitting-rooms, which in this climate would be like painting the lily or adding perfume to the violet.

The house where I am living is situated in one of these "compounds," which is fenced round with tall bamboo bushes. It is only one story high, but the floor is raised considerably above the level of the ground ; and on entering you have to walk up a flight of six or seven steps, at the top of which is the never-failing, the inevitable verandah and white pillars. Just opposite the verandah is the sitting-room, and behind it the dining-room, while the bed-rooms are ranged on each side. The verandah is open in front, and it is pleasant to sit here in the cool of the evening, with the fresh breeze blowing upon you from the sea, and the starry host of heaven in full view in the clear sky, impressing you as nothing else does with the majesty of the Great Creator.

It may so happen that your meditations are disturbed in an unexpected manner. In this very house, not long ago, a gentleman was walking in the verandah in the evening at dusk, and inadvertently set his foot upon a snake which had crept up the steps unobserved from the grass in the compound. You may imagine his horror!

Blacktown, where the natives live, differs entirely from the quarter inhabited by Europeans. The houses are closely packed together in long, narrow streets, turning

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a revered and valued friend, the Rev. John Tucker, always on Sunday mornings walking on the top of his church. There he walked every Sunday morning, and those who heard him preach in his own inspired manner might well believe that he derived some of his inspiration from the associations of that sacred spot.

and twisting in every conceivable direction. They are built, the better class of them, of bare brown brick, and in a style of their own, with narrow door and narrow windows, if any, dark within and dismal without. These constitute the better class of native houses. But in addition to these there is an immense number of native huts, built some of clay and others only of coarse mats.

In this Blacktown are a few pagodas or Hindoo temples, but none of very great importance. Madras is by no means a favourite seat of Hindoo worship. Near the centre of the town there is a pagoda insignificant in point of height, but occupying a considerable extent of ground, and surrounded and half concealed from view by a high brick wall. What passes inside we have small means of knowing, for we are debarred from entering within the sacred precincts; but frequently in the evenings may be heard the sound of *tom toms*, as if the priests were celebrating some rude kind of worship. Sometimes, also, we may see them, from the tops of neighbouring houses, hard at work blowing their trumpets and carrying their idols shoulder high in procession, and then throwing them into the tank in front of the pagoda. These are occasions of high ritualistic revelry, and the noise they make with their cymbals and trumpets and horns is something wonderful.*

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* There are a few European houses in Blacktown, chiefly mercantile offices. One or two, huge massive buildings, are in the heart of the town; but the most remarkable of them consist of a long range of white-pillared buildings stretching along the beach, facing the sea and almost close to it. Here is the court-house and some of the leading mercantile houses. At some distance also, close to the sea, is Fort St. George, with its flag-staff and English church, and its lofty walls, on the top of which I have walked often and often, round and round, in the beautiful

In walking through the narrow streets of Blacktown early in the morning, you will see everywhere natives lying sleeping in the open air in the small verandahs in front of their houses, with only a thin muslin covering over their head and face. It is a wonder they can stand it, for their noses are within a few inches of the gutter. They are utterly ignorant of sanitary science, but a natural instinct has taught them to wrap their cotton scarfs round their faces, which protects them from the night air, and perhaps, on the principle of Davy's safety-lamp, has some slight effect in warding off the rank smell.

One of the sights that most strike you morning or evening, and by which you are most attracted, is the native school, where young Hindoo pupils are receiving instruction. The school-room is an open verandah where you can see all that goes on, even when driving rapidly through the streets. A score or so of half-naked boys are repeating their lesson *viva voce* and simultaneously, taking extreme delight in the free exercise of their lungs and screaming out in the most uproarious manner and at the full pitch of their voice. They are probably repeating the multiplication-table, which with the Hindoos is a more formidable affair than with us, including a greater number of figures, and to which they are indebted, it is thought, for their proverbial quickness in calculation.

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cool pure mornings, when the stars were going out, and the clear blue sky was just catching the first rays of the rising sun.

One morning, when taking a walk with a friend on our way to the Fort, the flag was streaming from the flagstaff, and a young officer came spurring along on his dapple gray at a rapid pace. My companion, who was in the secret, smiled as he galloped past, and whispered in my ear that he was "flying on the wings of love." An English ship had arrived during the night, and his lady-love (his wife to be) was one of the passengers. Hence his anxiety to be on board!

However this may be, they repeat it over and over again, simultaneously and heartily, the teacher, also naked almost, standing cane in hand, and occasionally bringing it down on the head of some poor sinner who is not bawling loud enough.

But they are not always screaming either, or engaged in simultaneous instruction. You may sometimes see young beginners tracing with the finger the letters of the alphabet on sand strewed on the floor. In this way they learn the alphabet by writing the letters, and not merely looking at them, and it is said to possess some advantages over our method. In another corner a more advanced set are sitting writing words on palm leaves instead of paper. There they sit, punching and scratching the palm leaves with an iron pen, and writing with amazing rapidity. The sight is most interesting, and strikes the stranger at once by its extreme novelty.

V.—EVENING DRIVE.—ARMENIAN PRIEST.—BEAUTIFUL MORNINGS.

The fashionable evening drive is along the beach of the west of the fort, in a retired gap between it and the "garden-houses." The air from the sea is here cool and refreshing. On one side is the parched land, on the other a wide expanse of ocean with its great waves following each other in solid masses and at last breaking on the shore in surf and foam. In this favourite drive along the beach may be seen every evening the *élite* of English society, in carriages or on horseback, wooing the breeze which blows softly over the wide expanse of waters. Here they go drinking the cool air, like Homer's hero, *para-thina poluphloisboio thalasses.* It is good for the health and most refreshing to the jaded spirits, this beautiful evening drive, within hearing of ocean's solemn music. Suppose

you extend your drive to the east of the fort in the direction of Blacktown, you have still a fine open road along the shore, less frequented by the *élite* and showy part of society, but yet not without its attractions. You have still the music of the sea, though more interrupted by vulgar traffic, and the cool air still invites you to linger on till the evening twilight is over and darkness sets in.

If you happen to pass this way early in the morning before sunrise, all is hushed and still. The natives have not yet begun their daily toil, and scarcely one is to be seen. But one figure you never fail to see at the very entrance of Blacktown, an old Armenian priest with long white beard, pacing up and down, counting his beads, and engaged in silent prayer, looking the very picture of devotion. He is clothed in a long blue gown, and paces up and down, up and down. The sun is not yet risen, but as the harbingers of day beautiful streaks of light are spreading over the sky, pencils of the most delicate blue and some of a warmer colour. All nature is hushed, all is purity and peace. And here is this old priest already at his devotions, his spirit holding communion with the Father of spirits.

A little further on you come again to the beach. There is the sea before you looking so calm and beautiful in the still morning. Not a sound is heard save the solemn surf breaking ever on the shore. A few and only a few European gentlemen, early astir, may be seen, some riding and some walking, enjoying the fresh morning air. Perhaps you extend your drive in another direction, and seek the open country. You find the scenery around Madras by no means remarkable for its beauty. You are surprised to find the soil far from fertile, in fact sandy and barren. The general aspect of the country too is extremely disappointing, with no boldness and

little variety in the landscape. Still it is not entirely without interesting features that strike the eye of a stranger. The trees are some of them beautiful and quite unlike what we see in our fields at home, particularly the palm, bamboo, and plantain, all of which grow here in wild luxuriance. The coconut palm (for there is more than one species) is tall, straight, and branchless up the entire stem, with a full bushy top. Go where you will, you see this palm tree which loves a sandy soil. Wherever you go, morning or evening, you see its stately figure and picturesque feathery top standing out in bold relief against the clear sky.

The bamboo is a very different sort of tree. A number of tall, slender stems rise from a common root, and spread out like a sheaf of corn at the top, rising to the height of fifty or sixty feet, generally not quite straight but bending by common consent gracefully to one side. When seen hanging over a cottage, with their golden stems and dark green leaves, they are very beautiful, and form one of the most picturesque as well as characteristic and pleasing features of the Indian landscape.

The plantain tree (if so it may be called) is also very common here, and is a very striking object. It is more like a huge vegetable than a tree, with its short thick stalk, and its long flapping leaves of the darkest green. The fruit, and it seems to produce fruit perpetually, grows in great clusters, hanging from stout spurs springing abruptly from the parent stalk.

Apart from the scenery and landscape, one of the most interesting sights to be seen when you drive a mile or two beyond the suburbs of the town, are herds of buffaloes browsing like cows in the open field. They are of a dark leaden colour, have immense horns, and a fierce, wild look, though in reality tame and inoffensive. In extremely hot weather they are to be seen in ponds close

to the roadside, immersed over head and ears in water, with nothing visible but the tip of the nose and sometimes a small part of the ridge of the back. When first seen you cannot conceive what on earth they are, and are half inclined to take them for alligators.

VI.—THE NATIVES.

And what about the natives, the people themselves? They differ from us in language, complexion, dress, and equally so in religion and manners. A European coming among them doubts whether he has not been transported to a new planet inhabited by a race of beings bearing only a slight resemblance to those he left in the old world. After dwelling among them for some time, the eye becomes familiar with their external feature, which no longer excites wonder. But there remains much behind in their social institutions, their religion and caste, which continues veiled in mystery and baffles every attempt to pierce it. You feel that you see little more than the surface and outer coating of Hindoo life, while all within remains unknown.

"And yet it is not for want of having a near view of them that we are thus ignorant. We have numbers of them constantly in our houses as domestic servants, moving about us from morning till evening. One waits at table, another cooks the food, another pulls the punka, another sweeps the floor, and so on. There is a head servant who superintends the rest, and he is here called the butler.

The butler is an important personage, as becomes his high position, elevated over the heads of the other servants. My butler, who came on my first arrival, and still clings to me with unswerving loyalty, is a Rajpoot, a small active man with a fine aquiline nose and a

bristling black mustache. His dress consists of a white cotton tunic always scrupulously clean, cotton trousers tight at the ankles, a red turban and tinseled slippers turned up at the toes. He is also very scrupulous in wearing the "caste" marks on his face and forehead. The other servants stand in great awe of him, and if the truth must be told, he seems born to rule. I shall never forget one day when the sweeper (a tall, long-legged, gaunt fellow) came into my sitting-room, without permission, at an unpropitious moment when he was not expected. He entered, but not alone. Close behind him followed the butler, who came up to him, and, with a most significant gesture, and his black mustache bristling and quivering with rage, pronounced the terrible word *po* (begone). The sweeper fell back in terror, as if struck by a bullet, and retreated from the room with signs of the most abject submission.

My butler, in addition to his duties of general superintendence, keeps the bazar account, in which he enters all sums expended on behalf of his master. There is no doubt he turns a penny by this means; and his bazar account is a curiosity in its way, written in English, I believe not by himself but by a Portuguese clerk, word for word from his dictation, and in which such phrases as "rice for biled," "fowl for biled," do duty for the more orthodox forms of expression.

The only Hindoo of respectability above the rank of servant or Government *employé* that I am acquainted with as yet, is Chocapah Chitty, a wealthy native banker. He is an interesting study, for while associating with the English in the way of business, and having much friendly intercourse with them, he remains thoroughly Hindoo in character and dress. Nevertheless he speaks English well, and his manners are frank and open, his frank tone being in pleasing contrast to the submissiveness approach-

ing to servility of the more dependent classes. You never see him out of doors by any chance. He remains always at home, closely engaged in his counting-house and attending to business. His transactions are on a large scale, and his *hoondees* are honoured far and wide over the south of India. When you visit him at his house, you find a big fat man sitting on the floor, his dusky shoulders bare down to the waist. He receives you in the frankest manner possible; but hint that you have come on business, and he is at once on the alert, and directs his thoughts instantly into that congenial channel.

When calling at the house, I have once or twice seen his eldest son, a young lad of twelve or thirteen. He wears no garments except a scarf round his loins; but to make up for this scanty apparel, he has a profusion of ornaments hanging about him, including ear-rings, chains round the neck, bracelets and anklets. He has always a strong but not unpleasant smell of saffron about his person. His manners are singularly soft and gentle, almost effeminate, indicating a *zenana* training and utter inexperience of the rough usages of the world.

One evening I was present at a nautch given by Choeopah, quite a splendid affair and attended by several influential Europeans. There was nothing whatever to be seen in the least degree objectionable, or which could offend the most fastidious taste. The son did the honours of the evening in entertaining the guests, while the father kept more in the background, but spoke affably to those who came up to him. We had music and dancing (done for us) in the usual style, and were also served with wine and sweetmeats, and repeatedly sprinkled over profusely with rose-water.

VII.—THE NATIVES AND CHRISTIANITY.

The natives here, from the highest to the lowest, are eager to learn English. It is not because they have an ardent desire for intellectual pursuits: on the contrary, they are indolent and apathetic, except when under the influence of strong motives of personal interest, and willingly avoid exertion either of mind or body. But in this country a knowledge of English is of solid value. It is the high road to wealth. The case stands thus. The natives are passionately fond of rupees. The English language is a convenient instrument for gaining rupees, and hence their fondness for the English language and literature. But this is not altogether a bad sign. We need not look at it merely on the low and grovelling side. The desire may be taken advantage of to substitute truth for error, first in science and then in religion.

As to the conversion of the natives, we are apt to expect too much in the way of immediate success. We must not believe exaggerated reports, the fumes of a heated imagination, which represent the whole fabric of Hindooism as shaking to its centre, and the whole Indian population as on the eve of embracing Christianity. The truth is, the Hindoos are obstinately attached to their own religion. There is no active opposition to missionary efforts. But what is perhaps worse, there is a settled indifference. When I arrived here, I was much pleased with the gentle manners of the Hindoos, and the meek and quiet attention with which they listened to religious truth. They seemed on the eve of making a public profession of Christianity. But a little experience taught me to be less sanguine; and now I perceive that the task of converting them is beset

with no ordinary difficulties, is trying to the patience, heart-sickening, and almost heart-breaking. At the same time the Christian missionary, even if he makes no actual converts, may do much good by instructing the young in the common branches of useful knowledge. In this direction he may obtain definite results and reap tangible fruit. True, it is not for this purpose he comes to India. But there is some hope that these efforts may help on his main object. He may enlighten the rising generation, fill their minds with useful knowledge, and thus pave the way for future success in his own special province.

There are several excellent missionary schools here, of which the first in importance is that conducted by the Scotch missionaries. Whatever zeal can do is here done to carry our language and literature, and with them our religion to the minds of the rising generation of Hindoos. In respect to our language and literature, the results are all that could be desired. There is a Debating Society in connection with the school, of which John Anderson, the senior missionary, is the moving spirit, and if you were in an adjoining room hearing the debate, you would hardly discover from the language used that the eager disputants were not of English blood.

It is a treat to see John Anderson at his work in school among his Hindoo pupils, the instrument so different from the material on which he is acting, in every aspect in which you can look at them; his flaming red head (at sight of which you are ready to exclaim *nec tamen consumebatur!*) towering aloft among so many black heads; he tall and ungainly in figure, they slim and graceful; he full of ardour, they apathetic, but into whom he contrives to infuse some scintilla of his own enthusiasm! If it were to come to a personal struggle, you cannot doubt he would drive them all before him

like a flock of sheep. But though rough to others, to them his voice is soft and gentle. To them he is patient, kind, and meek, familiar almost to a fault, fondles them beyond what is meet, so that some have said to me, "He should not do that, they don't like to be touched;" from some inherent caste feeling, I suppose, in their nerves!

The Native Society's School, in which religion is not directly taught, is another admirable institution which has turned out many hundreds of Hindoo scholars well acquainted with our language and literature, and with the elements of true science. Truth in history, truth in geography, truth in science, with an intimate knowledge of our language, is the object aimed at, and who shall say that this is wrong even if it stops short of religion?

The Grammar School, now called Bishop Corrie's Grammar School, after the beloved bishop of that name, is another educational institution which is doing much good for a different class of the population—East Indians of mixed blood and the direct descendants of Europeans born in India. Some of the scholars are of pure European descent, though born in India. But most of them are what is called "half-caste," partly of European and partly of Hindoo extraction—in fact a cross-breed between the two races. They are Christians by profession, dress like Christians, and are fond of imitating them in every possible way. Hitherto their education has been much neglected, and, as a rule, with some distinguished exceptions, they are considered vain, and conceited, and indolent. I am disposed to judge more leniently. There seems to be a capacity for good in them beyond what is generally believed, and which we may hope in time to see more fully developed. It is an obvious remark that they stand midway between the European and the Hindoo, forming a connecting link and bridge between

them, and there is reason to hope they will eventually prove very efficient instruments for carrying our arts, and science, and culture, if not also our religion, among the more benighted Hindoos. As regards missionary work, with their knowledge of the native language, which they speak from infancy, and inured as they are to the climate, they possess obvious advantages in these respects over the European missionary. As to mental gifts, it is certain that up to the age of puberty they are of quick intelligence and advance rapidly. But it is said they stop soon, and do not go on improving in the earlier stages of manhood to the same extent as before. This I have heard repeated so often that there must be some foundation for it, however difficult it may be to explain or account for it.

This school has a very active committee, who are unwearied in their exertions. Above all they look to religious results, and so far is this feeling carried that not long ago they objected to distribute among the scholars some copies of Brougham's "Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science" (fifty copies of which had been sent to the Head Master for that purpose by an enlightened friend of education), believing that fascinating tract to be not sufficiently imbued with Christian truth. This proceeding on the part of the committee excited some surprise, especially in the mind of the Head Master (a young Scotchman), who did not see eye to eye with the committee in this matter.

VIII.—THE CLIMATE.—HEAT.—THE SEA BREEZE.

The climate is more bearable than I expected to find it, and I am now writing in what is considered the hottest month of the year, the month of June. Our

dress, houses, and whole mode of life, are adapted to the climate. Our ordinary dress for every day wear is of white cotton cloth—white jacket, white vest, and white trousers. It is cool and light, and admirably adapted to the circumstances in which we are placed. On Sundays at church, at formal dinner parties, and on other great occasions we wear a black coat. It is not always, however, made of English broad-cloth, but not seldom of a lighter material; and even at church and dinner parties, the trousers and vest are generally white. Woollen stockings are here unknown, would be voted a bore, and white cotton socks take their place. The shoes we wear are thin and light, more like slippers than shoes; and as for high boots, the very name is odious, and they are only tolerated in the army among the military officers who are obliged to sacrifice their own convenience and comfort to style and appearance.

As for our dwelling-houses, the best recommendation a house can have is a good veranda, spacious rooms, and plenty of doors and windows open to every breeze that blows. The windows are not made of glass but of wood, so contrived that they can be thrown open to let in the breeze, or shut if need be to keep out the glare and heat. Fireplaces, as I have said, are a thing unknown; and instead of gathering round the fireside in the evening, we never see a fire from morning till night, or from one end of the year to the other. Coolness, coolness is the order of the day, the one thing needful, and to this everything is sacrificed down to carpets in our rooms and blankets on our beds.

During the months of May, June, and July, the heat would be unbearable, were it not mitigated by the welcome sea breeze which at that season sets in regularly in the forenoon about ten or eleven o'clock. The sea breeze here is lovingly called *the Doctor*, from a grateful

sense of its healing powers. Day by day, in this hottest season, just before *the Doctor* pays his morning visit, there is a lull—not a breath of air moving. You feel most uncomfortable; the perspiration breaks out at every pore, even when you are sitting still in a chair doing nothing. It would be quite intolerable, it would drive you mad, if it were to last long. But it does not last long; *the Doctor* comes, and all is changed. An agreeable coolness diffuses itself through the air. The sea breeze begins to blow. You feel it on your cheeks cool and refreshing, and through your whole frame; and steadily it blows on with healing on its wings through the remainder of the day and far into the night.

I am going too fast. *The Doctor* does not, strictly speaking, invariably make his morning call in the hot weather. As if to show how ill we can spare him, as if to raise his price and enhance his value, he chooses to stay away for a short while. Here at Madras for six or seven days in the hot season there is no sea breeze, and a hot land wind blows instead uninterruptedly morning, noon, and night. The air is then dry, hot, and stifling, as if issuing from a furnace. This stifling land wind, laden with dust, continues blowing day and night without intermission, and makes everything as dry as tinder. The leaves of your book curl up in your hand, as if exposed to a hot fire. The ink dries in the pen before you can use it. Not unfrequently the table at which you are sitting cracks with the intense heat, and goes off like a pistol. Nor is this all. A fine dust pervades the air, covers every article of furniture, and enters every nook and corner and crevice. The very sea and sky lose their azure colour and put on a sickly yellow hue. The whole world seems out of joint.

Happily this hot wind does not last very long, and while it does last we are not wholly without a cure. Little

mats of *kuskus* (a sweet scented grass) are placed before a door or open window, and a man stands outside perpetually throwing water upon them, baling it continually out of a pail or cistern. The mats are thus kept moist, and the wind blowing through them diffuses an agreeable coolness and fragrance through the room. It is a pleasant change, but as some old Indians imagine it is more pleasant than safe. One side of your face may be hot and dry, while the other is cool and moist; and I am one of those who believe that these are conditions rather favourable than otherwise to earache, toothache, and rheumatism.

To bring these remarks to a close, the heat at Madras is no doubt sometimes awful. Your skin is covered all over with prickly heat. You drink a cup of coffee, and it pricks you like needles, oozes out of your body at every pore. It is the same with cold water, which is no sooner drunk than it stands upon your face in beads, or drops from the tips of your fingers as if you were a sieve.

Let me say a little more about the climate, a subject of lively interest to us. The feeling of cold is here unknown during any part of the year. The months of December and January may be called cool, but not cold. The weather is then bracing, but at the same time soft and agreeable. The air is balmy, sweet, and fresh, without any touch of harshness. Not a drop of rain falls. The sky is always clear. In a word, it is delicious weather, and the imagination can scarcely conceive anything finer. In the month of February it begins to be sensibly hotter, and the heat increases in March and April and culminates and attains its maximum during the succeeding months up to October, when the periodical rains set in. It is then comparatively cool again. The coolness and the rain together make it more like English

weather than what we experience during the rest of the year. Here we feel the truth of the proverb "It never rains but it pours." For days and days together it pours without intermission like a deluge. There is a constant sound of rain in your ears, and from the roofs of houses streams of water are seen gushing from every spout. It sounds like music to the ear in this dry and thirsty land, and reminds us of home almost more than anything else.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—GLIMPSES OF THE INTERIOR.

IX.—TO ARCOT AND VELLORE.

THE following "glimpses" are just such as might occur to any one travelling rapidly (if the expression may be used) through five or six hundred miles of the country in a palankeen. They are of the lightest possible character and are in the most literal sense first impressions. The tour was undertaken for the purpose of having a good *look* at the country and people beyond the limits of the presidency town, and with no other view.

Leaving Madras on the afternoon of the 17th December, we arrived at the first stage-bungalow, a distance of fifteen miles, at half-past eight in the evening. My cook, Ramasawmy, who had started with the cooly carrying the provisions and everything suitable for the journey, a full hour in advance, we had passed on the road; and here am I left in the open veranda of a secluded bungalow in total darkness, and without any means of obtaining a light. The evening, however, was beautiful. It was a clear starlight night. Myriads of fireflies were disporting among the branches of a wide spreading tree just at hand. These tiny creatures kept flitting about in the still night, sparkling quietly like pieces of tinsel among the leaves. I enjoyed the quiet scene extremely. At last Ramasawmy made his appearance. He was not to blame. Not he! He wished very much to walk fast and keep up with master, but had to wait for the cooly who was so dreadfully lazy!

I awoke next morning with the words *Saheb, Saheb,* sounding in my ear. On opening my eyes, there was Ramasawmy standing trying to awake me. It was time to commence the journey, though the stars were still shining and there was no appearance of day. By the time it was fairly light we were two or three miles on the road. At break of day I got out of the palkee and walked, the morning was so fine, not a cloud in the sky, and the air transparent, cool, and exhilarating. I could not but think how delicious this climate must appear to those accustomed to it from infancy, and how cheerless in comparison our own northern climate! And yet all was not so different. The trees, and cultivated fields waving with corn, the cows lowing as they went past, pictures of peace and plenty, reminded me strongly of home. Indeed, this part of India at the present time looks as peaceful, as settled, as our own island home: no signs of violence, the farmer following his occupation undisturbed, and reaping the fruits of his industry,—in Scripture phrase sitting under his own vine and his own fig-tree, and no one to make him afraid.

On the second day we reached Arcot. And here the country becomes very interesting, no longer flat but with numerous cone-shaped rocky hills rising abruptly from the plain as if thrown up by some convulsion of nature, some of them quite near the public road. They are bare, almost without vegetation, except a few stunted shrubs growing here and there in the crevices. Masses of detached rock are seen lying about in the fields. The plain where these rocks and rocky hills crop up appears to be well watered and fertile, the soil a rich brown loam, and the crops chiefly rice and Indian corn. On one stalk of the latter, which I pulled from a field where it was growing luxuriantly, I will not say how many grains I counted, it would appear so incredible. But a truce to

these reflections. On arriving at Arcot I found the only two rooms of the bungalow both occupied by travellers who had outstripped me on the road, and I was obliged sorrowfully to pass the night in my palankeen outside.

After leaving Arcot the next important station is Vellore. The country all the way is exceedingly picturesque. Vellore is a very interesting place. The fort, one of the finest I have ever seen, the walls built of solid granite, and surrounded outside by a broad deep moat apparently cut in the solid rock and filled with pure clear water. I was not a little surprised to see some alligators in the moat, lying lazily with their heads above the water. A little to the east of the fort there is a ridge of hills, the higher peaks of which appear to have been fortified in times gone by, and which still look warlike. Feeling a strong inclination to get to the top of the ridge, in the hope of obtaining an extensive view of the surrounding country, I set out with Ramasawmy as a companion at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was declining towards the west. But Ramasawmy was not to be depended upon. He accompanied me to the foot of the hill, but no persuasion could make him go farther. He was afraid of snakes, which, to his excited imagination were swarming among the rocks. Accordingly I set out alone. At first the hill rises gradually, and by following the beaten track it is possible to get about halfway up without much difficulty. But after that it becomes steeper and more rugged, the narrow footpath can no longer be traced, and large stones lie about everywhere with long grass and stunted shrubs growing between them which entirely block up the road. After toiling up the steep ascent for about an hour, I succeeded at last in reaching the top. From this point there is an extensive view of cultivated fields, dotted here and there with the peculiar cone-shaped hills already noticed. Just below lies the town of Vellore,

of which from this elevated point you have a bird's-eye view, with the narrow and not irregular streets distinctly mapped out.

At the stage-bungalow of Vellore I found a small library of books for the use of travellers. It was by mere accident I made the discovery, for the old sepoy in charge is so attentive that he keeps the books carefully locked up in his own house, instead of leaving them in the bungalow to be read. The reason he gave for this singular procedure was original in its way. If any of the books, said he, were lost, the collector would dismiss him, and therefore he keeps them under lock and key in his own house, where nobody can see them. While waiting at this bungalow, a lady and two young children arrived on their way to Madras, where they were to embark for England. One of the children was very lively, and opened his mind freely upon various topics concerning himself and his papa and mamma. He was going to be a minister, and would preach *very long sermons, and very loud.* He went on prattling in this way all morning. There were oranges here in great abundance, and so cheap that I bought a hundred of them for a rupee.

I have forgot to mention that just before reaching Vellore, there was a keenly-contested race between my bearers and those of another gentleman, who should arrive first. About a mile from the halting station I heard another traveller coming up behind us in great haste. Taught by experience the inconvenience of arriving at a bungalow when the rooms are all occupied, I encouraged my fellows to push on, and fortunately we arrived first, though it was a neck and neck race. The rule in these cases is, first come first served. The other traveller, on coming up, much chagrined at finding no vacant apartment, gave vent to his feelings in blows

which he levelled at the shoulders of his bearers with a stick. The poor fellows fled in all directions, but not before one of them was severely hurt, and the blood came streaming down his back. The traveller, who was not a bad-hearted fellow, though too excitable, seemed to relent, and taking a bottle of brandy from his *petara* he gave it to the bearers, who went away laughing and well pleased with the upshot of the adventure.

X.—TO BANGALORE.

On the road to Bangalore, at the foot of the mountain range which divides the low country from the table-land of Mysore, I passed an old deserted bungalow. There is a churchyard beside it, with many sad memorials of mortality erected in the shape of tombstones in memory of European travellers who had died here, and found this fatal spot the last stage of their earthly pilgrimage. The bungalow has a bad name, and no one now ever halts there, but pushes on as fast as he can. It is situated in a low, swampy country at the foot of the hills, and it is as much as a man's life is worth to stop there for a single night breathing the tainted air. There is another bungalow a little further on, in a healthier locality, where I passed the night. The country here, being wild and lonely, the bearers were afraid of being attacked by robbers, and would not start next morning till long after sunrise. After travelling forward a few miles, the road becomes very steep, and we made but slow progress, the bearers all the while groaning dismally; and to lighten the load I got out of the palkee and walked up the steep ascent. The scenery is wild in the extreme, and resembles more a highland glen than an Indian landscape, the road for several miles skirting along the edge of a precipice, so deep that on

throwing a stone down the faintest sound or echo cannot be heard.

At the top of the Ghauts stands one of the hill forts of which we read in Indian history, rude and peculiar in style, with an outer wall built of stone and an inner one of mud. The former is in good repair, and has the appearance of being tolerably strong, especially near the gates. But the mud wall is in ruins. Quite near it is a bungalow where I spent the day, strolling about for an hour or two to get a look at the place.

The people here are quite a different race from those below the Ghauts, differing in personal appearance, and speaking a different language. Strolling through the neighbouring village I found two persons, a man and a woman, busily engaged cutting the figures of dog's heads on bamboo walking-sticks. The work was done very neatly, and very quickly too, with a rude instrument like a chisel. The price asked for each stick was two "pice," or about three farthings apiece, which they received thankfully, and seemed to regard as liberal payment.

After ascending the Ghauts, you find the land on the Mysore side well cultivated. There is a good supply of water, which in all this part of India is an indispensable condition to fertility. Large tanks and abundant crops are everywhere to be seen, and the landscape is diversified and adorned with fine large trees thickly planted, giving you a favourable impression of the industry and taste of the people, and speaking well also for the Government under which they live.

Bangalore, as is known to all, is a large military cantonment, where one or more European regiments are constantly stationed—a place almost more European than native, and therefore to me, with the special object I have in view, less interesting. Nevertheless some few

points may be jotted down in these rambling recollections not altogether without interest. Bangalore stands high on the tableland of Mysore, and is considered extremely healthy. The climate is comparatively cool, and at this season it is even cold, so that a blanket or two at night, and warm clothing in the mornings and evenings, are indispensable. It is like fine summer weather at home; but the sun is more powerful during the heat of the day than it ever is in England, the atmosphere being clearer, with fewer clouds, and the sun shining out with more dazzling splendour. But in the mornings and evenings it is really cold. During the whole of my stay at Madras I never saw a fireplace; but here they are common, and fires are quite necessary. The European houses, of which there are many, are in point of appearance inferior to those of Madras. They are scattered over the station at wide intervals and with great open spaces between. The native town has no striking features. It resembles a large rambling bazar. At the edge of the native town there is an old fort which, though now much neglected and almost in ruins, is still an object of some interest. It is large and obviously of native construction, built of small cobble stones, and it cannot be said that the style and execution surpass the material. It is not for a moment to be compared with the fort of Vellore, either for strength or beauty, or worthy to be named in the same breath with it.

I spent several days at Bangalore, and one evening went to see the "Public Gardens," as they are called, now much neglected, but bearing marks of having seen better days. The broad walks are now overgrown with grass and weeds, and everything indicates neglect; but there are still flowers to be seen, and among them some English flowers which are seldom met with in India, and a fruit-bearing apple tree, which is also a rare sight.

One cannot but observe the number of small gardens at this station, the property of native gardeners who earn a livelihood by cultivating the vegetables most in request for the European table, such as onions, peas, carrots, cauliflower, etc.

On Sunday I went to church and found a large European congregation, among them Sir Walter Scott, son of the great Sir Walter, and colonel of the 10th Hussars, at present stationed here. He is a tall, dark, military-looking man, physically a good specimen of humanity, but intellectually, it is said, not quite his father's son. Indian *gup* says, he never read his father's immortal works. But in this gossip is misinformed, for I have it on the authority of the doctor here that it is an entire mistake. He has *seen* young Sir Walter read his father's romances, both prose and poetical, with keen enjoyment. Be this as it may, Lady Scott, a little woman, with modesty and firmness sweetly blended together in her countenance, was sitting beside her husband in church; and I am afraid the two from the grand associations connected with the name, rather interfered with my devotions as well as those of others.

What struck me much in contrast with Madras, was to see several of the most influential European families come to church in palankeen carriages drawn by bullocks, two to each carriage, the native driver sitting outside and guiding them with reins as if they were horses. They were fine large animals, and jogged along as docile as could be.

The clergyman who officiates in the church is one of the Company's chaplains, and a very good specimen of his class. I hear that not long ago an amusing scene took place in church, which tried his gravity severely. The farrier of one of the regiments is a black Christian, and his wife is of the same complexion, both being

jet black. Their young child, in point of colour a faithful representative of both parents, they brought to church to be christened, soon after our youthful Queen came to the throne. The child was named Victoria, and in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, the chaplain, when he pronounced the word, was observed to put his white cambric handkerchief to his mouth and pause for a moment, while a general smile lighted up the faces of the congregation.

XI.—TO SALEM.

The weather in the Mysore country at this season is really cold in the mornings and at night. On leaving Bangalore for Salem early in the morning, a thick fog was hanging in the air, and the weather was raw and uncomfortable. On arriving at the bungalow I felt quite cold; but as the day wore on the fog dispersed, and the sun shone out bright and warm. Then might be seen the half-clad natives creeping from their huts into the warm sunshine. Just beside the stage-bungalow were two or three native huts, with children playing about before the doors. One little fellow, not more than six or eight months old and quite naked, was brought out by his mother into the open air and laid flat on the ground, where he lay basking, smiling, winking, and rolling about at peace with himself and the whole world.

In the afternoon we were again on the march by four o'clock. After travelling for an hour or so, great was my surprise on opening the door of the palankeen! The road lay through a most beautiful country: on every side small hills rising abruptly from the plain, some merely bare rock, others with a sprinkling of soil just sufficient to cover the roots of a few stunted shrubs. Here and

there on the open plain between the rocky hills, large trees might be seen at measured distances, their branches weighed down with luxuriant foliage. Never did I feel more the charm of hill and dale with its varied scenery. At one place a whole colony of monkeys were sitting on the ground in various attitudes, but, as we came near, they might be seen making for the trees and climbing up the branches with great agility. There they performed a variety of antics, to amuse the passing traveller, catching each other by the tail, leaping from branch to branch, and sometimes swinging by the tail from one branch to another. On approaching the stage-bungalow the country became less picturesque; but, on the other hand, there were waving fields of rice, and numerous herds of cattle grazing. The bungalow itself is in a very retired and secluded spot; and in the compound in front of the house three or four natives were sitting, cutting the long grass with sickles or hooks. They were actually *sitting*, and it is not to be supposed they got on very quickly with their work. In fact, much of their time was spent in talking; there was no emulation among them who should do most, but one and all "took it easy," the point of honour with them being rather who should do least, than who should do most.

I spent a delightful day at this secluded bungalow. This quiet retreat, with its shady trees and its singing birds, what a pleasing contrast to the din and bustle of a large city! On the table was a book, placed there by the Collector, in which travellers are requested to enter their names, and say how they are satisfied with the bungalow servants. Some do not confine themselves to these bare facts, but indulge in eccentric remarks about the place, the food, the weather, and even about one another, generally in prose, but sometimes in rhyme, as the following specimens will show, faithfully copied

from the Collector's book.* One traveller gives the following warning to all who may come after him, in not very choice rhyme :—

"Whoever does this book deface,
Must meet the Collector face to face."

Another makes the following complaint, "I wanted a sheep; they brought me a dried up old goat." Upon which another observes, "Lucky fellow! I tried three different bungalows to procure something like a sheep; but in vain." Another, who appears to have found nothing to eat, consoles himself with the following couplet :—

"We want but little here below,
Nor want that little long."

Next day our journey lay through a tract of country quite as picturesque as that of the previous afternoon, all along the road small craggy hills rising abruptly from a fertile plain, in which large trees were growing with heavy foliage; and about sunset we passed a hill-fort, now almost in ruins. After travelling for some hours we found ourselves again approaching the Ghauts, which divide the table-land of Mysore from the low country. The wind was blowing keen and cold from the mountains, and I walked a good part of the way to keep myself warm. As the evening and darkness set in, the jackals kept up a constant howling, in melancholy cadence with the whistling of the wind.

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* The bungalows are placed under the charge of the Collectors of districts, whose principal duty is to collect the revenue for Government, but who also, in this part of India, exercise magisterial functions.

On the high road which lies through the passes of the Ghauts at this place, bullocks were seen at various points toiling along, dragging heavily-laden carts up the steep ascent. The road being very steep and uneven, the animals stopped every ten yards or so to rest; and, after a little pause, the driver, seated at his ease on the cart, commenced tugging the tails of the bullocks and beating them, the patient creatures submitting to the ordeal with a very good grace, and when they had enough of it, moving on once more. I was particularly struck with a rude contrivance to prevent the wheels turning and rolling down hill, when the animals every now and then stopped to rest, consisting of a piece of wood, fastened to the cart in such a way as to slip down behind the wheels the moment they stopped, and spontaneously rise up again when they moved forward.

The road leading through the passes of the Ghauts at this place is uninteresting, the hills low and of a common-place character; common-place in shape and contour, without a single deep glen or romantic spot, and utterly bald and bare. There is here none of the bold scenery which the traveller admires when passing the Ghauts further east, in the direct line between Madras and Bangalore.

After passing the Ghauts and travelling on for a few hours, you arrive at Salem, a considerable town, beautifully situated in a plain surrounded by high hills, and in the midst of a most fertile country. It has a busy, thriving appearance: the land in the immediate vicinity, a deep rich mould, and cultivated with the greatest care. The public roads in this district are all that can be desired, and the stage-bungalows are patterns of neatness and comfort.

I determined to let the bearers rest at Salem for one day, and, as a reward for their good behaviour, made them a present of a sheep, which they received with

many salaams. Do not be surprised. Some classes of Hindoos, and the palankeen-bearers are of that number, are as fond of mutton as we are ourselves.

I dined and spent the evening with one of the European residents. A missionary and his wife were of the party; and in the course of the evening the conversation turned upon the difficult task of converting the natives to Christianity. The views expressed appeared to me very sensible, especially as to the futility of distributing bibles and religious tracts indiscriminately and gratuitously among all classes of natives who are willing to accept them. It was stated that an American missionary had lately come down from Madras with a cart load of bibles, which he gave away broadcast. The consequence was that many sought them for the paper and binding alone, and it is not likely they derived much spiritual benefit from the transaction.

When the party broke up, our host accompanied me to the stage-bungalow, and in course of conversation mentioned a singular circumstance. It appears that the missionary above referred to, met his wife, to whom he has been married only a few months, in the following singular manner. It so happened that a lady came out from England to take charge of a female school in the district of Tinnevelly, leaving Madras on a certain date to join her appointment, and travelling alone in a palankeen. By good fortune the missionary heard of her approach in the direction of Salem, and determined to have an interview with the fair stranger. Accordingly, he travelled across the country some thirty miles, to one of the stage-bungalows on the route, and there remained watching his opportunity. The lady arrived in due course, and the gentleman introduced himself as a brother missionary. It was very pleasant for two lonely strangers to meet in this way, and they were mutually pleased with each

other. The gentleman made himself very agreeable, and at last ventured to propose. The lady hesitated a little, and then consented, thinking she might go further and fare worse. Thus, in one day, in a few hours, she was wooed and won. Such is the fate and such are the perils that sometimes await the female missionary in India!

XII.—TO TRICHINOPOLY AND TANJORE.

Whether it was owing to the sheep they had eaten I cannot tell, but certain it is that, on leaving Salem, the bearers began, for the first time, to exhibit a mutinous spirit. They were tired of work, and wanted to go straight to Madras, whereas my intention was to go round by Trichinopoly and Tanjore, and reach Madras by that circuitous route. Having engaged them for a specified period and to go wherever they were required, I claimed the right of regulating the direction of the journey without consulting their whims or wishes. On seeing me firm and immovable, they again put their shoulders to the palankeen and trudged along, at first slowly enough, but afterwards at a better pace and with more spirit.

Once on the march again, nothing worth mentioning occurred until we arrived at Ramchull, where there is an old dilapidated fort, which must have been a place of great strength in its day. It is built upon a high rock in the middle of a swamp, the rock on three sides being almost perpendicular. On one side only there is a gentle slope, and here it is strengthened by a high wall. I found the building inside neglected and in ruins, except the powder magazine, which is still in tolerable order, and the walls of which are of enormous thickness. It has been said of another place, the man who built his castle here must

have been "a born thief," and so I am disposed to say of him who built the castle of Ramchull.

In this district, and for a considerable distance beyond it, the soil is in most places sandy and unproductive. The people somehow partake of the same uninteresting character. The poorer classes of the population have a most wretched appearance; the women especially, with their scanty clothing, their dun, smoky complexion and poverty-stricken look, being among the most miserable objects you ever set your eyes upon, or which it is possible to conceive. Yonder is an old woman passing, withered and wrinkled like the bark of a tree, with bare arms, bare legs, bare breasts, bare everything. It is enough, as Burns says, to "spean a foal." Here, on the other side, tending a herd of buffaloes grazing in the fields, stands a young female of the darkest hue, with a stick in her hand, a few dirty, tattered rags round her waist, and her matted, uncombed hair hanging loose over her shoulders and wholly concealing her face. Is this a daughter of Eve, or does she belong to another species? Surely, Milton's description of our great ancestress was never meant to apply here—formed

> "For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;"

though there is something in the uncouth figure, that suggests and looks almost like a caricature of the succeeding part of the description—

> "She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore
> Dishevel'd."

On approaching within a few miles of Trichinopoly, the bearers looked very tired and limped along very slowly; but when at last the bungalow came in sight, they set up a joyful shout and rushed forward with accelerated speed.

As you approach Trichinopoly from the south you find the river Cauvery, on which the city stands, instead of a united stream of water, separating into a number of branches or channels. From these branches, which are narrow but of considerable depth, the water is drawn off in smaller streamlets, to irrigate the land, and in this way it is spread over a great extent of country. I crossed ever so many of these branches before reaching the bungalow. But the main stream is further on; and soon after arriving, I walked out in the evening, in the clear moonlight, to see it. It is a broad river, and the water flows in a slow but deep current, the banks high and thickly wooded, with the branches weighed down with foliage to the water's edge.*

There is a very remarkable fort at Trichinopoly, and on the following morning, accompanied by the sepoy who has charge of the stage-bungalow, I set out betimes to visit it. Betimes, indeed! I made a ludicrous mistake, starting at three in the morning, under the impression that it was five o'clock. On reaching the fort there was no sign of life or of daylight. The stars were shining clear as ever, and there was no one stirring.

* The larger rivers of India generally divide into branches near their mouth, and form deltas of rich alluvial soil, like that of the Nile. This is the case with the Indus, the Ganges, the Godavery, the Cauvery, and some others. A map of such rivers, near their mouth, resembles a piece of network. There are, one may say without exaggeration, hundreds of branches, flowing out of and into each other, intersecting the country in all directions, and dividing it into small islands. The land thus intersected, and plentifully supplied with water, is the most fruitful in the world. Small channels are cut to carry the water to the roots of the plants, and the deep, rich soil, abundant moisture, and tropical heat combined, produces a luxuriant growth and vegetation almost surpassing belief.

At last I discovered my mistake, and there was nothing for it but to retrace our steps and return to the bungalow, which was accordingly done. After waiting there about an hour and a half we set out again, making sure this time that there was no mistake.

The fort is situated on a pointed rock, rising to a great height, but not massive in proportion. On entering it, you are surprised to find a strange combination of temple and fort. At the door stand two figures, cut in solid marble, and representing two female deities. A little further on, various figures are to be seen painted on the walls in glaring colours, and not in the chastest style. One of the pictures represents a man looking daggers, with his arms and legs twisted in a grotesque manner, and terminating in claws instead of hands and feet. Another represents a female figure ornamented with jewels. Two elephants are drawn, one on each side of her, with their fore feet raised as high as her shoulders, and their trunks curiously twisting and meeting over her head. Other figures, however, there are which, if not in the highest style of art, are more true to nature, and have a more pleasing effect. After mounting several flights of stairs, which appear to be all part of the solid rock, you come to a large gloomy room, supported by columns of unpolished granite, and containing a number of *swamees* or idols. The sepoy warned me not to enter this sacred place; but I looked in notwithstanding, and saw enough to convince me that it was no unfit emblem of the darker side of Hindoo worship. After leaving this gloomy apartment, I pointed to the top of the rock, but the sepoy waved his hand and said, in a deprecating tone, *ne, ne!* But off I started up the steps, the sepoy remaining below, apparently appalled and thunderstruck. But it might only be that he was tired. On arriving at the top, the very pinnacle of the rock, I found

a small temple, with just sufficient space outside for a narrow walk all round it. From this point you have a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Under your eye, and stretching for several miles on every side, lies a vast plain of the richest fertility, and beautifully adorned with trees. I was struck with the number of pagodas scattered over the extensive plain, indicating that the Brahmins here have a taste for fine scenery and a fertile soil.

The town itself lies immediately below the fort. The principal part of it, that which is most densely peopled, is surrounded by a high wall. In returning to the bungalow I walked through the whole length of the town. It is built in the unmixed native style, the houses small and the streets very narrow. No Europeans or East Indians apparently live within the walls. It is strictly a native town. The shopkeepers at this early hour were just opening their shops and arranging their goods, consisting of cloth, grain, sugar, sweetmeats, cigars or, as they are here called, *cheroots*, &c. The Trichinopoly cheroot is celebrated throughout India; it is of large dimensions, not less than five or six inches long, and a slender straw runs through the middle from end to end, which you remove before lighting it, thus leaving a small channel or chimney for the smoke to pass through. To see a company of gentlemen, each with one of these long cheroots in his mouth, is a somewhat formidable sight. These cigars have not so fine a flavour as Havannahs or Manillas, but there is more of them. They make up in quantity what they want in quality; and on the whole and everything considered, there are those who prefer a good *Trichinopoly* (as they lovingly term it) to any other "weed."

After leaving Trichinopoly in the direction of Madras, the most important place we pass is Tanjore. It is a

large and strictly native city, even more so than Trichinopoly itself. Here there is not a single European face to be seen, look where you may. The province is governed by a native rajah, and the whole machinery of government is in the hands of natives. The principal buildings are the rajah's palace and a great pagoda or temple, both situated in that part of the town which goes by the name of *the Fort*, and which is surrounded and enclosed by a high wall. On passing through the gate of *the Fort*, one of the rajah's servants joined me, as if by accident, and volunteered his services as guide. Walking along, first to one place and then to another, the first objects that caught my eye were between twenty and thirty elephants, each tied by the foot, in a large court-yard, and eating their food with solemn gravity. On one side of this court-yard, and confined within strong iron railings, were half-a-dozen full-grown tigers, one of them, which had been lately caught, walking up and down impatiently, with glaring eyes, the others more accustomed to their prison-walls lying quiet and in repose, some of them sleeping, others with half-closed eyes watching with grim delight the playful antics of their young brood who had never known a happier state. One old tiger was pointed out to me who had killed a man. This invested him with a certain dignity in the eyes of the natives, and they looked at him with respectful awe.

The palace itself looks well, seen from a distance. In its general outline it has a very pleasing effect, but on a nearer view you observe many traces of native taste, or rather want of taste. In the surroundings especially, there is an utter absence of order and neatness. In close proximity to the palace, you see dogs, hogs, and buffaloes going about quite at their ease among heaps of rubbish. At the gate several sepoys were standing with rusty guns and bayonets, slovenly and unsoldierlike. Other natives were to be seen, some sitting on the ground, others

lounging about; and there was an air of slovenliness and dirt about the whole place which was far from pleasing.

About a mile from the palace stands the great pagoda, with the figure of an enormous bull, cut in solid marble or granite, right in front of it. The enormous structure rises like a vast tower to a great height, stage upon stage. There is no air of hoar antiquity about it; it has the gloss of newness or of recent renovation, and is at the same time comparatively chaste in style. Looking at this enormous structure, pointing to heaven, but not with the beauty of our Christian churches, I could not but feel that superstition has here still a great hold on the Hindoo mind. And yet this is the place where Protestant missions won their earliest triumphs in India; for here the simple-minded Swartz laboured for half a century in his Master's cause, and with a measure of success which, compared with these later times, seems little less than miraculous.

XIII.—TO MYAVERAM AND CUDDALORE.

After leaving Tanjore, I passed the night at a village nine miles off where there was no travellers' bungalow, and was obliged to find what shelter I could in a native choultry. It would seem that European visitors are seldom seen here. My presence was a source of curiosity to the whole village; and numbers of natives assembled in front of the choultry and looked on in silent wonder while I was drinking my tea. Many of the inhabitants of the village appeared to be weavers and carpet makers; and it struck me that they looked more intelligent than the natives we generally meet with.*

I slept uneasily in the native choultry all night, and next morning proceeded forward to a place called Com-

* The serais or native choultries of the East consist merely

baconum. It is a large straggling town inhabited only by natives, without any trace of a European. There are two pagodas here of great size, but disfigured with a variety of grotesque and puerile figures. Between the two pagodas is a fine large tank, with neatly cut steps all round leading down to the water's edge. At the side of the tank a number of natives of both sexes were washing clothes, as we may say promiscuously, and in complete harmony, under the shade of some palm trees. The scene was quite Indian. In the evening, while sitting in the veranda of the neat stage-bungalow, I was much struck with the thoroughly Indian character of the place. The moon, which was just rising, shone with a trembling light through the branches of the palm trees upon the large tank. The bearers were sitting eating their rice and chatting with great glee, enjoying the present, forgetful of their labour and their toil. The trees and the very ground seemed instinct with life, fireflies flitting about, frogs croaking loud,* and insects chirping on every side.

I passed the following day at Myaveram. The appearance of the country between Tanjore and Myaveram is of one character—level and of great fertility. Mr. T——, the missionary, took me to see the congregation of native Christians in church. It was Sunday, and they were assembled for worship to the number perhaps of a hundred and fifty, men and women all counted. The native catechist, who conducted the service

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of empty houses and bare walls. You are permitted to lodge there, but you must bring your own comforts. They are for the accommodation of native travellers, and Europeans seldom use them.

* The bullfrog of India is a huge creature from six to eight inches in length, and has a voice in proportion, loud like that of a man.

in Tamil, appeared to be a serious and devout man. Christianity seems really to have taken root in this place. It was a most pleasing and interesting sight to see so many natives, all clean and neatly dressed in white robes, worshipping the true God with so great an appearance of fervour and devotion. Most interesting was it to hear their song of praise raised to the God of our fathers, the voices of men and women singing in sweet harmony. The words instinctively rose to my lips—

> "Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
> A whole assembly worship Thee."

I felt at once how much more elevating our religion is than Hindooism, how much purer, more rational, and worthy of men in human flesh subsisting, and endowed with reasonable souls. Truly these natives in becoming Christians have raised themselves in the scale of being. They have placed themselves on a higher platform, in sympathy with a higher life, and have risen to a higher ideal of divine worship than is to be found in the religion they have forsaken.

Mr. T—— lives here quite alone, with no European near him; yet he does not feel lonely, his time being fully occupied in his work of faith and labour of love. He showed me in his garden a tree called *the traveller's friend*, from the curious property it has of yielding a supply of good water when tapped. I tasted some of the water, and found it pure and sweet.

The most important town after Myaveram in this district is Cuddalore, built near the sea and in a very healthy situation, the soil being sandy and thus well drained by the hand of nature herself. The cocoanut tree, which loves a sandy soil, grows here in great abundance. Besides the native houses, there are a number of small neat whitewashed cottages, built in the European style, and

inhabited by European pensioners. The travellers' bungalow is neat and clean. An old sepoy has charge of it, who, besides attending to the bungalow, looks sharply after his own interests; for he does not scruple to ask for *buksheesh* from the traveller, should the latter be oblivious of his merits and neglect to reward him according to his deserts. This is too bad, as he receives a regular monthly sum from The Company as a compensation for his trouble.

In this neighbourhood I observed several trees at the side of a tank, with curious oblong nests hanging from branches stretching right over the water. In shape these nests resemble long purses, and at the sides are small openings for the birds to go in and out. Their position just over the water, and hanging from a slender twig, seems to be a provision designed by the tender hand of nature, and infused into the instincts of the birds as a protection from snakes and squirrels. Nothing could be more ingenious or, if we may use the word, sagacious, than such a contrivance.*

XIV.—TO PONDICHERRY AND THE SEVEN PAGODAS.

On arriving late in the evening at Pondicherry, a French town situated on the coast and sixty miles from Madras, the bearers took me straight to a native choultry

* The Indian weaver bird is very ingenious, building its nest, with long bottle-shaped neck, from a slender projecting branch, frequently over a tank, so as to baffle the pursuit of snakes and other enemies. Nor is this the only Indian bird which shows consummate ingenuity. The tailor bird of India builds her nest by actually sewing leaves together, using her bill for a needle, and passing through the leaves a cotton thread twisted by herself.

of very unpromising appearance, dark, dirty, and full of native beggars, who were some of them cooking, others smoking, and others again sleeping on the floor, with small fires beside them to keep themselves warm during the night. To remain here in such company was impossible, and the bearers had to trudge on about a mile further, much against their will, as they were very tired, having had a long march that day. At last we arrived at the French hotel, where I found excellent accommodation.

Early next morning I walked out to see the town. The French appear to have brought with them to the East all their ideas of neatness and comfort. The town is built on a regular plan, with wide open streets just as we see in Europe. In fact Pondicherry has more the appearance of a neat European town than anything I have yet seen in India. The native houses are placed completely in the background, being at a respectful distance, and quite out of sight.

After leaving Pondicherry the aspect of the country changes again, for miles and miles it becomes uninteresting, the soil sandy and sterile, not unlike what we see along the coast, but in an exaggerated degree, north and south of Madras. Part of the way, the road lay through a thick jungle, with openings here and there, where might be seen some very beautiful wild flowers literally "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." In the more open country the landscape is particularly dreary; in fact it is a desert, relieved only here and there by clumps of palm trees, which alone flourish on these sandy plains.

In the afternoon we arrived at Sadras, the seat of an old Dutch town. Sadras is now a very different place from what it must have been in days of yore. It is emphatically a city in ruins, and the hand of man has conspired

with that of time, and has been the chief worker in bringing about the change. Most of the houses are uninhabited, indeed roofless and incapable of being inhabited. Broken pillars, and the bare walls of what once were palatial houses, are seen on every side. The fort, once the pride of the place, has been blown into the air with gunpowder, huge fragments of the walls lying about in closely cemented masses. In one place part of the wall is still standing. The two gates are also standing almost entire, one of them facing the sea and the other on the opposite side, and now forming a picturesque and melancholy ruin.

After leaving Sadras the next stage brought us to Palaveram, where are to be seen the celebrated "Seven Pagodas." These pagodas, small in size, stand on a piece of rising ground close to the sea, and are cut in the solid rock from blocks of blue granite, masses of which are seen lying on the surface all over the ground. The pagodas are covered with sculptured figures, in a style which exhibits considerable artistic skill. Detached figures are also seen standing and lying about everywhere; in one place men and women in an attitude of devotion; in another place a devotee standing on one foot, while men and women in a half-kneeling posture are looking at him with devout reverence. In one place there is a cluster of figures standing beside one of the small pagodas, and represented as supporting the building with their hands. In two different places I saw the figure of a cow neatly fashioned, true to nature, and without the least extravagance of style. Most of the rocks which are strewn about, have figures cut on their surface, of men, women and children, elephants, tigers, and cows. In other places the gods, the *dii majorum gentium*, are represented. I asked a Brahmin, who was standing by, the names of some of these figures. With the utmost

gravity he gave to one the name of *Siva*, to another that of *Gonesa*, and so on. I do not know how long these pagodas and their attendant figures have stood here. It may be for ages. But such is the hardness and solidity of the stone in which they are cut, that the outline is still perfect and they look almost as if they had been finished but yesterday.*

XV.—RETURN TO MADRAS, AND GENERAL REMARKS.

Here I might stop, but a few more facts, unimportant as they may seem, remain still to be jotted down.

One morning after leaving the "Seven Pagodas," and while I was walking by the side of the palankeen, one of the bearers, pretending to be utterly overcome with fatigue, fell flat down on the road as if unable to proceed a single step further. It was done with the evident design of exciting compassion, but so awkwardly and mal adroitly that it completely failed in its effect and only excited a smile.

* The Seven Pagodas are situated on the sea coast not far from Sadras. By many they are considered masterpieces of ancient Indian architecture. Heeren describes them as pre-eminently distinguished among that class of temples where the outside of the rock is carved and fashioned. They are one day's journey south of Madras, and are called the "Seven Pagodas," he says, "because as seen from the sea, they appear a greater number than they actually are." He thinks they occupy a most distinguished place in the scale of human skill and ingenuity. A large portion has apparently been swallowed up by the sea. A few miles inland, on the summit of a rocky hill, may be seen a vast collection of grottos, halls, etc., all worked in the solid stone. They are not all temples. In one place is a choultry, in another a couch formed out of the rock. He mentions two temples excavated in the rock, the style and workmanship of which are peculiarly striking and may almost be compared to Gothic churches.

Nor was this the only incident of the kind that occurred at this time. A strange humour seemed to have taken possession of the bearers, when drawing near the end of their journey, to make it appear that they had had a most difficult task to accomplish, had encountered perils of no ordinary magnitude, and were entitled to be rewarded accordingly. One afternoon we crossed an inlet of the sea, stretching for several miles over the level plain, but extremely shallow. Two of the bearers, with long sticks in their hands, volunteered to show the way across it to their companions. Although there was no need for it (for nowhere did it take them above the knee) I allowed them to march on before the rest and to act as pilots or guides. In order to enhance the value of their services, they tried their utmost to make it appear that the water was very deep, that crossing over this huge place was attended with much danger, and that we actually ran the risk of losing our lives. If they happened to find a pool a little deeper than usual, they made the most of it, plunging into it with a great noise, and shouting to those who were bearing the palkee to stop instantly or they would inevitably be drowned. It was a strange scene and exhibited the roguish creatures in a very ludicrous light. After some weary wading, we at length got to the other side in perfect safety, and then our worthy guides with loud shouts called for *buksheesh*.

On our arrival at the stage-bungalow, placed just at the edge of this shallow lake, some native women came with baskets of fish which they were most anxious to dispose of. One old woman in particular spread out her store in the most tempting manner; and in truth I was not sorry, at the fag-end of our journey, to have the opportunity of getting a change of diet, and some addition to our stinted fare, contentment with which during the past few weeks

was many a time a virtue which it was most difficult to practise.

Nothing further of any interest occurred till we reached Madras. During the last stage, Ramasawmy limped along with great difficulty. He complained that his feet were sore, and had them all bandaged round with cloth. The bearers also complained much. But when we came within sight of Madras, they forgot their toilsome labour, and pushed on with fresh vigour.

In drawing these slight notes of my tour to a close, one or two general remarks may be added.

The impression in the minds of most of us before we come to India, is that this land is an extensive plain of uninterrupted and inexhaustible fertility throughout. This view of India is far indeed from correct. Its surface is varied nearly as much as that of Europe, with hills and valleys, with sterile tracts and sandy deserts mingled with rich fertile plains. You find for instance the country near Madras consisting of sandy fields, and the general aspect dreary. Further inland the soil improves. In the vicinity of Arcot you pass over tracts of extremely fertile land, dotted with small hills and fragments of rock.* Further on you come to a range of mountains, the Eastern Ghauts, and on the other side lies the table-land of Mysore, elevated three thousand feet above the level of the sea, with a somewhat varied though generally level surface. Proceeding towards Salem, you again cross the Ghauts and travel for miles

* In some parts of India, you see large fragments of rock jutting from the ground. This is the case at Arcot where there is a number of rocky conical hills, and between them patches of rich well cultivated land. At Trichinopoly there is a stupendous rock, I believe of granite, rising upwards of four hundred feet high, and forming a natural fortress.

through a hilly country. At Salem, Trichinopoly, and Tanjore, you have extensive plains of well watered land of matchless fertility, and cultivated like a garden. But further on in the direction of Madras, you again pass through a country which for many miles is sandy and sterile.

Another obvious remark has reference to the security of life and property, at present enjoyed by the inhabitants of Southern India, under the protection of the British Government. Everywhere the farmer and the shopkeeper pursues his avocation undisturbed, plunder and robbery on a large scale by the hand of violence being a thing unknown. In point of fact our Government acts as a strong police, under the protection of which the inhabitants follow their industrial occupations in peace and security. This is a blessing of inestimable value, the greatest of all blessings to the masses, and without which all other political advantages are worthless.

I have not thought it worth while to mention, that the usual way of travelling in this country is in a palankeen (oftener for the sake of brevity called *palkee*), which resembles a sedan chair more than anything else we are familiar with. There is however this difference; in a sedan chair you sit, but in a palkee you lie or recline. The palkee is of course carried on men's shoulders, four men carrying it, two at each end. When travelling any distance, you must have a relay of bearers, or eight men in all, who divide themselves into two sets of four each, and relieve each other by turns. Ordinarily they will carry you a quarter of a mile at least at a stretch, but after a long journey they will not do duty so long, and I have seen them so tired that they would not walk more than ten or twelve paces without stopping; and sometimes they are so knocked up, or pretend to be so, that they set the

palkee down on the road without leave asked or obtained, and will not budge an inch. The rate of travelling is usually very slow. When going at their utmost speed they do not exceed four miles an hour. The ordinary pace is three miles or three miles and a half. Sometimes at the fag-end of a journey it is much less, and may aptly be compared to a snail's pace.

In addition to the eight bearers which I had to hire on this occasion, another man was engaged for the sole purpose of carrying a torch-light at night to show the way. The torch-light is made of cotton cloth, wound round a stick, and is constantly fed with oil. When properly attended to, it makes the darkness visible, with its smoky flaring flame lighting up the ground for a few paces, but all beyond is black as night. Another man was engaged as a cooly or porter, to carry provisions, clothes, and other traps. The mode in which this is done is worth noticing. The cooly carries his load in two baskets, or tin boxes called *petaras*, slung one at each end of a piece of bamboo, resting at the middle point on his shoulder. Thus equipped he trudges along at a brisk pace under his heavy load, and generally keeps up with the bearers.* In addition to these came Ramasawmy, my servant, who had a general charge, and who acted as interpreter between the natives and myself when we did not mutually understand one another. It would scarcely be possible in this country to travel with less state, and yet here were not less than a dozen natives waiting, one way and another, upon one humble traveller.

* The bamboo yokes for the shoulders, used by coolies in India, serve to divide the burden equally; and the spring facilitates locomotion to those accustomed to it, but to others, the swaying of the baskets is embarrassing and prevents quick progress.

In this country there are what are called travellers' bungalows, or as they are often called stage-bungalows, along the principal roads, ten or fifteen miles apart, and consisting of a single room or at most two, and built expressly for the accommodation of travellers. They are generally in this part of India under the charge of an old sepoy, who sees that they are kept in proper order; and a very good arrangement it is. It is usual to travel from stage-bungalow to stage-bungalow without stopping, starting very early in the morning, resting during the heat of the day, and continuing the journey again at three or four in the afternoon and travelling till eight or nine.

XVI.—TO PULICAT.

A week ago, early in the month of January, I entered a boat in the evening, a little before sunset, travelling by the canal, and next morning arrived at Pulicat, a small island situated in a lake of that name.* It took us exactly fifteen hours to travel a distance of thirty miles,—slow travelling, but characteristic of the East! Though slow and monotonous, the sail was not unpleasant. It is now the coldest season of the year, in fact our winter, and yet I sat in the open boat, or rather on the top of it, all night, without a cloak or any extra clothing, just as one might do in the mildest summer months at home. The stars were all out in the clear sky, not sharp and cold as in

* Pulicat lake is some thirty miles distant from Madras. It is very shallow, and in the middle of the lake is an island, with one or two European bungalows and several native houses. I am told it was a favourite retreat of one of the Governors of Madras, who built a neat bungalow, still standing and in good repair, very prettily situated on the margin of the lake.

an English winter night, but burning with a soft light, almost mild and warm. The boatmen, as we went slowly forward, sung their rude songs and kept time with their oars. Every stroke of the oar made the water sparkle with golden light, and you could see the fish shining all over, and leaving phosphorescent trains of light behind them as they darted quickly hither and thither. Some of them, here called millets, in their ecstacy, jumped fairly out of the water into the boat, and a child, who was one of our party, said in his prattling way, "These millets have no sense; when they jump into the boat they might know they cannot get out again!"

The finest house on the island is situated at the edge of the lake. It is a European bungalow of the best style, and is said to have been built by one of the Governors of Madras, as a quiet retreat from the cares of business. It is now inhabited by an East Indian family.

The house where I am staying is in the interior of the island, built quite in the native style, and differing considerably from an English dwelling-house. The most marked feature is a large square area in the middle, open to the sky, and the apartments are all ranged round this open space. A house of this kind is remarkably cool, and is as well adapted to the climate as it is possible to conceive. Strange, that we dull Europeans have not followed the example of the natives in this respect, which has such obvious advantages. The open space acts as a perpetual respirator or lung, and you have only to shift your quarters from one side to another, to find a cool, shady retreat as the sun moves round from east to west.

The island abounds with fruit trees, especially cocoa-nut palms, and plantain trees. From the former we get every morning a glass of what is here called *toddy*, a peculiar kind of drink, sharp and pleasant to the taste, and in its unfermented state unintoxicating. It is the

juice of the palm tree, which, on being tapped, yields a fine liquor, which flows copiously from the cut or incision made at the top of the tree, and is collected by the natives in little earthern jars. It tastes not unlike cider, and is a most refreshing beverage in this dry and thirsty land.*

There is quite near my house a grove, or rather grove upon grove, of plantain trees, and it is most pleasant in the heat of the day to walk in the shade of their broad leaves. Such is the cool shade they afford that you can walk among them at midday quite at your ease, and completely sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun. Many a cool and pleasant walk I have under these broad leaves, which are like so many umbrellas. There is a peculiar feeling of enchantment, walking thus alone, surrounded by scenery so wholly Indian.

But here it is not all quiet and repose. A stirring incident occurred the other evening. We had gone out in a boat on the lake, and were enjoying the sail very much, when all at once, by some mismanagement at the helm, the wind caught us, the boat was completely upset, and we were all thrown into the water. But to our surprise, owing to the extreme shallowness of the lake, we stood only half immersed up to the waist, and were not a bit the worse for the ducking. On the contrary, it was cool and refreshing!

Among the houses on the island, there is one inhabited by a Dutch settler, who has lived here many years. He is a relic of the olden time, well stricken in years, and, among other traits of the past, he appears to

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* Sir W. Jones describes this liquor, when just drawn, as "almost equal to the best mild champagne," but in its fermented state as "the most seducing and pernicious of intoxicating vegetable juices."

have been on a vastly more intimate footing with the natives than is now-a-days at all common. I suspect, he must have been married to a native wife. Certainly, he has two grown-up daughters, who are not all Dutch. Their colour, if not their speech, bewrayeth them. But they are modest and lady-like in their manners, dressing and behaving just like our own countrywomen; and while the father speaks English imperfectly, they speak it glibly enough. This old Dutchman has a garden, where he grows his own tobacco, and makes it into cheroots. These cheroots are just the unadulterated leaf rolled up in the form of a cigar, tied with a piece of cotton-thread at the top, which gives them a primitive appearance; but they are agreeable to smoke, mild and well-flavoured.

In this neighbourhood, on the main land, there is a place where they dye and print cotton-cloths. The latter process is executed in a very simple way. The artist has the cloth stretched out on a table before him, and holds a small block of wood in his hand, which, after dipping it in the colouring matter, guided by the eye alone and proceeding entirely by rule of thumb, he stamps on the cloth, producing six or eight impressions before stopping. He then dips the block of wood again in the liquid, and proceeds as before. Though rude in process, it is remarkable how neatly the thing is done.

I enjoy the quiet of this retired spot exceedingly. But the other night, I was awoke with a fearful noise outside my window, which was of course open. On looking out, what a scene! It brought to my mind Alloway's "auld haunted kirk." The natives were celebrating one of their festivals, a number of them carrying a huge idol shoulder high, with an umbrella over his head, preceded and followed by a crowd of people carrying skull-shaped lamps, and making the most horrid din on old iron kettles or pans, or whatever else more barbarous can be con-

ceived. Such scenes give one a most disagreeable impression of the Hindoo religion. And yet this blind superstition has a great hold on the natives. It is somehow adapted to their benighted state, and, perhaps, a purer and more rational faith would be less attractive and make a less deep and lasting impression upon them.

What are the Christian missionaries doing to stay these hideous rites? It must be confessed that as yet they have done little, and that Hindoo superstition is still rampant in the land, as if the sound of the Gospel had never been heard. Is it possible that the Hindoos are not yet ripe for our religion—a religion too intellectual, too pure and holy for their benighted minds? The thought will intrude that it may be so. For some time after arriving in this country, I was much pleased with the gentle manners of the Hindoos, and the absorbed attention with which they listened to religious truth. They appeared to be in a most hopeful state, and you would almost say Gospel light "dawned from their eyes!" But a little experience taught caution in estimating these signs, which were as the morning cloud and the early dew.

Nevertheless the missionary schoolmaster may do much good among them. Even when he fails in his main object, he imparts useful knowledge and stores their minds with the truths of science. He inspires them with a love of knowledge, and gives them a taste for truth in literary and scientific subjects. This is a step in the right direction, and, with the Divine blessing, may perhaps prepare their minds gradually for the heavenly message.

XVII.—TO ONGOLE.

Receiving a pressing invitation from Captain M—— to visit him at Ongole, I accompanied his two sons, who

were returning from school after an absence from home of two years. Ongole is some two hundred miles north-east of Madras, near the sea-cost. It took us a full week to get over these two hundred miles, travelling all the way in palankeens, the two boys in one and I in another.

The most important place—the only important place—we passed on our journey was Nellore. Most of the country between Madras and Ongole is sandy and unfruitful; but near Nellore it is extremely fertile.

A few miles from Nellore we met a European medical officer of the name of Jardine, I think. He had travelled on horseback all the way from Hydrabad, across the country and through jungles, collecting on the way specimens of rare birds, which he shot in the woods, and also some rare plants and flowers. He seemed to be a most devoted son of science, and it was very interesting to see him travelling alone in quest of specimens, far away from all European society, and accompanied only by one or two natives. I could not but look with great respect on his manly, frank, and weatherbeaten countenance.

In this neighbourhood also we fell in with a European of a different stamp; in fact, a rather odd specimen of the European resident. He is a retired military officer, and lives in a bungalow quite alone. There he sits from morning till night, in the veranda of his bungalow, smoking cheroots and drinking *brandy-pawnee*. The bottle is always before him, never for a moment out of sight; and there he sits sip, sip, sipping, from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve. This is his sole occupation. If anyone drops in, well and good; if not, he sits and sips alone.

At one of the halting-stations where we passed the day, there is a large pagoda, which looks as if it had been built, part of it quite recently, and part of it at an earlier date. It is the only pagoda I have seen in this district,

worth looking at. Built on a small round hill, it is seen to great advantage from the level plain. At the foot of the hill there is a beautiful tank of clear water. When you go right up to the pagoda and inspect it closely, you find that some of the stones of which it is built are blocks of granite of immense size and beautifully carved, having the appearance of being part of an old structure, erected at a time when the arts of architecture and sculpture were better understood in India than they are now.

At Sooloorpet, about a mile from a large lake which we had to cross on our journey, we found Captain M—— waiting for us. He was staying at the stage-bungalow, there awaiting our arrival; and as soon as he heard that we had crossed the lake, he mounted his little pony and came flying to meet us as fast as the beast could carry him. Poor little George (the younger of the two boys), when he saw his papa, jumped out of the palankeen and ran forward to meet him. Captain M—— himself was in a state of wild excitement, and, throwing himself from the back of his pony, he ran and embraced and kissed his son. It was quite affecting to see this strong burst of natural feeling. Captain M——, I need hardly say, is not an Englishman by birth, but a Swiss. He has been upwards of thirty years in India, and is still as active as ever. He resides here with his European wife and daughter, now joined by his two sons. There is no other European for miles around, and he lives in considerable state, like a little rajah. He is fond of hunting, and has had more than one narrow escape from the ferocious wild beasts that infest the jungles. He is a most affectionate father, bathes with his two boys, fishes with them, plays at games with them, and joins in all their amusements.

One day soon after our arrival, a large snake was seen in the garden, among the grass. George came running

in to tell his papa. The latter immediately took down his gun and went to the garden, followed by the whole household. After some search the reptile was discovered lurking in the grass. It was a green snake, five or six feet long. On being disturbed, it made its way through the long grass to a tall tree, and to my surprise ran straight up it as if it had been level ground; nor did it stop till it had reached the top, the very topmost branch of all, where doubtless it thought itself safe. It was far from being so. Captain M—— brought his gun to bear upon it, fired, and down fell the snake, shot through the head, quite dead.

On our return journey back to Madras, the father, mother, and sister accompanied us for about fifty miles, all on horseback, and the young lady riding astride like a boy. We travelled in the early morning and in the evenings, halting during the day at the bungalows. It was a sad parting with the boys when the time came; but part they must, unless their dear ones were to grow up without education, for there was none to be had in the jungle where they were living.

CHAPTER III.

EUROPEAN MORALITY AND RELIGIOUS LIFE AT MADRAS.

XVIII.—GENERAL VIEW.—BISHOP WILSON.

BEFORE leaving Madras let me jot down a few words on a subject much discussed and sometimes misunderstood: the morality of the place as illustrated by the lives of Europeans and the attention paid to the outward forms of religion.

There is an impression abroad, that Europeans during a long residence in India deteriorate morally as well as physically, and become corrupted by the heathenism around them. Raynal, whose work on India has been so widely read, and from whose fascinating pages so many derive their only ideas of the country, says there is no integrity so confirmed as to be able to cross *the line* "without the risk of being tainted." The same sentiment is still more pungently expressed in the well-known words, that the European "in going to India leaves his conscience at the Cape, and on his return voyage forgets to take it up again." And as for the forms of religion, it is supposed they are completely ignored and set aside.

These criticisms may possibly be applicable, or in some degree applicable, to the past, but as far as my experience goes they do not apply to the present times. Of late years there has been no want of outward respect for religion. The saintly Corrie has just gone to his rest, and John Tucker is preaching Sunday after Sunday to the most attentive congregations I have ever seen. Both of

these remarkable men, remarkable in different ways but equally imbued with the principles of Christianity, succeeded in impressing some portion of their own spirit upon all who came within the sphere of their influence.

I have spoken only of the Church of England; but in other churches also there is a great development of Christian energy, and the leading men in them are, each in his own style, men of truly Christian character. Among these I need only mention the sober piety of Dr. Bowie, of the Scotch Church; the subdued enthusiasm of Jonathan Crowther, of the Wesleyan Mission; and John Anderson, the founder of the General Assembly's School, of whom we may say "The zeal of thine house has eaten me up." All these have drawn around them men of like spirit with themselves, who with strong arms hold aloft the banner of Christianity in the very face of the heathen.

Yes, there certainly is at the present time a great development of religious feeling among the Christian population of Madras. I do not refer merely to individual examples, though of these I could name some who cherish a more high-toned piety, and exhibit a walk more consistent than is usually met with in professedly Christian lands. I refer to the general mass of Europeans here, who are leavened by Christianity and imbued with its finest principles, to at least as great an extent as Christians at home. Large congregations of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Dissenters, meet in their respective places of worship, go up to the house of God with uncommon, nay rigid, regularity. Most liberal are they in their contributions to charitable and religious objects. Prayer-meetings are frequent among the devout of all Denominations. Altogether there is much outward respect for religion, and it does seem to me that the fact of there being few Christians in the land, with

heathenism encompassing them on every side, has the effect of binding them more closely to their principles, and knitting them more closely to one another. Certainly the English at Madras, are not at this time open to the charge of being lukewarm or indifferent in a religious point of view.

I found it the same a few years later at Calcutta. A large proportion of the Christian population there were even sternly and rigidly religious. A strong current of feeling had set in against countenancing idolatry in any shape. It had become unfashionable to attend nautches or native entertainments of any kind. A rigid and somewhat dismal ceremonialism was in the ascendant, in which horse-racing, theatrical amusements, and almost all social entertainments that were not leavened with Christianity, were decried as anti-Christian.

On the whole I am inclined to think that separation from friends, and being placed side by side with the heathen, does not necessarily make men less earnestly religious. If some become careless and indifferent, others, in their exile, find in religion a solace and comfort. So far is a voyage round the Cape from stripping off all feeling of religion, that many of our countrymen in India have the highest ideal of Christian duty, and live most consistent Christian lives, their intercourse with the heathen having the effect rather of invigorating their Christianity than weakening it.

It was the same I repeat when I arrived at Calcutta a few years later. There, the mantle of David Browne and of Henry Martyn seemed to have fallen on the place. I need only mention the names of Bishop Wilson, Archdeacon Dealtry, Kay of Bishop's College, Dr. Charles of the Scotch Church (afterwards succeeded by Dr. Herdman), Dr. Duff, and his two colleagues McKie

and Ewart,—all men eminent for their piety, and of eminent usefulness, who formed, each and all of them nuclei or centres, round which ranged themselves clusters of men like-minded with themselves, who were not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. You had only to go into one of their churches, whether to hear the pointed and pithy Bishop Wilson, or the classic Dr. Charles, or the earnest and devout Herdman, or Alexander Duff of fervid lips, and you would say, here Christianity is still living, the ancient spirit is not dead. Looking at all this, instead of saying that the voyage round the Cape has stripped us of every vestige of religion, you would rather say, the sight of heathenism has proved more repulsive than attractive, has made us cling more fondly to our own purer faith, and united us closer to the religion of our early days.

Of Bishop Wilson let me say, he preached short sermons, not more than a quarter of an hour long. His style was vigorous and manly, his sense *common sense*, which he seems to have cultivated from the time when yet a youth in academic halls he wrote his famous essay on that subject. His voice deep-toned, without the gentler strains, but well fitted for reproof and exhortation, correction and discipline. When in the pulpit, in the middle and full career of his discourse, he had a very lively expression. Altogether a striking preacher, one of the pithiest and most pointed I have ever known.

Liberal too and Catholic in his views, at least in his younger and better days, as witness the cordial sanction he gave to the Government system of education, all secular or, let me rather say, scientific though it was, but founded upon broad principles of justice. Sectarian bitterness may have worried him out of it at last, but in his better days, when guided by his strong common sense, he approved of it fully and heartily.

Some blamed him for a certain parade of dignity with which he invested his high office, with chaprassees and silver sticks walking before him, and delighting, when he arrived at a new station in his visitation tours, at guns being fired off to announce his arrival. In good truth this was a little overdone. But the light that led astray was perhaps light from heaven; he did it for the glory of God and the good of His church.

The last time I saw him he was simple enough, with only one chaprassee and one silver stick walking before him. He called in the evening at my house on the river side, and after conversing pleasantly for half an hour, he left, leaning on my arm as he went down stairs, as he was not now, to use his own words, so "firm on his pins" as he used to be.

Two books have been published since these rough notes were written—"Kaye's Christianity in India," and "Marshman's Life and Times of Carey," to which we may add a third, "Anderson's English in Western India,"—all of them books of great value and from which much interesting information may be gleaned. From these it appears as clear as day, especially from the first and second, that we are not so very much worse in India than our fellow mortals in England, in fact that there exists an intimate chord of sympathy between us, so that whatever virtues or vices prevail in the one country they are almost immediately transmitted to the other. Kay and Marshman prove this by an induction of facts, if the expression may be allowed; that is, by a process of induction from established facts. Does horse-racing prevail in England? It immediately becomes fashionable also in India. It is the same with theatrical amusements, with profane swearing and hard drinking. Whatever may be the form and pressure of the time in one country, soon finds its way by sympathy to the other.

With these views I entirely concur; and the process of assimilation is manifestly becoming more and more rapid every day, in proportion as the two countries are brought nearer each other by means of steam and the electric telegraph. Let not John Bull then throw any more stones at his younger Indian brother, for the vices of the one, as well as the virtues, are so faithfully mirrored in the other, as to leave no doubt of a common paternity.

XIX.—MADRAS.—BISHOP CORRIE.

In speaking of the religious life of Madras, I have referred to Bishop Corrie and John Tucker, as great centres round which that life revolved. Let me say a word or two more respecting these two men, with both of whom circumstances made me intimately acquainted. The first house I entered in India was that of Bishop Corrie, the first meal I tasted was at his hospitable board, the first words of kindness and encouragement to cheer me on in the path of duty, were from his lips. He was at that time sixty years old, a man of majestic presence, tall and stately, of much dignity, but with a sweet and gentle expression. The good bishop was one you could not but respect, but whom you loved still more. Age had mellowed a disposition naturally sweet and heavenly. He died not much more than a year or two after entering upon his episcopal duties, amidst a burst of grief from the whole community, for by all was the meek and gentle bishop beloved. In speaking of him both before and after his death, the members of his own church generally called him our "beloved" bishop. But all ranks and all denominations joined equally in the general wail of bereavement.*

* In the interesting "Life of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta,"

At the time when I arrived at Madras, two points appeared specially to interest him, and formed a frequent subject of conversation. One was the "Rhenius controversy," as it was called. Rhenius, an eminent missionary stationed at Tinnevelly, whose labours had been crowned with abundant success, was, by training, education, and conviction a Lutheran. Being a good and zealous man, this fact did not prevent the Church Missionary Society at the time from accepting his services as one of its missionaries. But, unfortunately, while zealous and devoted, he was also outspoken, and did not conceal his preference for the Lutheran over the Episcopal form of church government. He had even the hardihood to express this in a printed book. Under the stricter *regime* introduced by Mr. Tucker, warmly seconded by an over-zealous committee, this was not to be tolerated; and on the refusal of the earnest missionary to eat his own words and swallow his sincere convictions, he was formally deposed. The war was raging hot and furious on the subject just at this time, and I have often heard the meek and gentle bishop express his regret at it, and his wish and earnest desire to compose the strife and win back the accom-

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lately published, this good man is described as one whose praise was in all the churches, "and whom the bishop deemed, for meekness and gentleness of spirit, more like his Divine Master than any one he had ever known."

Bishop Wilson wrote a letter to Mr. Tucker at the time, which the latter highly prized, and which, he told me, had entirely removed the unpleasantness from his mind, arising from some official act, or *ex cathedra* expression of opinion on the part of the bishop, so deeply affectionate was its tone in reference to the deceased. He had heard of the melancholy event, when on a visitation tour at Chunar, amid the very scenes of Corrie's early labours, and everywhere he found the beloved name affectionately and still freshly remembered.

plished missionary, if it were possible, to the scene of his useful labours.

Another subject which interested him much, and which throws light also on the gentleness of his disposition, was this. At that time the Church of England at Madras was divided into two hostile camps, the most zealous and devoted of its members holding separate prayer-meetings once a week on the same night. The bishop wished to join them into one, so that all (even when united not a very large body) might worship together in the bonds of peace and charity. What did he do? The project he hit upon was this, which, if it does not exhibit the wisdom of the serpent, shows at least the innocence of the dove. He determined to have a prayer-meeting once a week at his own house, at which the two rival clergymen, who held separate meetings, should officiate alternately. In this way he hoped they would become united, and all rivalry cease. The project was only partially successful. It succeeded in absorbing the smaller and weaker of the two bodies; but the other, led by Mr. Tucker, was too strong to be so absorbed, and continued to pursue its independent course.

I may, perhaps, be excused for mentioning a little anecdote, which throws some further light on the bishop's amiable character. On my leaving England, Mr. Macpherson, a retired chaplain of the East India Company, handed over to me two bottles of choice Highland whiskey, to be given to his old and faithful friend, the Rev. John M'Queen of Calcutta. I mentioned the commission to the bishop (who was intimately acquainted with both clergymen), and consulted him as to the best and safest means of forwarding the precious store, so that none of it might be lost by the way. The bishop, with one of his sunny smiles, desired me to hand over the whiskey to him, and he would forward it. Some time

after, I enquired of the bishop if the whiskey had been sent to its destination, when he replied, with sly humour, that he had forwarded *one* of the bottles to M'Queen, and had kept the other, as he found it too great a trial to part with both! He had also heard of its safe arrival, and M'Queen highly appreciated the bishop's sagacity and the confidence it implied in his cordial friendship. Be it known, that the bishop was half a Scotchman by early training, having spent, as he told me, the first ten years of his life in Scotland, among the blue hills of that romantic and beautiful country.

XX.—MADRAS.—REV. JOHN TUCKER.

Mr. Tucker is a man formed in a different mould. At the first glance he appears austere and stern, there is such an expression of firmness and decision in his countenance, which looks as if cast in bronze. But beneath this severe exterior, I have reason to know, beats a gentle heart. He is a man to whom duty is the law of life, to whom, as to our great Captain, it is his polar star. Once convince him that *there* lies the path of duty, and he would die a martyr at the stake rather than yield an inch.

Without what is generally called a popular style, he is a highly popular preacher, and this is owing to his simplicity and earnestness, and perhaps, above all, to his purely evangelical doctrine. Grace, free grace, is the constant theme of his discourse. His style is plain in the extreme, no gaudy flowers of rhetoric, but clear and precise, with a subdued glow of imagination to give it warmth. His church, though situated in Blacktown, is crowded Sunday after Sunday with the *élite* of European society, including both civil and military officers of the highest rank. I have heard it said, as a characteristic of

his preaching, that whatever may be the subject of his discourse, he always speaks words of comfort at the close, lifts his audience up to heaven, as it were, and leaves them there.

It is not merely as a preacher on Sundays that he is so well known. This is only subsidiary to his principal duty, that of Secretary in India to the Church Missionary Society. Acting with a committee, of which he is the life and soul, he regulates all the affairs of the society in India, and this occupies many hours of his time every week-day of his life. What with the meetings of his own committee and of other committees of which he is a member, and his most carefully prepared correspondence with the missionaries here and the society at home, you would say, he had little time for aught else. But this laborious man finds time for everything; and one of the most effective and useful of his duties, is that of presiding in his character of clergyman at a prayer-meeting, held at Dr. Lane's every Friday evening, which is numerously attended by the most religious portion of the community. The central part of these devotions consists of a lecture on a passage of Scripture, which is always most interesting. The graphic way in which he pourtrays the journey of the Israelites from Egypt to the land of promise, week after week for several months running, is one of the most striking things I ever heard, and along with the brief and impressive prayers at the opening and close, and the beautiful hymns sung with full heart and voice, all joining with one accord, the whole taken together has a fine effect, and reminds me more than anything I have ever seen or heard, of the Israelites of old singing the praises of the God of Zion in a strange land.

He does not excel in platform eloquence. I have only twice heard him speak at public meetings, and on both

occasions he fell below himself. Notwithstanding his firmness and iron will, there is a dash of shyness in the man, that prevents his tongue running glibly on these occasions, and perhaps, also, the novelty of the situation impedes and disconcerts him.

Nor does he like these displays in others. When a brother clergyman once got up and simply said, "I second that motion," and then sat down, Mr. Tucker expressed to me his admiration of such conduct, and thought he had acted wisely and judiciously. I have often heard him regret the exhibitions at the annual May meetings of the societies at Exeter Hall, the personal laudations, and the too sanguine hopes of heathen conversion, as if Hindooism was shaken to its centre and tottering to its base, while he knows that even to pierce its hide is *a very tough job.*

He is a man of sound, and still more certainly of safe, judgment, clinging rather too fondly, perhaps, as becomes a clergyman, to custom and tradition. I have heard him say that he would not abolish caste among the Hindoos if he could do it with a stroke of the pen, unless he had first found a substitute for it, something to take its place as a steadying and conservative element.

Or again, object in his presence to the reading of the Athanasian Creed in church as, in its damnatory clauses, something shocking which makes one's flesh creep, and he does not conceal his surprise. He would keep the church as it is, without loosening one stone of the building, not merely because he considers it theoretically perfect, but if you begin to tamper with it, where are you to stop?

He is the intimate friend of the illustrious Arnold. Educated at the same College, they have known each other from their boyish years. Men, however, of different temperament; the one impulsive, the other staid and

subdued; educated also by circumstances somewhat differently. Arnold, I believe, considers his friend somewhat "narrow," while that same friend considers him too hot and eager, and, so to speak, "go-a-head." Their friendship continues close and uninterrupted notwithstanding.*

The missionaries are an impulsive race, not easily ruled. Mr. Tucker sometimes hears from them in a strain that is far from pleasing. He never replies to these effusions on the spur of the moment, but sleeps over them, lets a night's rest intervene, and then he can take a calmer view and write with more composure. Perhaps, also, though he does not say so, prayer comes in to this man of faith with its soothing influence, and helps him to view the matter in its native littleness, from the high vantage ground of religious duty.

Sombre and severe, he is yet a man of playful fancy. I have heard him describe with much humour how, when a boy at Winchester, they were all ranged in a row, in the cold winter mornings, each to receive in turn a bath from the common pump in the court-yard. This was the favourite mode of ablution for head and face in those days, and a coarse towel afterwards did not much mend the matter. But the ordeal, though severe, he considers salutary in its results and favourable to *hardiness*. He even looks back upon it with love and affection, contrasting it with the effeminate upbringing of these later times. I am not sure that such will be the general verdict; but to those

* And so continued to the last. When Mr. Tucker returned to England, a year or two after this was written, they had much pleasant communion. Arnold considered that Tucker's mind had been improved and widened by his Indian experience. But an interruption to their earthly friendship was to come all too soon, when Arnold's sun prematurely set in night.

who have passed through them in safety, the memory of such trials is pleasant; for it is always true—

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Then he will pass on to the exuberant and irreverent spirit of boys, describing them at play, one or other of them, when the ball went over his head, with his hands stretched out in vain to catch it, proclaiming with serious face, "It is too high, I cannot attain unto it."

He will sometimes, in his playful way, say to me, "You Scotchmen hang together like bees, but you can *sting one another.*"

One of his aversions is the archdeacon, a very little, busy-brained man, always getting into hot water, and always trying to draw other people into it. Mr. Tucker is too strong a man to be so drawn, but he is sometimes annoyed at the archdeacon's pertinacity, and compares him to a person with a broken tooth in his head, which is a constant source of vexation to himself, and the irritation from which is apt to boil over upon others.

One of the most awful bores of his life is what he calls "conceit" in young people. If a young lad is more than ordinarily clever, he is always afraid he will turn out "conceited." One day, speaking of an East Indian youth who entertained a very favourable opinion of himself, he described him as a young man of considerable promise, but to be good for any thing he required to be *precipitated.*

He is a great friend to the "East Indians," without being blind to their faults. Many of the more respectable of them are members of his congregation, both those of pure European blood, and those who have a dash of the native in them, varying from one to ninety-nine per cent. The abhorrence in which he holds that mental infirmity called "conceit," and which he looks upon as a moral

stain, is greatly strengthened by its being, as he thinks, a prevailing vice and besetting sin of this part of the community. But great as is his abhorrence of it, there are other vices characteristic of the class which he holds in greater abhorrence still; and I shall never forget the seriousness with which he told me the following story.

During the unhappy "Rhenius controversy," which still agitates the religious public (in which Mr. Tucker and the Madras Committee, on the one hand, were at daggers drawn with Mr. Rhenius and his colleagues of the Tinnevelly mission on the other) matters of some delicacy came under discussion. An extraordinary meeting of the committee was held, at which the subject was fully discussed, and the deliberations and decision arrived at were to be kept a profound secret, and all knowledge of them confined to the actual members, until such time as the views held by the society at home became known, to which the whole question was referred as to an ultimate court of appeal. But to the consternation of the Madras Committee, in some mysterious way, their deliberations and the results arrived at leaked out prematurely. How did this happen? The members of the committee, if not sworn to absolute secrecy, were men of honour, and not the shadow of a shade of suspicion rested upon them. How then did the secret ooze out?

It happened in this wise. Mr. Tucker, as was his wont, immediately after the meeting referred to, wrote out an abstract of the proceedings with his own hand, put the papers into a box, and sent them round as usual by a native *peon* or messenger, who had been long in his service, for the perusal and approval of the several members, and with strict injunctions to show them to no other eye. Now there was living at Madras an East Indian gentleman of the highest respectability, whose sympathies were entirely on the side of the Tinnevelly missionaries. This

gentleman, as the peon was passing his door, called him in, and, administering a suitable *douceur*, perused at leisure the secret documents, and forthwith communicated the information to his friends at Tinnevelly.

This jesuitical proceeding made such an impression on Mr. Tucker's mind that he never forgot it. He often recurred to it in conversation. It shocked him so, that he was inclined to generalise from it, and impute to the whole race of East Indians, what was true, in actual fact, of only one individual, and to believe that there was not one of them who would not, in circumstances of great temptation, have done the same thing.

Those who surround him and form, so to speak, the inner circle of his friends, are such men as the witty and wise John Thomas; the serious and sober-minded Captain Browne; George Arbuthnot, one of the merchant princes of Madras, princely too in his donations, with affectionate sympathetic heart and of wonderful meekness and modesty; the benevolent and somewhat impetuous Captain Arthur Cotton. Others there are, his friends and admirers though not so completely under his spell, such as the large-hearted Mr. Casamajor, too big a man to be tied down by the fetters of any Denomination, but who loves all alike; and the equally Catholic and sincerely pious Colonel Alexander, and Captain Rowlandson.*

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* I have used the names by which they were then best known, and they will forgive me for taking that liberty. John Thomas was the J. F. Thomas, who afterwards became member of Council at Madras, and ought to have been but is *not* a member of the Indian Council in London. George Arbuthnot remained George Arbuthnot, and became, I suppose, head partner of the eminent firm, *facile princeps* among the commercial houses of Madras. Captain Browne became in due course General

Of great earnestness, of unwearied diligence, an evangelical of the evangelicals, this man has gained an unbounded influence over the most saintly minds at Madras.

What is the Church of England about, that it does not make such a man a missionary bishop? I know his heart is set upon it, but he is too proud, if the expression may be used, has too much self-respect and shrinking modesty in his nature to plot and scheme for it, though

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Browne. Arthur Cotton, at that time, young and sanguine and somewhat impetuous, is now Sir Arthur Cotton.

The Mr. Casamajor I speak of was a judge of the Chief Court of Appeal at Madras, and a man of princely munificence, with a hand open as day to melting charity. He was too great a man to be bound within the limits of any one church, but bestowed his favours and his largesses alike upon all. I had the privilege of numbering him among my friends, the link between us being a young native of the highest promise, in whom he was deeply interested and to whom he cherished the affection of a father. Colonel Alexander is now General Alexander, and is well known in the churches throughout the three kingdoms. Captain Rowlandson, a man of literary tastes, I have entirely lost sight of; but if alive, he must be high up in the service, a colonel or a general at least. He was a man of catholic instincts, and lived as if he believed the different denominations of Christians were divided and separated by such thin lines of partition, as ought to form no barrier to the most friendly intercourse. With one hand he touched the mane of the lion of Blacktown, as he delighted to call John Anderson, with his terrific roar, and rested his other hand on the more gentle, more subdued, and more polished Mr. Tucker.

None of these excellent men have I seen in this country except two, George Arbuthnot and Sir Arthur Cotton, when they were on a visit, some years ago, at the house of the Marquis of Tweedale, with whom and with his in every sense noble lady, they had become intimately acquainted in India.

if it were to come unsought, he would welcome it as a means of increasing his usefulness.

So much I may say of a man who is a power here among the religious public, and indeed a burning and a shining light. Circumstances have brought me into close intimacy with him. For more than three years we have walked out together in the morning, in the early dawn before sunrise, returning somewhat wearied when the sun is up, after an hour's wholesome exercise.

While these pages are in the press, this good man has ceased to live. In looking back upon John Tucker I see nothing to withdraw from my early impressions. The deep sentiment expressed in the lines

> "I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me,"

was engraven on his heart, as it was engraven on the heart of that still greater man John Wesley; and to this, we may well believe, he owed his power of attracting sinners and of convincing and converting them.

Human nature fallen and in ruins, and Christ coming to build it up,—this was his constant and ever recurring theme. And such was the greatness and interest of the subject, such the earnestness of the man and his wealth of illustration, that it never palled or became stale.

If there was any subject he avoided more than another in the pulpit, it was the introduction of any debatable point fitted to call forth the critical and logical powers of the mind, but not to feed the soul. He did not make the pulpit a debating club, with so many arguments ranged on one side and so many on the other, and a balance struck between them. The great truths of Christianity, he thought, should be taken for granted, and not called in question or brought into the arena of discus-

sion. He believed and acted in the belief that he was addressing a congregation of Christian men and women, who accepted these truths and embraced them with their whole heart, not requiring them to be proved but only pressed on their consciences.

This was no mere accident with him; it was a theory and principle adopted on conviction. I have heard him say again and again that he thought it unedifying, ill-judged, and barren of results, more likely to shake a man's faith than strengthen it, to bring controverted and metaphysical points prominently forward in the pulpit. Such a question as the Trinity, for example, he would not discuss it; it was to be received with closed eyes and reverential awe, as a holy mystery not beyond our belief, but beyond our comprehension; and he would only refer to it as an established fact, and use such language about it as the "triune" God, an expression of which he was particularly fond.

I can still see before me the man in his habit as he lived, the serious man with firm features and pale face, in his becoming surplice of spotless white reading the Liturgy with a propriety and solemnity altogether worthy of that sublime composition; or the thin spare figure in the pulpit, clothed in the black Geneva gown, teaching the holy lessons of salvation in his own earnest manner to listening crowds, who were entranced and spell-bound by the wondrous tale. Often the eight o'clock gun would fire: he heard it not, but still went on unwearied, and we felt all of us "it is good for us to be here."

And not less interesting to me personally was that spare and wiry figure in his Indian dress, standing in the veranda of my house in the gray morning dawn waiting patiently till I joined him for our morning walk. Sometimes it must have been trying to his patience, for my eyes, weighed down by the heavy slumber of

youthful years, were still closed in sleep. But still would he quietly wait: first a gentle tap at the open window of my bed-room, and then his light and elastic step pacing patiently up and down until I joined him.

These morning walks, too, now rise fresh to my memory; the clear and pure morning sky, the solemn music of the ocean, the serious yet light conversation always tending to one point: and then the walk home with more tired step, when the sun was now well above the horizon, and it was beginning already to feel oppressively hot!

This man, after his great Indian labours, this man the friend and bosom companion of Arnold, on his return home ministered for many years to a small congregation of rustics, in a thinly peopled out-of-the-way country parish. Yet he was content, and there he died.

But what was the Church of England about, to leave such a man thus neglected in the cold shade! Why was he not made a missionary bishop, for which his training, his learning, his piety, and his faculty for governing men so pre-eminently fitted him!

It is to be hoped that some judicious friend will give us the life of such a man, for which there must be abundant materials. He corresponded with Arnold. His letters from India to the secretary and members of committee of the Church Missionary Society in London must be extant, and they were both frequent and carefully meditated. I know, too, that he kept a journal while in India. All these, and his private letters, and the reminiscences of surviving friends, would furnish materials for a most interesting volume.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—CALCUTTA.

XXI.—ARRIVAL.

On approaching the mouth of the Hooghly from the sea, at this season, you are greatly struck with the appearance presented. For many miles (one might say hundreds of miles),* the sea is yellow with the sand poured into it by the Ganges from all its mouths. Such is the enormous extent of discoloured water, that the majestic river seems to contend with the ocean, and it is difficult to tell where the one ends and the other begins. The waves are the mighty waves of the sea, but the discoloured waters are the waters of the Ganges.*

But its channel you do enter at last. Near its mouth,

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* At the *Sandheads* one is surprised and overpowered at the wonderful extent of the river, colouring the sea with its muddy waters, apparently for hundreds of miles. The Ganges and the sea are seen fighting on equal terms, and striving for the mastery, so that you cannot tell where the one ends and the other begins.

In the lower part of its course the Ganges breaks into a number of branches, each swelling to the proportions of a mighty river. The sea-coast between that branch on which Calcutta stands, and the main branch which flows further east, is one hundred and eighty miles.

Sir Thomas Munro, who is seldom carried away by enthusiasm, in one of his letters, estimates that in the river Godavery alone, during the rains, there is probably a greater volume of water than what flows in all the rivers of Britain put together. And yet this in not the largest of Indian streams, and is not to be compared with the Indus or the Ganges.

where the land, though distant, first begins to line it as with a fringe, the appearance of the country is most disappointing and uninteresting, nothing being visible but low bushes. So it continues for many miles, the river visibly contracting and the land coming nearer, but not improving in its looks. The banks on both sides are perfectly flat, rising scarcely an inch above the edge of the stream. For miles and miles it looks like a mighty trough, full to overflowing, and skirted with a fringe of brushwood, with here and there some wretched native huts. As you get nearer Calcutta the scenery improves; the jungle retires, giving place to cultivated fields, dotted with large trees. You are still surprised at the extreme flatness of the country, not a hill to be seen nor a vestige of rising ground, while the river still appears full to the brim, and ready to overflow. All this is changed when, sailing up the river, you come within sight of Garden Reach with all its foliage, the Botanical Gardens with the beautiful gray building of Bishop's College on one side, and on the other princely mansions sparkling in the sun.

In sailing up, you are much struck with the almost English energy and activity that prevails, compared with the quieter Madras. There, a few sparse ships lie at anchor a long way from the shore, with a masoolah boat now and then, at rare intervals, passing between. Here, the river swarms with steam-tugs, some whirling along single-handed, others like little demons grappling huge sailing-vessels, and tugging them ferociously up and down. It makes the pulse beat quicker, this English sight, and you wonder what the apathetic Hindoo is thinking of all this noise and bustle, and hurrying to and fro as if for very life! At Calcutta itself you see a whole forest of masts, and the river is full of noble ships as far as the eye can reach.

It may be noted that the scenery along the banks *above* Calcutta, is in some respects fine, particularly the trees, with their dense foliage hanging down to the water's edge. Sailing on the river in the still evening you cannot fail to be charmed. The sun is just setting with a rich glow in the west, and the sky, with its blue and purple hues, is reflected upon the still water. The shades of evening make the foliage appear denser and more massive to the eye than in the glare of day. All is peaceful; a tinkling sound alone is heard from a neighbouring temple, which harmonizes with the beautiful evening, and sounds sweetly to the ear, like an expression of gratitude to the great Creator.

XXII.—VARIOUS NATIONALITIES.—BAZARS.

At Calcutta everything is on a larger scale than at Madras. This is seen at once on your first arrival. You see at a glance that it is both the political and commercial capital of India, with a larger population and wider interests altogether than belong to the more retired queen of the Coromandel coast. You see it even in the secretaries and higher officials, who have an air of greater importance, I had almost said *hauteur*, and are more distant and reserved, as if larger interests weighed perpetually on their minds.

Another striking feature in which it vastly outstrips Madras, is the great number of different nationalities found within its walls; not individuals merely, but colonies of them living side by side, and each retaining its own marked characteristics. You meet with large groups not only of Hindoos and Mahomedans, but also of Parsees, Chinese, Afghans, Persians, Armenians, and Jews. There is, of course, under our benificent laws, universal religious toleration, and you may see within a short distance of

each other, Christian churches, Jewish synagogues, Mahomedan mosques, and Hindoo pagodas. You may hear at the same moment our church-going bell, the shrill cry of the *muezzin* calling the followers of the prophet to prayers, and the tom-tomming of Hindoo temples.

Not only so, but there are many different sections of the same nationalities, divided according to race and religion. To go no further, there are Soonees and Sheeas among the Moslems, who have little intercourse and no sympathy with each other, on account of religious differences: and as for the Hindoos, their divisions are endless; for besides the Bengalees, to give only one or two examples, who form the great bulk of the population, there are also Ooriyas, or natives of Orissa, many of whom are employed as palkee-bearers and punka-pullers; and up-countrymen from the upper provinces, robust fellows, many of whom are employed as household servants, particularly as durwans or door-keepers. These three groups have all distinctly marked features, which enables you at once to distinguish them from one another, and also some peculiarity of dress besides. Thus, the Ooriya-bearers wear their hair long, like a woman's among us, and bound up in a knot at the back of the head, while the Bengalees cut it short.

I may add, that the palkee-bearers here are far more numerous than at Madras. You find them stationed at the corners of streets and in frequented thoroughfares, standing beside their palankeens. For short journeys, you have four men to each palkee, and they glide along in the quietest manner possible. The very first impression I received on landing at Calcutta (after the dust-storm that welcomed our arrival) was the perfect silence with which they moved along under their burden. Instead of the sonorous *hum-ho!* of the Madras bearers (who are robust men of the Teloogoo race) and their spasmodic

shouting and jumping, they slide along smoothly, as quiet as mice. My companion and I, on our arrival, went in palkees direct to one of the hotels, and we were extremely struck with the smooth motion and gentle stillness of the bearers.

Though Calcutta has sprung up under the eyes of Europeans, and reflects in some measure the style of the west, some parts of it are of a strictly oriental character. Such, for example, are the native bazars. There is nothing at Madras at all to be compared to the "cheena" bazar, or the burra bazar of Calcutta, either for extent or for the richness and variety of the goods stored in them, or for the crowds of people who frequent them. The cheena bazar consists of a long, narrow, and not very straight street. It is, at least, half a mile long, and every house is a shop; the houses being all of unwashed brick, and only one or at most two stories high. If you pass through this long street early in the morning you find it deserted. The shops are shut, and the door of each is fastened outside with two, three, or more huge padlocks, which seems to betray some lurking suspicion, as if the police were not over watchful. About eleven o'clock the bazar awakes into life. The stir begins, and goes on increasing till two or three in the afternoon, when it is at its height. The long, narrow street is then thronged with human beings from end to end, some on foot, some in palankeens, some in palkee gharees, some in gigs, or as they are here called, buggies.* Then the various races! It is a perfect Babel of sounds. Besides a sprinkling of Europeans, you have Mahomedans and all sorts of natives, jostling each other in the narrow street. Then as to the articles for sale, you find European goods, including cotton

* The Indian buggy is a gig with a hood to it, as a shelter from the sun.

and woollen fabrics of every description; crockeryware of all kinds, glassware, furniture. Over and above these there is a miscellaneous assortment of almost everything you can name, including wine, brandy, beer, soda-water, pickles, hairbrushes and toothpowder. As you pass along, you are addressed in the strangest English you ever heard. Every door you pass you are invited to come in. "Master, want table, chairs, looking-glass?" "Very good looking-glass got." "Master want longcloth?" "Very good longcloth got." "Master want toothpowder?" "Very good things got." "Master not go that shop; master go this shop; this shop very good things got."

Some of the shops are spacious, particularly those where crockery or furniture is sold. The cloth shops are mostly small, so small that you can hardly turn round in them. But however small, at one side of the narrow room there is a little sofa or chair, on which you are respectfully invited to sit down, and a punka overhead, which is set agoing with rapid swing the moment you enter. The cloth merchant has one or two assistants, probably his sons or more distant relatives, and never were cloth merchants and assistants more attentive. In the twinkling of an eye, they bring down from the little shelves whatever you want, spread it out before you, praise it to the skies, and finish by asking fully three times its value.*

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* As a general rule the Indian shopkeeper demands for his goods three times as much as he expects to get. If you offer him one-third of the sum he asks, you will generally be near the mark, and after some little haggling he will probably accept your offer. But to bring him to the point, sometimes requires considerable perseverance and no small amount of patience.

On arriving at Calcutta one of the first things done is to furnish your house; you either drive to the cheena bazar, where

The burra bazar is perhaps still more worth seeing. It is chiefly stored with Indian goods, and is in all respects more oriental in its character than its Anglicized neighbour. You have to go up narrow stairs, and along narrow passages, and through narrow doors into small shops, which are crammed full of goods. Here you find all kinds of Indian cloth, including silks, muslins, Cashmere shawls; all kinds of household articles of Indian manufacture, including brass jars, hookahs, padlocks and keys of an inferior description. In other shops you find swords and guns; in others, grain of various sorts, sugar, honey, &c. The shopkeepers here are a graver class of men, and much less importunate in their solicitations than their brethren of the cheena bazar. They sit quietly and demurely in their shops, and do not speak till they are spoken to.

While on this subject of bazars and buying and selling, I may say that here, as at Madras, we have native bankers, who carry on business on a large scale, some of them being very wealthy, and you have no difficulty in remitting money from one part of India to another through the *hoondees* of these native merchants.

The money-changer is a banker on a small scale, who carries on his business out of doors. He sits in the market-place, at the corners of streets, in thoroughfares, and wherever people most do congregate, with little heaps of money before him—silver and copper coins, and *cowries*, or little shells, which here are used for money. His transactions are chiefly with the poorer classes, who receive copper coins in exchange for silver, or cowries in exchange for copper—a little of the dust, a small per

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you purchase an inferior article at a cheap price; or you go to a European upholsterer, who supplies you with the very best article at the very highest price.

centage, clinging to his fingers as the coins pass through them. In the intervals of business, when not actively engaged, he may be seen sitting with eyes half closed and apparently inattentive to what is passing around him, but in reality watchful and alive to every sound. No thief need hope to approach his precious store without being detected on the instant; and no customer has to wait long, for some invisible instinct seems to tell him what is passing in your mind, and he is at once wide awake.

XXIII.—NATIVE TOWN.

The bazars of which I have spoken form part of the native town, and no unimportant part of it. Speaking collectively, the native town consists of a large agglomeration of brick houses irregularly built and without any external coating to improve their appearance. In certain quarters, there are long streets of these brick houses (especially two long streets running parallel with the river), with here and there a building of greater pretensions, inhabited by some wealthy rajah or zemindar, and rivalling in huge size and sometimes surpassing the dwellings of the wealthiest Europeans, but still with something that gives them to our eyes an unfinished look.

The houses of wealthy Hindoos, I may remark, are sometimes of great size and very irregularly built, with additions made from time to time to suit the exigencies of the case. When sons marry, they remain in the same house with the parents, and in course of time there are sons and sons' sons, nephews and nieces, uncles and aunts, as well as brothers and sisters, forming not one happy family, but an aggregation of different families under the same roof. Sometimes in a large mansion more than a score of kindred families live in this way, and the brick building, with its extensive additions, reflects in its

outer walls this characteristic feature and is equally irregular.

These houses have generally an open court in the middle, surrounded on three or four sides by apartments; and at nautches and other entertainments the open area is covered in with an awning of cloth, which forms a roof from which are hung a great many lights, and thus fitted up it forms a convenient and spacious apartment.

The houses are dark inside with small slits for windows, narrow stairs, and unplastered walls inside as well as out. They have little or no furniture, and in one or two houses of men of rank which I have visited, I have been introduced to an apartment, evidently intended as the reception-room, where there was no furniture but a chair or two, and a long bolster-like cushion lying on the floor. When the master of the house came in, he sat down on the floor and reclined with his arm on the cushion. These are the dwelling-houses of men of the old school, Hindoo conservatives, who love the old ways. Those, on the other hand, who copy English manners, are apt to overshoot the mark, and have their houses literally crammed with upholstery, with magnificent lustres hanging from the ceiling and large mirrors covering the walls. The terrace or housetop of native houses, with its flat roof, is often used as a reception-room. It has the advantage of being airy and well ventilated. The master of the house here receives his native visitors. I have more than once found a learned native of my acquaintance seated on the house-top in the cool of the evening, surrounded with pundits who had come to visit him and with whom he was engaged in friendly conversation.

It is not to be supposed that all the houses of the native town are built of brick. No such thing. Very

many of them are mere huts, as poor and miserable as can be seen in any land; the walls, mats loosely strung together, and the roof of palm leaves. These are the dwellings of the poorest class, and one degree above them are the huts built of a kind of basket-work of split bamboos; and another, a degree higher still, are the clay-built cottages, with thatched roofs.

Native huts, built of leaves and basket-work, are of course very liable to catch fire, and when this happens the conflagration spreads with amazing rapidity, and soon consumes whole streets of these frail tenements. To newly arrived Europeans such a sight is a novelty, and I have seen them, young men fresh from England, hurrying off in a state of intense excitement, and looking on with wonder at the natives moving about in the smoke in their apathetic way and slowly removing their effects, not very numerous or valuable, if perchance they could save them from the devouring flames. To stop the conflagration is a thing never dreamt of, as being beyond all human power. As for old Indians, they take these matters more coolly, and all the huts of Calcutta might be burnt down without their troubling themselves by walking out of doors. They might perhaps move into the adjoining veranda to get sight of the conflagration, but not a step further.

XXIV.—EUROPEAN TOWN.

Like other Anglo-Indian cities, Calcutta has of course its white town and black town, tenanted respectively by a European and a native population. Among the European or Christian inhabitants may be ranked many families of East Indians, a mixed race like the corresponding class at Madras, but here more numerous and wealthier. Some of them are almost as fair as Europeans,

but others are of a darker hue, especially that section known as "Portuguese," whose complexion, from whatever cause, is darker than that of the natives themselves. There are many intelligent men among them, some gentlemen of independent fortune, some writers and accountants in Government offices, some merchants. They associate with Europeans, and you see them with their families in the different churches.

On landing, just when you arrive, and it is scarcely improved by further acquaintance, you obtain as good a view as well can be of the European part of the town, the "city of palaces," as it is proudly called. Before you, while you are still on the steps of the overarched river ghaut, stands Government House, a massive square building but not high in proportion (on the contrary rather squat), and of such a singular shape that it is not inaptly compared to four elephants tied together by the tails, and looking different ways. On each side of the square building is a spacious exterior bay, so to speak, of concave or crescent form, the object in view and the idea running through it, being probably ventilation, complete ventilation —an object more effectually attained by the interior centre area, according to the native style.

After looking at Government House, with its handsome gateway facing the river, you see to the right a range of large palatial buildings, tall white houses of many stories, with pillars in front, the residences of the European gentry; and behind them imperfectly seen are other substantial white buildings closely packed together and formed into streets. At the extreme end of these white buildings, and a little removed from them, stands the new cathedral lately erected by the munificence of Bishop Wilson, at a point well selected for effect if only it had been a little elevated, if such a site could here be found. But planted as it is on a level plain, its height, like that

of Government House, is dwarfed, while its spire has been compared somewhat irreverently to a huge extinguisher.

In front of Chowringhee (for so the European town is called), and separated from it by a wide plain, stands Fort William, one of the largest, if not the largest, fortress in India, but presenting to the eye nothing very striking in its external appearance. Built on a low-lying, perfectly level plain, its walls rise but little above the surface of the surrounding country; and it is only when you go inside and observe its complicated structure that you discover it to be a fortified place of the first rank.

Another important part of the European town, though not exactly part of Chowringhee proper, is "Tank Square," on the other side of Government House and within a stone's throw of it. It is a large and beautiful square, with a tank and a considerable open space surrounded on every side with houses. This seems to have been the nucleus of the European town; and the site of the celebrated "Black Hole," the horrible memory of which lingers yet in the minds of the citizens, is still pointed out to strangers in this very neighbourhood. It is no longer a fashionable part of the city; fashion has fled away on its airy wings further east. On three sides of the square the houses are closely packed together, and nearly every one of them is a shop, a warehouse, or a Government office. Here is the "Exchange," where English ladies most do congregate to buy their drapery and other finery; and often the whole street in front of it may be seen lined with carriages from end to end, some leaving and others arriving in quick succession. The fourth side is almost wholly occupied by a noble building called the College of Fort William, and beside it stands the Scotch Church with its tall and handsome spire.

I have said the most prominent houses of Chowringhee face an extensive plain, on one side of which stands Government House, on another side Fort William, while the new cathedral is seen in the distance. In the middle of this plain, lifting its tall head aloft, stands an interesting monument erected in honour of the high-spirited Sir David Ochterlony. The only other striking memorials I have seen here are those in honour of Lord Cornwallis and Warren Hastings. Two others there are of inferior importance and more common-place character, one of Lord William Bentinck and another of Lord Auckland. And we cannot fail to remark a striking difference between the past and present, not altogether to the credit of modern times; between the epoch when statues were erected in honour of Hastings and Cornwallis, and the more vulgar fashion of the present day. The noble marble statue of Cornwallis, erected at the expense of the zemindars of Bengal, is placed in the Town Hall, where it is an object of admiration to all who see it. The beautiful white marble statue of Hastings stands in a small neat building, a kind of recess open in front, where it can be distinctly seen by every passer by, but where at the same time it is protected from the weather. On the other hand the more common-place statue of Lord William Bentinck, stands in the open air exposed to the weather, and its devoted head is a favourite resting-place and restaurant for rooks and other birds of the air. It is the same with the statue of Lord Auckland, which, though placed in the "Garden of Eden," has nothing of paradise about it but the name. It looks as if we were degenerating fast, and as if the liberalism of the day were a false liberalism, which did not truly honour even its friends but degraded and polluted whatever it touched.

One of the most beautiful and characteristic monu-

ments to be seen here is of a different kind—Prinsep's ghaut, erected in a retired spot at the river's side in honour of James Prinsep, renowned for his taste and literary acquirements, one of two remarkable brothers, both of whom rose to distinction in the Civil Service. James Prinsep died before he had earned all his fame or all his honours, but not before he was fully appreciated, as this graceful monument bears witness.

XXV.—OUR DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.—NATIVE SERVANTS.

One of the striking features of Anglo-Indian life is the great number of domestic servants we are obliged to keep. This is more particularly the case in Bengal, and it is generally supposed to arise from the caste prejudices of the people. From a desire to maintain his caste intact, each individual servant confines himself within a very narrow sphere. He will only put his hand to one particular kind of work, and you must hire other servants to do what he leaves undone. The man who pulls the punka will not wait at table. The man who dusts the furniture will not sweep the floor. The man who sweeps the floor will not black your shoes. If you smoke the hookah, you must hire a man (a hookah-burdar) for the purpose of attending to it, and whose sole duty is to keep it clean, to feed it with tobacco, to bring it to you when wanted, and take it away when no longer needed.

It thus happens that you are in a manner compelled to keep up a large establishment of servants. At least, it is expected of you, and if you do not comply with the general custom, you run the risk, to use an odious Indian phrase, of *losing caste*, of sinking in the scale of being—no, not exactly that, but of sinking in the esti-

mation of foolish natives, and of our own not less foolish countrymen.*

It is not unusual, I may say it is in Bengal the general rule, for families of only moderate means to keep ten or twelve servants. There is the *durwan*, who opens the door; the *consomar*, whose duty it is to make the bazar and wait at table; and the *kitmutgar*, who assists the consomar in his onerous duties. There is also the *cook*, whose duties are confined to the kitchen or cooking-room. There is a *bearer*, and generally an assistant *bearer* or two, who dust the furniture, trim the lamps, and pull the punkas. If you have a palankeen, you must keep at least four *bearers* to carry it. Then there is the *syce* or groom, who has charge of your horse. If you have more horses than one, you must have more grooms than one. The syce, too, has an assistant called the *grasscutter*, who is employed under his superintendence in providing grass for the horse, sometimes a difficult task where no grass is to be had except what is dug out of the ground. In addition to these there is the *bheesty*, who brings water from the tank; the *mehter*, who sweeps the floor; and a *mallee*, or gardener. All these are men-servants only. If you are married you must, in addition to all these, have an *ayah* to wait upon your wife; and not unfrequently an assistant *ayah* must be engaged, the duties being too heavy for the unaided energies of one frail individual.

None of these servants do the washing, but a special man (a *dhoby*) must be employed for this purpose out of doors. The needlework of the family is done by a

* In some parts of India, though your income may not be large, you have to keep a servant to open and shut your purse, and you would forfeit the respect of the natives by discharging that duty yourself.

dirzie, or tailor, who generally comes to the house, where he is employed for weeks at a time, or, as frequently happens, he finds constant employment, and is considered one of the regular staff of servants.

I have spoken only of persons of moderate income—of what we may call the middle ranks of Anglo-Indian society. Some families of high rank and great wealth entertain as many as sixty servants, and instances occur in which even this number is exceeded. What so many servants do in one small house, is a mystery; but somehow or other work is found for them, or the show of work. Perhaps baby is taken out in his perambulator of an evening, and is waited upon not merely by an ayah, but by one or two bearers as well and several chaprassees—a long train of servants walking solemnly behind him.

With so many servants in the house, the master and mistress are apt to get into indolent habits. The desire of being waited upon grows apace. The mem-saheb reclines on a sofa, and has a punka pulled over her head all day. The saheb himself sometimes loses his self-reliance, and must have a servant to help him to put on his stockings. Our children, too, get into the same ways, and must have troops of servants to do many little things for them, which they would be much better and happier if they did for themselves.*

* Sir John Malcolm, in one of his letters, tells an amusing anecdote of a young boy in India, by name Johnny Wainright, about ten years old, who had got into the habit of being waited upon, and of the artifice used to cure him of it. One morning, some ten or twelve servants rushed into his room, and insisted upon dressing him. One held his trousers, another his shoes, another a basin of water, another a toothbrush, while another fanned him. In fact, they oppressed him with their atten-

Your native servant is rather displeased, if you do not allow him to put on your coat or jacket in the morning when you dress. I have known Europeans who carried this point of etiquette much further, and never by any chance pulled on their own stockings, but had a native servant to assist them. And, incredible as it may appear, this is not always a proof of indolence. It is sometimes practised with deliberate purpose, from conscientious motives and a high sense of duty. One of the most energetic men I have known in India, regularly employs a servant to draw on his socks, and makes a boast of it. He does it deliberately, on the ground that, in this exhausting climate, we should husband our strength and reserve it for other and higher duties. This is very consoling!

XXVI.—OUR HOUSES.

Here, as at Madras, our houses in their external appearance, are distinguished from houses at home chiefly by the open veranda and showy pillars in front, to which may be added the flat roofs and absence of chimneys. Another feature that strikes the eye is, the wooden "venetians," instead of windows, with *jilmils* that open and shut. Inside the "venetians," in most houses, are glass windows, which are folded back in the early morning and in the evening, but kept shut during the day to keep out the heat. This is a point carefully attended to, and from about ten in the morning till six in the evening the glass windows remain closed.

As at Madras so here, you find the apartments lofty,

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tions, and he did not know which way to turn. It had the desired effect. Johnny resolved in future to dress without their aid, and to depend more upon himself.

spacious, and adapted to the exigencies of the climate. It is not here, any more than at Madras, the fashion to have much furniture, which would only harbour insects and prevent a free circulation of air. Woollen carpets are never seen, they are completely discarded, and instead of them we have fine sweet-scented grass woven into carpets, which are both cool and look well, at least when fresh and new. The most striking piece of furniture is the punka, which is much more common here than at Madras, and which is kept going all day in our sitting-rooms. We have it even in our bed-rooms, within the mosquito-curtains, and it waves over us while we are asleep. This is a luxury which I never saw or even heard of at Madras; but here, in this more luxurious East, it is quite common.

It is not merely outside and in front of the verandas, that we have massive, white pillars; we have them also inside, dividing the principal rooms from one another, and an excellent arrangement it is as regards ventilation. These pillars shine like marble, being coated with a fine mortar called *chunam*, made from pounded shells, and which takes a beautiful polish. I do not know but that I was more struck with the beauty of these pillars at Madras than here, the reason why I cannot exactly tell.

In the rural districts a common style of dwelling is the bungalow, supposed to be an imitation of the native cottage of Bengal, and hence its name. The veranda is, or is frequently, a continuation of the thatched roof, and goes all round the building, an arrangement conducive to coolness and comfort.

XXVII.—PUNKAS IN CHURCH.

Punkas, I have said, are far more common here than at Madras. It is not that it is hotter, but the air is more

stationary and less elastic, so to speak, and without the punka to agitate it and act as a fan, you soon become restless and uneasy. Where it is not found suspended from the ceiling, you have a huge hand-punka to fan you (made of the broad leaf of the palm tree), which a native servant waves back and forward with both hands.

Even in church we have punkas. There is here no church without them. On entering the sacred building for the first time, great is your surprise at the busy scene. Long white machines are seen suspended in the air, moving to and fro in solemn cadence, both in the body of the church and the galleries. A little one is at work, moving more briskly, right over the clergyman's head.

The use of punkas in church at first rather shocks our sense of propriety. It does not harmonize with our ideas of the fitness of things, and the sanctity of the place. Swinging backwards and forwards, now concealing the face of the clergyman and now presenting it in full view, they act as a disturbing element in our devotions. It may be added, that the monotonous waving of so many large fans has rather a soporific effect, and you are apt to drop over, unless the sermon is all the more lively. The punka-puller himself, an unconverted heathen, who does not know a word that is said, is the first to feel the drowsy influence. Every now and then his hand stops, and, to the dismay of everyone, the punka ceases to move. After a few moments the poor man awakes, with the whole congregation staring at him, and begins to pull with fresh vigour. Or, perhaps, he remains in a state of coma and suspended animation for a considerable time, and some one bolder than the rest rises from his seat and gives a sudden jerk to the rope which hangs dangling in his hands. The apathetic Hindoo is fairly roused, jumps almost out of his skin, and for a short time the punka

flies over your head with increased vivacity; but only again, after a while, to sink into repose.

I have heard it said, and do in part believe it, that the heat of the climate, the monotonous waving of the punkas, *and the sermon*, each separately capable of producing a great effect, do when combined and acting with united force, form so powerful a narcotic, that no human brain is able to resist it, but, like the eyes of Argus under the wand of Mercury, those of the congregation, one by one, close in sleep, completely overpowered.*

XXVIII.—EVENING DRIVE.

The climate in the hot weather, is intensely hot. From ten in the morning till five in the evening it is almost unbearable, and few during these hours venture out of doors.

But if the heat is so trying during the day, it is preceded by a short interval of delicious coolness. In the early morning, about sunrise, it is cool and pleasant, and

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* The eye soon gets accustomed to punkas in church, and a little experience of the climate of Calcutta in the hot weather reconciles you to what at first seems almost a desecration of the Sabbath.

Punkas appear to have been introduced for the first time in some of the churches about the beginning of the century, though in others prior to that. Dr. Buchanan, in a letter written in 1801, speaks of the College Chapel as having punkas. In another letter, written soon after, he says, his church always thinned in the months of May and June, on account of the heat, and that Lord Wellesley had suggested the use of punkas and *tatees* (corresponding to the kuskus-mats at Madras). In 1805 they had been introduced, for in a letter written in that year, he says, "The punkas make it very pleasant."

then you may really enjoy a walk or drive in the open air.

The evening, too, is pleasant after the heat of the day is over. This is the favourite time for going out of doors and enjoying the cool air. The wife, especially, who has been in the house all day, longs to get out for an airing, and take her young, pale-faced children with her. About six o'clock, when the sun is down, you drive out in your open carriage. If anyone calls for you, the servant says you are not at home, you are gone *howakana* (to eat the air). This *howakana*, this evening drive, is looked forward to with eager interest as to a repast, such is the refreshment it affords. The sun is no longer to be feared, and you can sit in your open carriage bareheaded without danger; so out you go, and are whirled along, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the evening.

The favourite drive is the "Course," extending nearly a mile along the bank of the river, between it and the fort. In the evenings the "Course" is crowded to excess with handsome carriages, wedged together so close that you can scarcely pass. Most of the carriages are open barouches, with a sprinkling of "buggies," for single gentlemen, and a few close palkee gharrees. A few equestrians may sometimes be seen, ladies as well as gentlemen, galloping over the open plain.

It is not only Europeans you see here. There are also wealthy natives, in their handsome open barouches, enjoying their *howakana*, too, in true English fashion, and in the splendour of their equipages and gay trappings rivalling and often surpassing the wealthiest Europeans. Here are Hindoos and Mahomedans and Parsees; and more than once I have seen a Chinaman out in his buggy, giving his wife a drive, and appearing to enjoy the gay scene as much as any of them.

XXIX.—TANKS.

There is nothing I am more struck with here, compared with Madras, than the perpetual verdure. Owing to the warm, moist atmosphere, which has been compared to a perpetual vapour-bath, the fields and the foliage of the trees, even in the hottest weather, look green and beautiful.

Tanks are here a prominent feature, much more than at Madras. There wells are more common, but here tanks take their place. In Calcutta there are many large tanks of clear water, beautifully built round with solid masonry, and up and down the broad steps at each end the native women may be seen, from morning till night, passing with earthen water-pitchers on their heads; and, sad contrast to that graceful figure, the native bheesty, or water-carrier, of the other sex, may also be seen toiling up the steps with his well-filled *mussuk*, or water-skin, slung over his back, and swelled out like an inflated pig.

In the rural districts you find numbers of large tanks, some of them enclosed within a high mound of earth, and palm trees growing at the sides. These tanks, full of clear water, are a most pleasing and refreshing sight in this hot climate. You can hardly believe your own eyes when you see a large sheet of water, with the hot sun shining upon it day after day, from an unclouded sky remaining through the whole summer sparkling brightly, unimpaired in volume, secretly fed by little rills trickling underground from the abundant water supply treasured up in the rich alluvial soil as in a sponge.

When I speak of the beauty of these tanks and of their being an ornament to the landscape, I must be understood as speaking only of the larger ones; for it must be con-

fessed, that in some places the smaller tanks have multiplied beyond all reasonable bounds, and become an intolerable nuisance. They can only be described as filthy little pools of stagnant water. Not unfrequently in the damp, spongy soil of this province, the hole out of which the earth is dug to build a hut becomes a small tank, or rather a dirty hole, both unsightly and unwholesome. These dirty holes are of no use whatever, and differ entirely from the large tanks filled with a broad sheet of clear water, and to which the women repair in eastern fashion, with earthen pitchers carried on their heads.

At Madras, where the soil is sandy, the water used for domestic purposes is stored in wells, and, being pure and wholesome, it is preferred to that of either tanks or rivers; but here it is different. In the damp alluvial soil of Bengal, the water lodged in deep wells soon becomes brackish, and the water for culinary and domestic purposes is either stored in tanks, which are open to the sun and air, or taken from rivers. Here (I speak of the river some miles above Calcutta), the water of the Ganges is considered the sweetest and best that can be found.

XXX.—THE RIVER.

Living on the banks of the Ganges, some miles above Calcutta, I find the mighty river an ever fresh subject of interest. It is the first thing that greets my eye, looking out in the early morning; and regularly in the afternoon, when my daily duties are done, I walk for half an hour in the veranda looking at the noble river, which flows so majestically and peacefully along. There it is sparkling in the sun-light, like a thing of life, rolling down in ceaseless flow to the ocean. When the shades of evening are closing in, it is still there, appearing calmer and

mightier than ever. Never do I tire of it; it is a companion which I miss when away from home, and to which I return with pleasure.

At all times this mighty river is a majestic object, but more particularly during the *freshes*, caused by the rains in the upper provinces and the melting of the snows in the mountainous districts. It then rushes along in an impetuous flood, full and strong, an object of daily and hourly interest. And if you pass down to the mouth of the river, to the Sandheads, at this season, you are still more astonished. For more than a hundred miles along the coast, you find the sea tinged with its yellow waters, and for miles and miles seaward you can scarcely tell where the river ends and the sea begins, as you behold before your eyes mingled together the tumultuous waves of the one and the yellow waters of the other.

At certain seasons of the year more than others, a singular phenomenon is seen. With the rise of the tide, the river rushes backwards like a huge wave, impetuous and furious, carrying everything before it. This is the *bore*, as it is here called. It resembles the surf of the sea breaking on a flat coast, but with this difference, that instead of breaking on the shore and then retiring, it rushes along the banks for miles and miles, still pursuing its onward course. Wherever it meets with an obstruction, whether from a bend or from a sandbank in the middle of the stream, there it rages with the greatest fury, and is seen to most advantage. Where I am living, I see it in all its might as it rushes along with increased fury, compressed between the banks on one side and a sandbank forming in the middle of the stream. You hear its roar like that of the sea when it is yet afar off. A little while and it appears in sight, crested with foam and presenting the strange spectacle of a river flowing rapidly backwards. It

rages most at the sides, sweeping before it everything lying on the banks, and literally "throwing up mire and dirt." At its approach, the native boatmen, in their small *dinghees*, paddle in haste to the middle of the stream, where they are comparatively safe, the wave being there weaker; but still, as it passes, such is the swell, you may see the tiny craft rocking and pitching fearfully. But far worse is the fate of that dinghee, or boat, which remains near the shore, or is lying neglected on the beach; it is hurried away on the crest of the wave and speedily dashed to pieces.

Unhappy accidents sometimes occur from this cause. A European who has not been long in the country and has never heard of the *bore*, is passing up the river in a boat. As the wave approaches, the native boatmen, aware of the danger, make for the middle of the stream; but he in his ignorance, not knowing what they mean, insists upon their keeping near the shore. Unfortunate man, he is speedily undeceived: the raging wave upsets his boat in the twinkling of an eye, and hurries him to a watery grave!*

XXXI.—NATIVE EDUCATION.

This morning I breakfasted with Archdeacon Dealtry, and our conversation turned chiefly on what he calls the Government system of education, which means, speaking with some latitude, a scientific education, including under this name, not only the facts and principles of science, properly so called, but history, the wide embrace of

* The *bore*, or tidal wave, in the Indus, equals, if it does not surpass, that of the Ganges. It astonished the soldiers of Alexander, as we read in ancient writ, when struck with awe they first beheld it.

poetry and of fine literature—in a word, all humanizing and elevating subjects, with the single exception of theology. Even natural religion, as explained in Paley's beautiful work, comes within its sphere; but it does not touch upon revealed religion; not from any want of reverence for that most deeply interesting of all subjects, but because in the peculiar circumstances in which we are placed here in India, it cannot be touched without introducing at once the apple of discord.

The Archdeacon, who is a man of liberal if not of broad views, is willing to admit that the Government schools are doing good; but in his opinion they do not quite go to the root of the matter; they do not go far enough, but stop short before coming to the main point, and are thus abridged of their usefulness. He would add to the course of study, lectures on the Christian religion, designed for the senior pupils only, and leaving it entirely optional to attend them or not as they pleased. Thus supplemented, the system, he thinks, would be perfect, and would no longer be open to the reproach of unsettling the belief of the Hindoos in their own faith, without offering anything in its place.

The Archdeacon here lays his finger on one of the great questions lying at the root of Indian education; it is, in a word, what we hear of at home as *the religious difficulty*. In England, in the present divided state of the Church, especially in large towns, statesmen are driven to their wit's-end how to reconcile the irreconcilable—how, in schools supported by the State, to harmonize the rights of conscience with the teaching of formal religion. It is all very well to say to the different sects, "Your differences are small, and there is no earthly reason why your children should not be educated together in the same school, where, as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the

subjects taught are subjects on which all are agreed and think as one man." This has been said again and again, but without effect. It is logical, it is convincing to the eye of reason; but behind logic and reason there is something else, more powerful than either, with the bulk of men, or than both united. This something I reverence and respect, believing it to be implanted in our nature by the Author of our being for a good purpose. Without calling it a blind prejudice, or by any other hard name, let us describe it by that beautiful word, sentiment. A sentiment it is, deeply rooted in our nature, inextricably blended with religion itself in the depths of our being; a sentiment it is, like patriotism, or parental affection, and men will die for it.

Nor let us be so foolish as to think that it is the clergy, the ministers of religion, who manufacture this sentiment. It is there, in the hearts of the people, before the clergyman touches it; and what he does is rather to guide it, and in some measure enlighten it, than create it. After mingling with clergymen of all sects, not excepting missionaries and Papal priests, I am entitled to say that, so far as the clergy are concerned, if they stood alone, *the religious difficulty* would cease, would fairly vanish out of sight, if there were not behind the clergy a force moving them on,—a force which cannot be removed, which cannot be surmounted, and which can only partially be guided and enlightened.

It is natural to suppose that here in India the religious difficulty can have no place, no room to expand, and no *pabulum* on which to feed. Here, speaking roundly, is a population, consisting exclusively of Hindoos and Mahomedans, with only the smallest possible sprinkling of Christians, the former counting by thousands and the latter by units only. Is it not allowable—is it not a holy duty—to teach these dark masses of Hindoos and

Mahomedans our geography, our history, our science; to give them glimpses of truth and beauty beyond what, in their benighted state, they can receive in their own schools and from their own books? To do this even if formal religion is withheld—a subject most important, but most unpalatable? For we must not forget that it is just as unpalatable for Hindoos and Mahomedans to have our religion forced upon them, thrust down their throats, as it would be for us to have Hindooism and Mahomedanism, the Shasters, and the Koran, thrust down ours.

In presence of these facts, our statesmen here, led by such men as Lord William Bentinck, Macaulay, Charles Trevelyan, and C. H. Cameron, not to mention other honoured names, have sketched out a plan and system of education, which shall include all that is good in our literature and science, without meddling with the great subject of religion. Undoubtedly, a great gap is left; but in the circumstances in which we are placed, it cannot be bridged over without violating the rights of conscience, without overturning the fundamental principles of our religion, and doing to others as we would *not* wish to be done by.

But mark the result! The rude untutored sentiment comes in, and tramples this just and catholic system under foot. Those who espouse this holy cause—the epithet *atheist* is taken up as a stone and flung at them. A David Hare, who devotes himself unselfishly and unweariedly to the good of the natives and the improvement of their minds, is spoken of as no better than a *heathen*. C. H. Cameron, the President of the Council of Education, a man of unsullied honour, and of whom I have heard it said that the moral and intellectual are more evenly balanced in his nature than in any man here living, is described as *godless*. Of this man, the head of

the Educational Department and the fitting successor of Macaulay, I could say much, and every word to his credit, but the fear of offending him forbids it. His is a mind of crystalline purity, and of high culture as well, the extent of his knowledge going far beyond the limits of his own profession, that of the law, and overflowing into wider fields, both of ancient and modern literature. I could add much more, but this only will I say, who have had good and rare opportunities of judging, that he is in heart tender and true, and that his every word is stamped with truth and honour. And yet this man, by those who know him not, is spoken of as *godless!* Would there were more such! And who dares to say, in this heathen land, that education without theology as a distinct study is godless, that our literature and science are godless, when all our finer literature and finer science point to God!

Gentle Christians forbear! This religious sentiment, precious, priceless as it is, and without which we can lead no life worthy of the name, is also capable of being excited beyond bounds, and pursuing a devastating course. Gentle Christians, do not lash it into fury, but guide and temper it! Do not ride the whirlwind, but direct the storm!

Let me return for a moment to the point from which I started. A wise and judicious man, John Marshman, with the mind of a Christian and of a statesman as well, once put before me the following question:—"How would it do for the Government to permit the Hindoo and Mahomedan religion to be taught in its schools, along with Christianity, to permit the Shasters and the Koran to be read alongside of the Bible"? I confess the suggestion shocked me. It appeared to me far better to have a catholic education, in harmony with the Bible, but without any formal instruction in it, than to open

the floodgates for the Shasters and Koran to enter likewise.

But the more I turned it over in my mind, the more clearly I perceived that the one follows logically and conclusively from the other; and that, if we open the door for the Bible or for lectures on Christianity, we open the door for the Shasters and Koran also. On what principle of justice could we in schools attended exclusively, or all but exclusively, by Hindoos and Mahomedans, admit the Bible, and shut out the Shasters and the Koran! If the populations were equal, the argument would hold good; but in the face of an immense preponderance of Hindoos and Mahomedans, to whom the Christians in this land are but as a drop in the bucket, it becomes ten times stronger. Let those who advocate Bible instruction in Government schools ponder this well. Where ninety-nine per cent. of the scholars are Hindoos and Mahomedans, and only one per cent. Christians, with what face can we set aside the religion of the ninety and nine, and formally teach that from which they dissent? From the Hindoo and Mahomedan point of view there is no answer to this question.

XXXII.—THE HINDOO COLLEGE.

This forenoon I visited the Hindoo College for the first time. It is the most important educational institution in Calcutta, not even excepting the Assembly's institution of the Church of Scotland, of world-wide celebrity; to say that it is beyond anything of the kind to be seen at Madras, would be giving it small praise, as it is far beyond anything met with in the south of India.

When we arrived, the secretary and I, we found the principal expecting us, Captain Richardson,* a man of

* Author of "Literary Leaves," in prose and verse, a book of

literary tastes, who has left the military profession, and adopted the motto, "*Cedant arma togæ.*" He accompanied us first to the library, which we found well stocked with books on all subjects of literature and science, not excepting the Bible (of which there is a copy on the shelves for the purpose of reference), and other books of a religious tendency, such as the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Sharon Turner's "Sacred History of the World."

Then we went to a great central hall, with four recesses for separate classes. The students of the College division, as distinguished from the senior school, were sitting in the hall engaged in private study. They are from fifty to sixty in number, of ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-two—all Hindoos, and not a single Christian or Mahomedan among them. They were sitting, each reading a book selected by himself from the library, such as Mill's "History of India," Addison's "Essays," Pope's "Poems," Murray's large work on "Geography," and the like, each according to his taste. They were all sitting, with closely cropped bare heads, not a single turban among them, or shaven head either as at Madras; and I was particularly struck with their silence and austere gravity and respectful attention when spoken to. If you asked a question of any one of them, you might observe him pause for a moment or two, as if in deep thought, before answering: there was a native politeness in this which was very pleasing.

These students, for we may call them so, have gone through a complete course of English literature, and are familiar with such works as Milton, Pope, Addison, Johnson, and other standard authors; and to hear them speak, you would say that English was their mother-

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delicate writing, in which the author shows no mean ability, and a taste, as regards style, which may well be called exquisite.

tongue. When at Madras, I met a gentleman who, after visiting Calcutta, described this Hindoo school in most exaggerated terms as a nursery for young infidels, and in which the most serious book read was Pope's "Rape of the Lock." But nothing that I observed this day bore his description. Such subjects as logic, moral philosophy, and political economy, are embraced in the course; and some of the students are well advanced in the higher branches of mathematics and the ordinary branches of physical science. If they read Pope's "Rape of the Lock," they also read Locke's "Essay on the Understanding," Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

We then went to the junior school, which is attended by a swarm of nearly four hundred pupils, between the ages of seven and fourteen. The life and soul of this division is Richard Jones, an East Indian gentleman, and one of the best specimens of that class. He loves his work, and combines with great urbanity of manners a quiet firmness, which impresses itself upon his pupils, and enables him to preserve perfect discipline without recourse to harsh means or any outward display of force. His style of teaching is admirable, most intelligent, and effective; and not the least of his merits is, that he has raised up to help him a highly efficient staff of native teachers, upon whom he has impressed some of his own best qualities.

A larger and later acquaintance with these native teachers more than confirmed this favourable impression; nor am I alone in thinking so highly of them. The Rev. Dr. Bowie, of Madras, a warm friend of native education, and a man of sense and judgment besides, writing a few years later, says:—"I had heard of your success before receiving your letter, but still it was gratifying to hear of it from yourself. I sincerely hope it may redound to

your good in every way. Your field of influence is unbounded; indeed I think, as regards the native mind, few of our countrymen in India occupy a position so commanding and influential as yours now is. I have often talked of the day I spent with you in the Hindoo College. *Your class of native teachers seemed very superior, much above anything I had ever seen or expected to see in India.*" For this superiority they were indebted above and beyond everything to Richard Jones, and his excellent training.

In visiting this division I was particularly struck with the correct pronunciation of the boys; not a flaw or defect could be traced, and, if anything, they spoke rather better than English boys of the same age.

In both divisions the scholars, who are the children of parents, some of them wealthy, and all in easy circumstances, were neatly dressed in clean white garments. They all wear shoes in the English style, and many of them white cotton stockings also. Their heads are bare, without turbans, and their hair cut short in the European fashion. They have no marks of caste on their foreheads. In complexion they are of different sorts, varying from jet black, to a pale coffee colour like that of a sallow European. Looking round the great hall where they are assembled, their dress and complexion alone distinguish them from European boys, and perhaps I should add their quiet demeanour; for they behave with a quiet decorum and good breeding delightful to witness, and exceeding rather than falling below what is found in the very best class of English boys.

When visiting the junior school, I met for the first time David Hare, of whom I had heard before. When leaving Madras, he was described to me as a kind of ogre in human shape, who maliciously spent his time in teaching the young Hindoo idea how to shoot—I need not say in what direction! But, in his bodily presence, I found

the ogre had a pleasant smile and a very benevolent expression. He is a venerable man of about sixty, who as a recreation, after his other duties are over, passes part of every afternoon at the College, mingling with the scholars, and conversing with them in a friendly way, giving them advice, and sympathizing with them in all their troubles. He is a most interesting man. Without the advantages of high station or a very refined education, his heart leads him right, and he has won the affection of the natives in a measure and to a degree I have never seen in any other instance.

Subsequent experience made me still better acquainted with this remarkable man. Though he did not assist in teaching, he did more than any teacher could do. He visited the College, especially the school division, as a friend, not to find fault, but to encourage. When the classes broke up in the evening, young and old would cluster round him to hear his voice and catch his smile. Of this I have often been an eye-witness, and it is a picture which must live in my memory while I live. The aim and purpose of his life was to do good to the natives. This feeling filled his whole heart, animated his whole life, kept him patient under all trials, earnest and hopeful in all difficulties. For a quarter of a century he devoted himself in the most disinterested manner to the promotion of native education; and then he died, in the midst of such an outburst of grief among natives of all ranks in the city of Calcutta as I have never seen equalled, before or since. In short, the natives worshipped this man almost to idolatry, and all but made *pooja* to him after his death, meeting statedly, on the anniversary of his decease, to honour his memory and mourn their own sad loss.*

* The following letter in my possession, though very brief,

In the immediate neighbourhood of the College, and acting as feeders to it, are two schools—one Hare's School (so called from David Hare, its founder and patron), attended by four hundred boys, learning English; and the *Patsala*, or school for young boys to receive the first impress of education in their native tongue. In this *Patsala* were assembled a hundred and fifty very young boys, all neatly dressed, and with little

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will give some idea of the feeling that prevailed among all classes when he died:—"All you knew here are well, except old Mr. Hare, who used to be so much about the Hindoo College, and who really felt such a warm interest in its prosperity. Till within the last few days the good old man was in the best of health, and as cheerful as ever; but he was suddenly seized with cholera on Wednesday morning last, and his constitution, though one of the strongest, could not sustain the shock. An immense throng of natives attended the funeral, and it was pleasing to see that, when he had ceased to breathe, he was still remembered with affection and gratitude by those whom in life he loved so well, and for whom he had done so much."

The *Friend of India*, then under the editorial management of John Marshman, on such occasions always just and gentle (except in one instance, when the angel left him and was succeeded by a mocking spirit), thus noticed his death. I give the substance only of a longer article:—"David Hare was sixty-seven when he died. After realizing a handsome fortune, he retired from business in 1816. This was just at the time when the Marquis of Hastings began publicly to encourage the education of the natives, which before that time had been tabooed. Mr. Hare established an English school, which he is said to have supported from his own resources. He took a leading part in establishing the Hindoo College. He acquired the confidence and affection of the native youth to a degree never known before. He enjoyed an influence in native society which no unofficial person ever acquired before. Without any refinement of education, without place or power, he won influence by his constant endeavour to aid in native improvement."

Bengalee books before them, and taught exclusively by native teachers.

The whole group of schools, taken together, strikes me as very complete. You naturally say, What more could this Government do, which it has not done, in the way of scholastic education, to carry enlightenment into the benighted minds of the Hindoos, without offending their prejudices? But why not give them Christianity also? They do not want it. From their point of view, when they ask for bread it would be giving them a stone.

Before leaving this topic of the Hindoo College, let me add a word more. My memory dwells on a later incident. In March, 1848, the annual distribution of prizes took place at the Town-Hall, in presence of the recently-appointed Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, at this time young and intrepid, full of life and intellect. It was his Lordship's first appearance in public, and there was an immense concourse of people present, both of the native and English public, more than had ever been known on any former occasion. There were present, besides the Governor-General himself, Sir George Pollock, C. H. Cameron, Cecil Beadon, and many others that might be named. Henry Torrens came rushing in, and finding no standing ground near the centre of interest, rushed out again. The Governor-General made a very neat and appropriate speech, from the opening sentence to the close indicating the man of mind and energy, expressing, in clear words and in sharp incisive style, his desire to do what lay in his power to promote the great cause of public education. But the close did not come quite so soon as expected. Just in the middle of his speech, the eager young *alumni* at the furthest end of the room, anxious to mark their appreciation, began to applaud with all their might, which they did with such effect as completely to drown his Lordship's voice. The whole

staff of teachers, with the principal and secretary at their head, rushed to the scene of confusion, and quiet was restored, but not without difficulty. His Lordship then resumed his address, making a passing allusion to the scene that had occurred, as being not quite so bad as an English *hustings*, and spoke very pithily and effectively for about twenty minutes.

Nor must I forget another occasion, not long before, when another Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, made his first appearance in public at the Hindoo College, in the great hall. The wealthy natives came in crowds to see him, and the *élite* of English society likewise. It was just before the breaking out of the Seikh war, and, all unconscious of the ominous cloud gathering in the north, he spoke eloquently of his one aim and object, to encourage the arts of peace alone and study war no more. He spoke with the utmost readiness, ease, and fluency, as those only speak who are trained in such an arena as the British Parliament; and all were charmed, both with his matter and his manner. The man himself was a most interesting figure as he stood in the hall, with his blue silk sash over his breast, his one arm (the other having been lost in battle), clear blue eyes, and cheerful countenance, addressing so many dark-eyed and turbaned Hindoos.

This may serve to show how much the Hindoo College was noticed and appreciated at that time. Some thought it was petted too much; but its very name is now lost and gone. It has gone the way of so many of our Indian institutions, which migrate and transmigrate with the utmost vivacity into new bodies.*

* I ought not to say it is entirely gone, for I believe the junior school still survives; but the College division has been transformed into a new seminary, with a new name, under the less characteristic but more pompous title of the Presidency College.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—GLIMPSES OF THE INTERIOR.

XXXIII.—TO MIDNAPORE.

THESE "glimpses," the reader will bear in mind, convey only a glance at the country and people, without aiming at any higher object. They are first impressions only of what strikes the eye of a traveller, passing rapidly along, without pausing to consider things deeply or investigate matters of historical or antiquarian interest.

I left Calcutta on the 22nd December, in the evening, and sailing down the river about twenty miles to a point where the palankeen-bearers were to meet me, arrived at the stage-bungalow late at night, and found no one there. The native servant left in charge had gone away for the night. It was bitterly cold, there was no fire, all was darkness, and a more cheerless dismal place it would be difficult to imagine.

When the native servant made his appearance in the morning, he was excessively civil, and made many apologies for being absent the night before. He seemed anxious to make up for his previous neglect, and was very obliging and attentive; in fact, too attentive, prying about where he was not wanted, and always in the way. You met him at every corner. I am not sure that he was strictly honest. A traveller, who had been here a few days before, made the following entry in the book lying on the table of the bungalow:—"Consomar very attentive, especially to my bottle of brandy." By previous arrangement the palankeen-bearers were to be ready to

commence the day's journey at five o'clock next morning. But five o'clock came, and no bearers; ten o'clock came, and still no bearers. At last they made their appearance about eleven o'clock, limping slowly along, one by one, in a lazy, straggling manner, as if unwilling to begin their day's work. Meanwhile I had had ample leisure for looking about, and taking a survey of the immediate neighbourhood. The stage-bungalow is situated at a little distance only from the river, in a very retired spot, where there are beautiful palm trees growing, and many more in the fields near, standing stately and erect like sentinels on duty, and looking very picturesque in the clear morning air.

The bearers, after at last making their appearance, were in no hurry to get into harness and commence their journey. The cold weather (for it was really cold) seemed to have benumbed their faculties, and frozen all energy out of them. One delay succeeded another, and a team of mules could not have been more obstinate. At last they lifted the palankeen on their shoulders and began actually to move forward, but very slowly. On leaving, the attentive consomar brought some fowl cutlets, which he had prepared, and which he begged me to take, and eat by the way. It was a long distance, he said, to the next bungalow, and if master got no dinner, "master would be much sick." The consomar's prediction proved true. It was a long distance. There was not a single stage-bungalow, or place of rest, between the one we started from at the river-side and the station of Midnapore, a distance of fifty miles at least. There was, of course, the usual change of bearers, fresh relays of them being found waiting at the road-side every ten or twelve miles.

Looking back on the day's journey, one or two observations occur to me. About twenty miles from the point

we started from flows the *Roopnarain*, a large river which we had to cross in a long shallow ferry-boat. The country on the Midnapore side of the *Roopnarain* is open and beautiful, not covered with the rank and luxuriant vegetation, almost like a dense jungle, we find nearer the banks of the Hooghly. While there are fewer trees, they are generally much larger and with heavier foliage. The houses, too, in this district have an appearance of neatness and comfort, which you look for in vain in the immediate vicinity of Calcutta; while the people appear to be a finer race, more robust physically, and more simple in their manners. Somewhat shyer, too, they may be, and more disposed to shun the society of strangers. I remarked, that for miles and miles there are no houses near the public road, all being removed to some distance, as if courting privacy and retirement, standing generally in little hamlets, two or three together, and almost concealed from view by trees. This tendency and longing for seclusion, struck me forcibly as one of the prominent characteristics of the people. It is one of those silent signs, indicating uneasiness and mistrust. Not only is the feeling exhibited in the removal of houses, to a distance from the public road; you see it also in other instances, where one or two houses at the side of the road stand together, enclosed within a high mud wall, surmounted by a hedge. This is for privacy; and the very tops of the houses, peering out from above the fence, look close and secret.

One of the most common trees in this district is the bamboo. Nothing is more common than to see it in the distance, growing beside a small cluster of cottages, and shading them with its graceful foliage.

Along the road, on either side, the natives were busily engaged in harvest operations. The corn was mostly cut, and they were carrying it from the fields on the backs of

bullocks; what was curious, the animal was muzzled, or rather muffled, with a kind of network round its mouth, to prevent its eating the corn. In some places men might be seen carrying the sheaves on their heads. The land all the way appeared to be fertile, and the harvest abundant. The people looked contented and happy. There was the same appearance of peaceful industry which you see in the harvest-field at home, and I could not but feel what an inestimable blessing to the people it must be, to have the fruits of their labour protected as it is from every open foe.

I must now say something about Midnapore itself, and the European residents. On the morning after my arrival I took a walk through the native town. It is a large village rather than town, the houses being ranged in one long street. They are mostly cottages with walls of clay and neatly thatched roof. It struck me that they are considerably larger than those of the same class near Calcutta, being both longer from end to end, and higher. Many of them have a peculiar double roof, the under roof projecting so as to form a shed or veranda, and the other rising above it like an inverted boat. It is not unlikely Europeans have taken a hint for their rural bungalows from this style of architecture, if we may use the expression, which they closely resemble. In passing along the streets, one sees a number of native carpenters busily employed sawing wood, and making carts and palankeens. The English two-handed saw is quite common here, and is in general use among the native carpenters of the place.

The roads all about the station are remarkably good, owing mainly to the abundance of a particular kind of iron-stone called *laterite*. This peculiar kind of stone, before it is exposed to the air, is soft, and can easily be dug out with the spade. But no sooner is it exposed to

the atmosphere than it becomes quite hard. Large blocks of it may be seen in this neighbourhood cropping up above the surface, and as hard as granite, almost as hard as iron.*

There being no chaplain at this station, the Judge read prayers in the church on Christmas-Day, and the magistrate read an excellent printed sermon. On our way to church the magistrate's wife maliciously asked her husband to read a pretty little sermon, a great favourite of hers, composed entirely of words of one syllable; but he, with pleasant courtesy, declined, not admiring such fancies. The church is a very neat one, and very taste-

* There are two kinds of stone extensively diffused over India, which cannot fail to attract attention from their novelty. These are *laterite* and *kunker*. *Laterite* in appearance is not unlike our brown sandstone. It is, in fact, a peculiar kind of iron-stone. Before exposure to the air it is soft as clay, and can be easily dug out with a spade; but when exposed to the atmosphere it hardens, and becomes harder than granite. It is found in extensive beds in the neighbourhood of Madras, and is also found in smaller patches as far east as Midnapore. At Madras it is much used for building purposes, where strength is required, and the walls of Fort St. George are built of it, great slabs of it, like blocks of granite, being placed near the gates. The first time I saw Captain Arthur Cotton, he was employed superintending some natives who were removing laterite from the ground. In Ceylon, where it also abounds, along the western coast, it is called *cabook*.

Kunker is a kind of limestone, and is used as metal for roads. It is found in small nodules. The road from Calcutta to Barrackpore is laid with *kunker*. Russell, in his Indian Diary, describes it as being, when new, "the finest metalling in the world." It may be so when new and freshly watered; but in the hot weather, after it has been down some time, it fills the air with very fine dust, which blinds your eyes, and gets into your throat and almost chokes you.

fully fitted up. It was long without a spire; but a great effort being made, that high object was at last attained, and a handsome spire erected at the expense of the European residents. Nothing is now needed but a clergyman to officiate regularly, and according to established form; though it must be confessed that on this occasion nothing was wanting that decorum demanded, both judge and magistrate acting their part in a most dignified and clerical manner.

After service, I accompanied the magistrate and his family to a place called the "Gope," four or five miles from the station, where they have a country house. The house is built on the brow of a small hill, which appears to have been at one time fortified, the ruins of an old fort, and part of a straggling wall still standing. Adjacent to it is a jungle of considerable extent. The word "Gope" means concealment; and this place, I am told, was used for refuge and concealment in times gone by, when the country was in a disturbed state, and subject to the unwelcome visits of roving bands of Mahrattas. But like our old towers at home, its vocation is now gone, and it is fast falling into ruins. A considerable portion of it is still standing, particularly the outer wall which runs all round the brow of the hill, and built of large blocks of the iron-stone found plentifully in the district. From this small hill a beautiful glimpse is obtained of the river *Kassye*, which is seen with many meanderings, winding like a silver thread for miles through the sandy plain. On one side, the country is covered with a thick jungle of low brushwood, which extends to a great distance in the direction of Bombay, and affords shelter for leopards and tigers. After tiffin the magistrate took me for a walk along a good road, leading through the jungle, and in some places through scenery which, for Bengal, might be called wild and romantic. We passed a place

called the "Leopard's trap." It is a deep glen, the sides of which are overgrown with dense jungle, and is said to have received its name from the following incident. Some years ago a leopard frequented this part of the jungle. The inhabitants laid their heads together and concerted a plan for catching the beast. They fell upon the following expedient. A large trap was carried to the place at night with a young kid in it; when the leopard, hearing its cries, was attracted to the spot and caught there and then. Ever since, the spot has been called the "Leopard's trap."

As we were walking round the edge of the hill, some monkeys were seen running at full speed on the plain below, closely pursued by two men, who were pelting them with stones. But the monkeys were too quick for them, making straight for a tree at no great distance, and jumping nimbly from branch to branch until they reached the top, where they sat quite at their ease and in perfect serenity. They had been committing depredations in the fields, and this was why the men were pursuing them.

By the way, these were not the only monkeys I saw at Midnapore. Never have I been at a place where there were so many monkeys of the bestial kind, or where they seemed to thrive better. One morning, as I was walking out, ten or twelve of them, very large ones, came scampering over the plain, right before me. What surprised me most was to see some of them carrying each a young monkey. It was a most ludicrous sight, and how it was done it would not be easy to say. Somehow or other the young one clung to the old one's neck, and was carried along with its back down, looking up at the old one's face. After sideling along for some distance, the whole troop would suddenly stop, set down their young ones, and look about them. Then, after a short interval, they

whipped them up again, and scampered off at full speed.*

There is at present a Seikh regiment stationed here, fine lithe men with bushy beards. The officers are Europeans, and, from what I have seen of them, they appear to be picked men. You may see them riding out in the morning, three or four together, in the loose picturesque dress of the "irregular" cavalry, which is not only more graceful, but infinitely better adapted to the climate than the strait jacket, strait trousers, and stiff stock of the army in general.

On Christmas evening there was a dinner party at the Judge's house. The European society of the place were nearly all there, including the military officers, and we spent a most pleasant and enjoyable evening. It was delightful to meet with such refined society at this remote spot. After dinner there were games of amusement,

* The young monkey hangs from the old one's neck, with its back downwards. A traveller who had seen a number of monkeys at this very place thus describes what he saw. They were of a gray species and large. "Many of the females had young ones, and they came and sat down close to us, with their little ones in their laps. First they would suckle them, then they would hush them to sleep, or turn them over and over, pulling off all the dirt that adhered to their skins, and making them clean and comfortable. A little further off, you would see four or five males picking the fruit off a low bush, and chattering to one another all the time. Then a half-grown one would jump down, and give a hard pull at an old one's tail, for which he generally received a good box on the ear, unless he was nimble enough to get out of the way in time; presently one of the old fellows would get angry, and spring into the tree after his little tormentor, and a regular chase would ensue. The leaps they take are tremendous; they will often spring from the top of a lofty tree into the middle of the next without falling." (See Ackland's "Letters from India.")

planned by the Judge's wife, and after that some music, also songs, among them "Auld Robin Gray," sung by one of the ladies, in a sweet tender voice. It was very touching to hear such words so sung in this distant land.

XXXIV.—TO CUTTACK.

After leaving Midnapore, the first place of any importance you come to is Jellasore; not that it is a place of much importance either, being only a small straggling village. A mile or so further on there is another village, considerably larger, and, though the country people give it a different name, it may be considered a continuation of the same town. Immediately beyond this second village we cross a river, at this season shallow but broad, the water as clear as crystal, so that you can distinctly see its bed or channel, consisting of fine sand, without a single stone larger than the smallest pebble. As we were crossing, some natives with bullocks and carts met us half-way, coming in the opposite direction: it was heavy work; the bullocks would go a few steps, and then stop, standing still in the middle of the stream, chewing their cud with the greatest composure, as if they had no intention of moving further. It required much coaxing to induce them to go on again; and more than once the driver lost all patience, and had to put his own shoulder to the wheel before they would move a step. When the river itself was crossed, fresh difficulties remained, in the broad belt of dry sand stretching along the bank of the river, in which the wheels with every revolution sunk up to the axle. Just behind the carts, as they were crossing the stream, followed a large flock of goats and young kids, bleating piteously all the way.

The houses in this district looked decidedly smaller

and less commodious every way than those in the neighbourhood of Midnapore. The land is not so fertile, and the people generally look poorer. The country is low and marshy. For miles and miles the public road runs along a high embankment, raised several feet above the level of the ground, and is tolerably good, except in two or three places, where it has been ploughed up by the floods, and completely swept away. Along the embankment, on both sides, you may see pools of shallow water, and long-legged, long-billed birds, standing in them patiently on the look-out for fish. There they stand, the picture of patience, perfectly motionless, until a fish is seen swimming past, when down goes the long bill like lightning. And this reminds me of a stranger sight still. At one of the small villages we passed, I observed a herd of swine wading through a shallow pond, and still as they waded, stirring up the mud and causing a great commotion. They were closely followed by a troop of these long-legged birds, in search of food, who immediately snapped up whatever came in their way, the swine thus acting in their interests as providers, and doing their bidding as if hired for the purpose.

On approaching Balasore, for miles and miles along the road, might be seen one continued stream of pilgrims, their faces bent in one direction, wending their way to the sacred Temple of Juggernath. Most of them travelled on foot, with a small bundle slung over the shoulder, at the end of a stick. Some were armed with sword and matchlock. There were numbers of women as well as men among the pilgrims. They trudged along covered with dust; some of them, particularly the women, who had travelled a great distance, were lame, and had their feet bandaged all over with pieces of cloth. It was a strange sight, these poor creatures toiling along the dusty road, animated, no doubt, by a sincere sentiment, however

mistaken might be the form and object of worship. A few of the pilgrims rode on horseback, and women of the higher classes travelled in covered wagons, religiously screened from view.

Balasore is a larger place than at first appears. Situated on a perfectly level plain, and the view interrupted by numerous clumps of trees, only a small part of it can be seen at once. It was one of the earliest European settlements in India, and was occupied by the Dutch before it came into the possession of the English. It still bears unmistakable marks of its old Dutch origin, many of the houses in the outskirts of the town being built in the Dutch style, exactly the same as we observe at Chinsurah; and there are also numerous tombstones and some splendid monuments still standing, in a good state of preservation, erected in days of yore over the graves of celebrated Dutchmen.

Commercially, Balasore is still a place of some importance, though not equal to what it once was. Salt and rice are exported in considerable quantities; and the manufacture of copper vessels is very flourishing, there being whole streets of the town devoted to their sale—every house a shop, filled with brass or copper utensils. Many of the articles manufactured here are sent round by sea to Calcutta and other parts of Bengal.

From Balasore you have in view, at a distance of ten or twelve miles, some hills of considerable height. You find, when well on your journey, the public road running parallel to them, and so near that you can see the outline of stunted shrubs, interspersed with trees growing on their sides.

The country in the immediate neighbourhood of Balasore is bleak and sterile. The soil is sandy, and there being a want of water for purposes of irrigation, large tracts lie uncultivated. In passing along, you are

struck with surprise at the number of ant-hills, rising like little pyramids to a height of several feet. In their naked state they are rude, unsightly objects, but sometimes you see them covered with creepers and green leaves, and then they look not amiss. At Balasore there are more of these conical hills, resembling the stumps of decayed trees, than are to be met with in any other part of the country I have passed through. They stand up with irregular pinnacles, sometimes as much as twelve feet high, and eight or nine feet in diameter at the base. When examined, you find them as hard as stone. You may beat it with a stick, or kick it with your foot, without making any impression. If you succeed, after painful effort, in breaking a piece off, you find it perforated through and through with holes, some of them large and others small, which serve as streets, through which the inmates pass. At the sides are one or two doors, to allow free entrance and exit. These gigantic structures are built by the white ant, a creature not larger than our common ant.

I have been conjecturing what these provident creatures mean by erecting such tall towers; it cannot be for a mere display of vanity. Is it to provide dry quarters for themselves during the rains, when the ground is saturated with moisture? I can see no other use for them: and this accounts also for their numbers here, where the soil consists entirely of sand, which allows the water to percolate freely through, thus putting the creature upon its mettle to discover some means of sheltering itself against the heavy rains.*

* Baker, in his travels in Africa, was much struck with the number of white ant-hills standing above the water in the marshes. What is the object of these towers? He thinks it is

On the morning after leaving Balasore, an extensive chain of distant blue hills appeared in sight. Great was my surprise, on opening the door of the palankeen, to see their old familiar faces. At first they appeared to my wondering eyes, perhaps, only a bank of clouds, but on looking at them steadily, they kept their place without any change; and I felt convinced they were real hills.

Some thirty miles from Balasore, you pass two considerable villages, which have something new and peculiar in their appearance. The houses are very small. The traveller now finds himself in a new country, and among a people differing considerably from the inhabitants of Bengal, among a people who speak a language that sounds strange to the ear. We are now in Orissa, and

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to save their inmates from the deluge. They are carried to such a height (ten or twelve feet) that the ants can live securely in the upper stories during the floods.

This is not a bad explanation of the use and origin of the white ant-hills. The same holds good in India. Of course, these structures are not without a reason. Such an amount of labour is not spent without a purpose, and that purpose, as in all the operations of instinct, a useful one. That the object should be to save the ants from the damp, and give them dry quarters in the rainy season, has often struck me as probable. Baker observed that these ant-hills were built in the dry places of these marshy countries—another and additional precaution against the deluge, and showing further the sagacity and foresight of these wise creatures. The following is his account of the white ants at Latooka. All their work, in the building line, is carried on with cement. The earth is contained in their stomachs, and there being mixed with some glutinous substance, they deposit it as bees do their wax. Although the earth of this country used for house-building will crumble with the rain, the hills of the white ants remain solid and water-proof, owing to the glue in the cement.

among the Ooriya population. The people are more robust than the Bengalees, and have nearly all marked Orissa features—high cheek bones, wide mouth, and the lips apart, as if smiling, showing a row of white teeth. It struck me that they have a pleasanter expression than the Bengalees, and that they are a franker and more simple-minded race. The bearers, genuine Ooriyas, went remarkably well along this part of the route. This is their native country; they are here breathing their native air, and their foot is on their native heath. Poor fellows, they get about sixpence each for doing horses' work for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles! They are, however, content, eager to be so employed; and, after all, the weight is not so great as what many a packman or pedler in our own country carries on his single back.

About half-way between Balasore and Cuttack numbers of bullocks passed, laden with salt. In one lot, there were, I am sure, not less than a hundred bullocks. The salt was in sacks, laid across their backs and hanging down on each side. Some of the bullocks had a large bell hanging from the neck; others had a chain of small bells, which made a merry tinkling noise, and sounded sweet and musical in the still air as the bullocks moved along.

The houses on this line of road are small, very much smaller than those in the neighbourhood of Midnapore. A remarkable feature is the extreme lowness of the veranda in front, so low that it cannot be entered without stooping. This veranda is a continuation of the thatched roof, and comes down to within three feet or less of the floor. The floor of the veranda and that of the interior of the house, is raised about a foot and a half above the level of the ground. These peculiarities become more marked as you approach Cuttack. There is one

village in particular where it is very marked, where the houses form two long lines on each side of the road, and the low veranda, with its raised floor, runs along without interruption from one end to the other.

We find, too, in this district, a great number of small white-washed bridges, constructed to let the water, which collects in pools during the rains, pass from one side of the road or embankment to the other. These small, white, semicircular bridges are as unpretending as can be imagined; nothing sacrificed to appearances, but they seem to answer the purpose well for which they are intended. Since my journey commenced in this district, I have observed numbers of places where large portions of the embankment on which the road is built have been swept away by the pressure of deep pools of water on one side, and where the whole mischief would have been prevented, had there been built across the road one of these cheap Dutch bridges.

Between Balasore and Cuttack you cross three considerable rivers: two of them at this season small and shallow, but the extent of sand on either side shows that in the rains the small streamlet swells to the magnitude of a mighty river; the third is a broad river, even at this season, and flows deep, between high banks, while the land on either side is fertile, and the country around adorned with trees of majestic size.

Just in front of Cuttack there is a fourth river, larger than the rest. This is the Mahanuddy, or Great River, which flows past Cuttack in a deep broad stream. It was between nine and ten at night when we reached its banks, after a tedious, toilsome march, and we found a number of pilgrims waiting to be ferried over. In a little while the ferry-boat arrived from the other side, and as many as could be accommodated got into it, I among the rest. The evening was calm and beautiful, but it was

strange to find oneself sailing in the same boat with pilgrims bound for Juggernath. Still, among the whole number, there was no trace of rudeness or fanaticism, but, on the contrary, much of that native politeness which appears to be indigenous to the country, and characteristic of the Hindoo race.

It was late at night before we arrived at the travellers' bungalow, situated within the old fort of Cuttack. The servants were all away, and a more damp, dismal, dreary place, into which, even during the day, no ray of sunshine ever enters, it would be difficult to conceive. Nevertheless, here I had to pass the night, stretched in my palankeen, and surrounded by damp odours and sepulchral gloom.

Next morning I rose early, not loth to leave this damp cell, and rambled out to take a look at the town. It is of considerable size, with a population of not less than forty or fifty thousand; and the houses, though small, are many of them neat and comfortable. On one side, the river threatens to overflow the town, and sweep it completely away; but here a strong embankment has been constructed to prevent such a catastrophe—a work of great magnitude, and, though built by the natives, showing very considerable engineering skill. When you come to look at it in the light of day, the old fort is a striking place: it is of a square form, each side about a quarter of a mile in extent, and situated at an angle formed by a loop of the Mahanuddy, which protects it completely on two sides. The wall is built of large blocks of granite, and of the still harder *laterite*, or ironstone, which abounds in these parts. Outside the wall is a large and deep moat. In the interior of the fort there is a striking temple, with three high domes; and close by, a high tower, from which you have an extensive view of the surrounding country, and see the great river

winding along for many a mile; and lying beyond the river, and now quite near, a range of beautiful hills, the same I had seen in the distance, not far from Balasore.

One cannot be at Cuttack for a single day, without receiving a visit from those native hawkers who deal in the pretty silver ornaments for which this place is celebrated, consisting of brooches, earrings, hair pins, &c., of very delicate workmanship, and almost exactly resembling the beautiful silver ornaments manufactured at Dacca.

XXXV.—TO JUGGERNATH AND POOREE.

The journey from Cuttack to Pooree, where the temple of Juggernath stands, is a fatiguing march of fifty miles, which has to be accomplished at one stretch, as there are no bungalows or rest-houses for the accommodation of European travellers. The first part of the journey lies through a rich alluvial plain, well wooded with fine old trees. By-and-by the country becomes bare and barren, and as you approach Pooree it is very sterile, and looks almost like a sandy desert.

The town of Pooree is a place of some importance and even opulence, drawing as it does considerable contributions from the pilgrims who visit the temple in vast numbers. It is a thorough Indian town, inhabited solely by Hindoos; and it may be doubted if there is a single building in it which is not constructed in the genuine Hindoo style.

The houses are small, mostly only one story high, but neat and snug, built of brick and whitewashed. On many of them, on the front walls, you may see curious drawings of peacocks, tigers, and mythological figures; and in one or two instances the pictures are of a decidedly indecent character, too grossly indecent to be described,

and altogether unsuited to a place of religious pilgrimage, and hallowed by religious associations.

In walking through the streets of such a town you are struck with an indescribable something that gives it a Hindoo look, the small windows which seem made not to admit but exclude the light, the carved wooden pillars in front, and the raised platform or veranda at the side of the door where the natives sit in the evening. It is in such places, rather than at Calcutta or Madras, that we really see the East; it is away in the interior, in whatever direction we go, that we really see India as it is.*

But, after all, the chief feature of the place is the celebrated pagoda of Juggernath, which overshadows the whole town, and is beyond comparison the most stupendous specimen of Hindoo architecture I have seen in this part of India. At Calcutta there is nothing like it. If we were to attempt to describe it, we must say that it is rather remarkable for its uncouth grandeur than its elegance. There is little symmetry about it. It is, in fact, not one pagoda, but many pagodas, each with a separate spire, and all grouped round a great central steeple, tapering uncouthly to a point, and in shape not unlike an enormous plantain. This stupendous steeple, towering aloft into the air far above the rest, is seen at a great distance by travellers approaching it by land over the level plain, and it is a conspicuous object also at sea to those sailing up the Bay of Bengal.

* Both Jacquemont and Russell profess to have seen more of India and the East during their short visit to the Rajah of Putteala than at any other time. They say truly, that where Europeans have been long settled things assume a half Europeanized look, and lose much of their Eastern colouring. We are struck with the truth of this remark on visiting Pooree, where the town, altogether independent of the pagoda, has quite an Eastern look.

Like most of the larger Hindoo pagodas that of Juggernath is fenced round with a high wall, within which there is no admission, except on religious business to officiating priests and Hindoo devotees. We were allowed to walk freely round the building, and examine the exterior as long as we pleased; but inside, no admission. In walking round it, if a gate happens to be open at one of the sides of the square, you may get a stolen peep into the interior, which is far from satisfying your longing curiosity. On this occasion at one of the gates sat three fat Brahmins, but they were inexorable. On my requesting to be admitted, they shook their heads and smiled, and one of them gave a crisp gruff laugh, as much as to say "*How absurd! This saheb must be very ignorant of our customs!*"

When you go round and round, and look at it well, you are struck, among other things, with the number of mythological figures on the exterior of the building, which is almost covered with them, spire and all. You see various figures of men and monkeys in grotesque attitudes, and boars and fish. The most pleasing figure I saw, and which is often repeated, is a youth, which I take to be Krishna, standing at his ease, with one foot lightly resting on the other, and playing on a flute.*

It is positively said that not less than four thousand priests and servants are attached to this pagoda. There

* Of the temple of Juggernath Heeren says, it is known to Europeans by the name of the "black pagoda," and it is a conspicuous object seen a great distance off. The structure is of a pyramidal form, with several smaller pagodas in its vicinity; and the spire of the largest structure is 120 feet high. European scholars date its origin as far back as seven or eight centuries ago. As for the Hindoos, they trace its origin back to Krishna's sojourn on earth, which they place at an impossible era in the world's history.

are cloisters just outside the building, where I am told many of the priests reside, as well as some of the wealthier pilgrims who visit the shrine.

Near the pagoda there is a wide, open space of ground, which is pointed out to me as the place where Juggernath disports himself, and where, at the great festival, his car is dragged over the bleeding bodies of enthusiastic devotees, crushed to death under its ponderous wheels. But now, at this season, there is no such thing to be seen; now all is peaceful, all is still.

It is devoutly believed by the natives that all who visit the shrine, or die within an area of ten miles of it, will have their sins forgiven them, and receive a free passport to the mansions of bliss, there to be absorbed in the divine essence. Among the various virtues ascribed to the shrine, a visit to it is popularly believed to be an infallible cure for sterility, and this belief attracts crowds of devout women from great distances. It is not impossible that some of the incidents of the journey, such as change of air and exercise, may in certain cases bring about the desired result without the special intervention of Juggernath.

The houses of the very few Europeans who reside at this station are at some distance, and entirely detached from the native town. Situated on the beach, close to the sea, there is a wide waste of sand between them and the native town, which you have to wade through up to the knees before you get at them. It is a dreary waste, with no grass, and just one tree, or at most two. Standing here, there is little to be seen but sea and sand. Here, as elsewhere on this coast, a tremendous surf beats upon the beach, a succession of huge waves rolling in from the sea, and breaking in foam on the sand. It is a place well fitted to make a deep impression on the imagination, especially of

those who live inland, at a great distance, and to whom the ocean, with its solemn music, has the charm of novelty.

As a matter of fact the pilgrims to Juggernath come mostly from a distance, and not so much from Bengal or Orissa as from the upper provinces. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and to the inhabitants of the immediately adjoining districts it has fewer attractions.

What is it, it may be asked, which marks out this locality as a place of pilgrimage? The Hindoos are wise in their generation, and do not act in these matters without some sensible reason. A great mountain rising from a level plain, the point where a mighty river issues from the mountains, the point where three rivers meet, or where a great river makes an abrupt bend and flows backward, these are some of the places which they have chosen to consider peculiarly sacred and appropriate for pilgrimage. It is evident that in all these cases there is something in the scenery, in the natural objects themselves, fitted to arrest attention, and excite curiosity and wonder. Is there anything of the same kind at Pooree? There is, undoubtedly, and that is the sea, here seen to great advantage, and in striking contrast to the dreary shore. Here is a wide belt of barren sand, and behind it the sea, with its heaving billows, and a tremendous surf ever breaking in foam on the coast. There is here something wonderful, something suggestive of Almighty power, and fitted to make it an appropriate place of pilgrimage.*

* Perhaps there is no name that excites so much horror in the Christian world as that of Juggernath. Bishop Wilson, after seeing the pagoda says, "I have visited the valley of death; I have seen the den of darkness. Juggernath has been trodden with these feet, and seen with these eyes." He afterwards speaks of "this foul and horrible scene."

When I visited the place in the month of January (the great

XXXVI.—TO BURDWAN.

On my return journey, after retracing my steps back to Midnapore, I cut across the country in the direction of Bancoorah and Burdwan. A few miles from Midnapore a great jungle commences, and, with the exception of a few patches of cultivated land here and there, it is mostly jungle all the way till you arrive near Bancoorah, where the country opens out beautifully in swelling slopes. In the distance you see before you a high round hill; this is the far-famed Parasnath, where is to be seen the print of Budh's foot, and to which pilgrims, led by holy vision, come from great distances.

There is no good road between Midnapore and Bancoorah; and you are surprised to see the bearers strike across the country, through by-paths and narrow lanes, known only to themselves. Sometimes you come unexpectedly upon a small village, where the face of a European is scarcely ever seen, and where the women veil their faces, and fly at your approach. One morning, while travelling leisurely along, I came to a fine large tank, with a high earthen embankment, and palm-trees growing all round it; and, to my surprise, a man at some little distance was standing frantically waving his hand and making signals. On coming nearer, I observed two women with their pitchers, getting water at the tank; and they no sooner saw the palankeen, and the man telegraphing to them, than they suddenly left.

At Bancoorah a most kind and hospitable reception

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festival is in May or June) there was no stir. All was quiet. But the impression left on my mind was by no means pleasing. The pagoda itself looked a fitting emblem of a dark and dismal superstition.

awaited me in the house of Dr. C. The Doctor was once in the Indian medical service, but is now an indigo planter. Though more than thirty Indian summers have passed over his head, he is still full of life and energy. Nor is Mrs. C. less so; on her feet from morning till night, on household cares intent, demeaning herself very much as if she was living in the climate of England. The consequence is, that instead of a feeble woman lying on a sofa, under the punka, and scarcely able to lift her head, she enjoys vigorous health. I have not met in India with two better examples of what energy and active habits will do, to counteract the effects of a relaxing climate. But something, too, may be owing to the fact that the climate here is more bracing than at Calcutta; in proof of which you see native boys playing at out-door games, a sight rarely if ever seen in the vicinity of Calcutta, where the steamy atmosphere stews all energy out of the muscles.

On leaving Bancoorah for Burdwan, you find the country again covered with a straggling jungle, and cultivated patches few and far between. But on approaching Burdwan there is a sudden change; the soil improves immensely, and for many miles it is one sheet of cultivation. The trees also are large and massive; and here and there beautiful clumps of the slender and graceful bamboo and palm-trees meet the eye. The harvest is almost over, and the cattle are seen grazing on the stubble-land, the only crops still standing being a species of oil plant, with a beautiful yellow flower, and the field-pea in full bloom, acres upon acres of which gladden the eye as you travel joyously along.

About two miles from Burdwan flows the river Damooda, at this season shallow and easily forded, the water quite clear, and flowing over a bed of fine sand. As I passed the river in my palankeen, the bearers carry-

ing it on their shoulders and wading half-way up to the knee, I observed a number of Hindoo women crossing at the same time, with baskets on their heads, and their dress tolerably "high kilted," more so than the necessity of the case required; but the black skin which covers them as a garment, renders it less unseemly, though, in some respects too, less interesting. What a contrast to the picture presented in the beautiful lines:—

"Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides,
How wanton thy waters her *snowy feet* lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave!"

All along the road, in the neighbourhood of Burdwan, I met a continued stream of pilgrims, their faces all directed to Juggernath, coming mostly from the upper provinces, and all of them from a great distance. They were of all classes and of all ranks, rich and poor, middle-aged and old, mostly on foot, and many of them carrying bundles on their heads. At one place I saw a poor creature, in reptile fashion, measuring the distance with his body along the dusty road. He lay down at full length, raised himself slowly on his hands, drawing his feet forward, and moved slowly along, repeating the process in never-ending succession. He had travelled in this way for many miles, and had still far to go; but he was content. There was an expression of dogged determination on his countenance, mingled with a gleam of composure and satisfaction, as if he was performing a sacred duty. Conscience, thou playest queer tricks with us! A pilgrimage performed in this way is deemed highly meritorious; the greater the pain and suffering, the greater the merit; and the sin-stained Hindoo is sustained by the belief that he can thus efface sins of

the deepest die, and establish an indisputable title to the favour of the gods! *

Nowhere did I meet with so many pilgrims as for some miles near Balasore, and again in the neighbourhood of Burdwan. At these two places I met them in crowds, in numbers numberless, trudging along the dusty road, their faces all bent in one direction—all looking to Juggernath. On and on they went, animated by one thought, and by the dream which filled their minds; and, to say the truth, I could not help looking at them with some respect as well as pity. They asked for no help, and were of an entirely different class from common beggars. In one instance only, at one of the bungalows, a pilgrim came up and asked an alms; but the consomar, who was a hardened villain, called out to him rudely to be-gone, and that the saheb did not care about his going to Juggernath.

Along the road, on both sides of the Damooda, I passed numbers of the finest bullocks I had ever seen, yoked in carts. Few horses are met with, either here or anywhere else in Bengal, bullocks being substituted for them in most cases.

I found the stage-bungalow at Burdwan, a large and commodious building, literally filled with travellers pro-

* One day I mentioned this circumstance to an acute and sceptical Hindoo. His reply almost took the breath from me. He said:—"Yes, it is very sad; the world is full of such delusions! The Christian bends on his marrow-bones till the knees of his breeches are threadbare; the Mussalman bows in prayer till the skin is worn off his forehead; and the poor Hindoo drags his slow length along for hundreds of miles, believing that with every twist of his body a specific sin is annihilated!" Let us hope that to one and all the delusion, if such it be, is forgiven, and that the recording angel looks upon it less in anger than in pity.

ceeding to the upper provinces. It was more like the hotel of an English town, at a fair, than anything else, and a perfect contrast to the extremely quiet halting-places along the lonely route, where you feel oppressed by the stillness and loneliness. Here we are at a central point on the grand trunk road leading to the upper provinces, and there was a constant succession of new arrivals and departures, some of the travellers in palankeens and others in palkee gharrees pushed by men.

XXXVII.—TO BURDWAN.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Having travelled thus far, I venture to gather up a few missing threads, and to conclude with a few remarks which may be useful to those who may have to make a similar journey.

The palankeen-bearers here know a little Hindustani. All the way, set after set, they knew what I said to them in that language, though it is not, of course, their mother-tongue. They have picked up a slight knowledge of it for professional purposes, as being the *lingua franca* of India. They have even picked up a little English. One day I was surprised to hear one of them say, "Chowkee burra *double* hi!" signifying, I suppose, that the halting-place was *double* the usual distance, or that it was a prodigiously long distance. In some cases they exhibit great simplicity; thus, they have no idea of the hour of the day. One day I asked them what o'clock it was, and one said it was four o'clock. "No," said another, "it is nine o'clock." On another occasion they refused to take a new rupee which was offered them, having grave doubts if it was a good one. When offered an old rupee, all battered and bruised, instead, they took it at once, and were highly pleased.

The motion of the palkee is generally smooth and easy,

but now and then the bearers, for some incomprehensible reason, known only to themselves, set off at a sort of short, quick trot, that shakes every bone in your body. The rogues seem aware of the fact, for you may hear a low, half-suppressed chuckle when the deed is done.

These poor fellows, who perform here the office of beasts of burden, are not overburdened with clothes, having nothing but a piece of cotton cloth wrapped round their loins, and a small towel over their shoulder, usually placed there as a pad for the pole of the palkee to rest upon, but which they use occasionally to wipe off the sweat from their labouring breast and shoulders.

The most useful things to take with you on such a tour, so far as my experience goes, are tea and biscuits, or, in lieu of the latter, slices of toasted bread, as much as you can cram into your *petara*. The most refreshing meal on arriving at the stage-bungalow is always a cup of tea. The consomar is seldom at a loss to provide, at the shortest notice, a fowl, curry, and rice and eggs. He has always at hand milk, sugar, salt, and sometimes bread. Do not be surprised if the fowl is somewhat tough; it was probably walking in the bungalow compound when you arrived, and has been caught, plucked, and cooked within the space of, at most, one hour.

Nor do you require in this part of India to take any cups and saucers with you, or plates, as the consomar can always provide them; but you must not expect to find them all of one pattern; they are more likely to present a great variety of style, as regards, colour, size, and shape. Of two cups, one will be gray and the other blue, one large and the other small; the same with the plates and dinner-service; and, to crown all, a fruit-dish will be placed before you, perfectly unique in style, and unlike all the rest. But this does not prevent your enjoying your meal thoroughly after a long march.

Sometimes you find it convenient to travel during the night, from sundown to sunrise; but it has its disadvantages. You are awoke at every stage to pay the bearers. If you are not awake, they coolly set you down on the road. You are enjoying a sound sleep, rendered all the more profound by the rocking motion of the palkee, when you hear the words, "*Saheb! saheb!*" repeated at short intervals, and you become suddenly conscious that the palkee is resting on the ground. Hard fate! but there is nothing for it but to shake yourself up, put your hand in your pocket, and count out the money. One night I shall never forget; it was past midnight, and dark as pitch. I awoke suddenly, and by the light of the wild-smoking torch, saw two keen black eyes peering into my face. It might be imagination, but I fancied these keen black eyes had a very sinister expression, and I slept no more that night.

During the journey little incidents turn up now and then curiously illustrative of Hindoo manners and customs. Here, for example, is a small native school, and the boys are seen with shaven heads, as is the custom in Orissa, squatted on the ground, and reading their lessons from palm leaves.

One day, while standing looking on at a native school, I saw in the middle of the floor a very primitive kind of clock or clepsydra. It consisted of a brass cup or bowl, with a small hole in the bottom, set in a tub of water. Of course, the cup gradually filled, and when nearly full sunk and disappeared; and this was done always so nearly in the same intervals as to afford a rough measure of time, and answer the purpose of a rude kind of chronometer. The little black eyes would ever and anon stray from the palm leaves to the brass cup, and there was a perceptible twinkle of satisfaction as the latter disappeared under the waves, showing that another long hour was past.

In another place, you see two or three women of the lower orders sitting sunning themselves in the open air, and examining each other's heads. The fingers are in full chase among the dishevelled locks after something.*

Somewhere between Balasore and Cuttack, where droves of cattle pass along the road laden with salt, in the early dawn, not far from the stage bungalow I had just left, I was surprised to see a number of natives early astir, collecting most carefully and sedulously the deposits, not of salt, but of dung, left by the cattle in a field where they had passed the night. It was not for manure they wanted it, but for fuel and other domestic purposes.†

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* There is an expressive word used at Madras, *poochee;* for which, so far as I know, we have no exact synonyme in Bengal. It is applied to a variety of little creeping insects, of which the flea may be considered one of the representatives, but not the only one, the *poochee* family being a very large one. If the ayah, in examining the child's clothes finds a *poochee*, she is highly interested, and immediately communicates the information to the *mem-saheb*, who, of course, is horror-struck. I am not sure that the name is known in Bengal, but the thing is here.

† Every one travelling through the country has his attention arrested by a singular custom; the fronts of many of the houses are dotted with cakes of cow-dung, put there to dry in the sun, in order to be afterwards used as fuel. In many parts of the country the fuel most generally used is cow-dung, made into round cakes, and dried on the ground, or, not unfrequently, on the walls of houses, forming a more useful than ornamental object to the eye of the passing traveller.

This custom of using cakes of cow-dung for fuel is not confined to any one part of India, but extends to places far apart. While it is quite common in Bengal, it is equally common in the Madras Presidency, as far south as Seringapatam, though I am not sure that Buchanan is right, when he says it is "espe-

Fences, in our sense of the word, are scarcely known in India. There are garden fences; and some of the cottages are fenced round with walls of clay, fringed with bushes. But the fields in the open country are all unenclosed. In travelling along you see before you an extensive plain, without hedges or fences of any kind. Far away, the sky-line is bounded by a circle of trees; as you approach the circle, it breaks up into detached groups, disclosing new plains, and stretching on to a new horizon.

In India, the agricultural population is mostly collected in villages, instead of being spread in individual families over the country. The villages are *nuclei*, round which, as so many centres, the population is ranged,—a custom obviously the offspring of political causes, a precaution useful for the protection of person and property in disturbed times, and amid those violent convulsions to which India was exposed in days now happily gone by. Suited to the times in which India was placed for centuries, it has struck deep root everywhere, both in the upper and lower provinces. The villages of Bengal are generally scattered through woods of bamboos and palms; each cottage standing alone, or in clusters of two or three together, so that the whole village straggles through a thicket, and is approached by a winding path, with high

cially used by men of rank." See his journey in Mysore. He particularly notices how much it is used at Seringapatam, where every morning and evening numbers of females bring baskets of it upon their heads into the town for sale.

Cow-dung, besides being dried in the sun and used for fuel, is also extensively used in India in a fluid state for cleaning the floor, and the walls of dwelling-houses, and the steps before the door. It is said that most insects, including the destructive white ant, dislike the peculiar odour, and this may probably be the reason for its being so extensively used for these purposes, in a country where it is necessary to guard against the entrance of insects and reptiles.

banks and hedges on each side apparently for seclusion and privacy.

XXXVIII.—JUST BEYOND THE DITCH.*—TO BARRACKPORE.

This road, as far as Barrackpore, I have passed over again and again, and now jot down some of the impressions received. You start from Calcutta in a "dum-dummer," or small palkee gharree, drawn by two ponies, or native "tatoos." The vehicle is very unsteady, and sways from side to side as you pass along the dusty road. And the road is very dusty: you are literally enveloped in clouds of white dust from the time you start till you reach Barrackpore. For this, in popular estimation, we are indebted to that great reformer Lord William Bentinck, who, when Governor-General, caused this road to be laid with a kind of limestone called kunker, from which fact he has received ever since the title of William the Kunkerer.†

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* The reader scarcely requires to be told that the "Mahratta Ditch" was drawn round Calcutta in early times, as a protection from the roving bands who paid periodical visits to the Anglo-Indian settlement, to levy *chout* (a kind of black mail), and relieve the industrious merchants of their superfluous cash. It was dug broad and deep, and portions of it still remain. Hence Calcutta, the city of palaces, is vulgarly and familiarly known as "The Ditch;" and "beyond the Ditch," is the outlying adjacent country.

† Lord William Bentinck, when Governor-General of India, had the road from Calcutta to his country-seat at Barrackpore laid with kunker, and hence some wag dubbed him "William the Kunkerer." Kunker is a peculiar kind of limestone, found in small nodules intermixed with the soil. It is sometimes spread over roads, and forms an excellent metal for the purpose, though dry and dusty in the last degree.

But to resume our journey: after getting fairly out of Calcutta and its suburbs, you find yourself travelling over a broad road, lined with trees on each side, and forming a perfect avenue all the way to Barrackpore, a distance of some fourteen or fifteen miles. The little dum-dummer bowls along splendidly, and if it were not for the clouds of dust you would enjoy it amazingly. Here you pass a small hamlet of native huts at the side of the road. A native child is standing outside looking at the vehicle, with not a vestige of clothes on, in all the unconscious innocence of childhood. There, a native woman is sauntering about with a young infant sitting astride on her haunch, for it is thus in this strange country they carry their infants. In another place two women are sitting on the ground in the warm sunshine, one of them sitting patiently with her head bent down, while the fingers of the other are flying busily through her dishevelled hair, and now and again she picks something out.

You pass on, and two or three native boys, with scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness, rush forward shouting *paisa paisa*. On goes the dum-dummer and leaves them far behind, but you still see them panting and struggling, until they are lost in the clouds of dust, and tired nature can no further go. The naked driver cracks his whip, and takes a malicious pleasure in disappointing these young beggars, and utterly balking their hopes, while the dum-dummer spins along and rolls furiously from side to side. Every now and then you pass natives travelling on foot along the dusty road, a cooly trudging with a bundle on his head, or with two boxes slung on a bamboo-stick over his shoulders, and bobbing up and down as he trots along. Another native, with an up-country look, fairer and more robust than the slim Bengalee, is travelling towards Calcutta, carrying a parrot on his arm with a chain at its foot to prevent its flying away. The quaint

bird climbs up his arm, or sits on his finger, turning its head and hooked beak and prying eyes now to one side and now to another, peering curiously about with a solemn air of unearthly wisdom. Now and again the sound of a hackery, or native cart, is heard, creeking dolefully as it moves slowly along, the driver sitting at his ease in front, with his legs dangling down, smoking his hubble-bubble with grave composure, except when he has occasion, now and again, to give the bullocks a tug by the tail to quicken their pace. And what strange conveyance is that moving briskly forward? It is a native travelling car, small and light, with a high pointed canopy rising from the centre under which the traveller, evidently a man of wealth and station, sits with composed dignity as if under an umbrella.*

* I have inadvertently omitted a sight not unfrequently seen on this road, especially as you are just emerging from the suburbs of Calcutta, that of a native sitting under a tree and patiently undergoing the operation of shaving, at the hands of a professional barber. The tree affords shade from the sun; and of the two, the shaver and the shaved, it would be difficult to say which is the graver, or more picturesque in his attitudes. If the view is picturesque, there is also a shade of the grotesque in it.

Be it known that the Indian barber is an artist of no mean merit. Here even the poorest native never shaves himself with his own hand. He does not even cut his own nails, but the operation is performed for him by a professional barber, and you often see the latter exercising his vocation in the open air, under the shade of a tree.

In the houses of the wealthy, the barber is one of the regular members of the establishment, and he is not without work in shaving the inmates, paring their nails, cleaning their ears, and shampooing them. Most Hindoo barbers have also some knowledge of the healing art, and are able to bleed, dress wounds, and the like.

The barber, in the exercise of his vocation, acquires a know-

Arrived at Barrackpore, here is the Governor-General's country seat: the sepoy is pacing up and down keeping guard, and you may not enter the precincts of the Lord Saheb's establishment. Let us turn aside and look at the extensive grounds, with their beautiful trees and flowering shrubs, and here and there artificial mounds (a novel sight in this flat country) designed—fond hope!—to imitate the natural undulations of an English park. Alas the while, we are not in England but in India! The river Hooghly is flowing past in a broad and turbid stream. Walk on, and you will see some of the finest wild beasts of the field—the stately giraffe pacing about with feminine gentleness, stretching her long neck high in the air, and browsing on the leaves of lofty trees; and confined within iron bars some splendid specimens of the Bengal tiger, fierce and restless, ill brooking his confinement, lashing his sides with angry tail as he moves restlessly up and down, ever turning quickly at the end of his short beat, with open mouth and glaring eyes. In another place, outside the grounds, you will see a score or so of tame elephants, standing in stalls, side by side. Or let fortune favour you, and you will see them going with solemn pace down to the river-side to bathe. The huge creature walks delighted into the cool stream, and crouches down until he is scarcely visible, nothing appearing above the surface but the head and ears, and now and then the "lithe proboscis," twisting about with undisguised delight; while the driver gets on his shoulders and gives him a good scrubbing, the huge animal submitting patiently and highly pleased, rolling about with evident

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ledge of men and manners beyond the common lot. According to the Hindoo proverb, "Among the beasts the jackal, among the birds the crow, and among men the barber, is the most crafty."

satisfaction, flapping his great ears, and assisting in the ablutions by taking up draughts of water with his trunk and spouting it over his body.*

XXXIX.—TO CHINSURAH.

Arrived at Barrackpore, you cross the Hooghly by ferry-boat a mile or two further on. You find a miscellaneous crowd of natives in the boat, men and women, young and old, some belonging to the class of *bona fide* travellers, others on market thoughts intent, with baskets of fruit and vegetables beside them. Arrived at the other side, you feel more in the country than you were before,—now really out of Calcutta, and, as it were, fairly in the "*mofussil.*" Less trace now of the hand of the European. The road is narrower, and shut in with trees, growing in wild luxuriance. You pass on, and see at some distance a single elephant travelling before you, with its heavy tramp. As you approach, the driver, sitting on its neck, turns its head from you to let you pass. There it stands, perfectly motionless, at right angles with the road, its face looking to the fields. You see its profile, and its little angry eyes and long white tusks, and are not sorry when you are past. Further on (it is now the cold season, as we call it here, when such sights are common) you meet a long train of camels laden with merchandise from the upper provinces. There they go with slouching gait, their backs high in the air, and their long necks stretched

* There are some forty or fifty elephants, the property of the Government, at Barrackpore, the stables within sight of the public road, and in passing you cannot fail to see them. In the hot weather, it is a most curious sight to see them led down to the river to bathe. On entering the cool stream the huge creature is evidently delighted, and enjoys his bath amazingly. See this admirably described in Russell's "Indian Diary."

forward as they move, one after another, along the dusty road.*

Again you come within sight of the river, glancing in the sun, and pass the pleasant French town of Chandernagore, situated on its banks, exhibiting the white town and the black town, standing apart and distinct, even more obtrusively and in a more marked degree than is seen in Anglo-Indian cities. In no time you are again in the country, travelling along the narrow road, heavily fenced and shut in on each side with trees. So thickly wooded is it, that you see little but the road, the heavy foliage of the trees concealing all beyond. Some native cottages you pass, shaded by the tender-leaved tamarind tree. Nor do you fail to observe, as you pass along, some fine specimens of the majestic banyan, and of its graceful sister the peepul, with its heart-shaped leaf trembling in the breeze.

As you proceed onwards you come to a town with a strange mixture of European and native architecture. This is Chinsurah, an old Dutch settlement, and still wearing about it the Dutch stamp. The church, with its thick walls and low spire, is unmistakably Dutch; some of the houses, too, at the side of the river are Dutch all over, with heavy buttresses to protect them from the

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* Among the strange animals which strike the eye on the public road, but only occasionally met with, are the elephant and the camel. Once, perhaps, in a distance of thirty miles, we meet a tame elephant. On seeing you approach, the driver turns its head to the side of the road, leaving room for you to pass behind. There the elephant stands, perfectly quiet, until you pass, when he resumes his shuffling march.

The camel is now and then, in the cold weather, met with on the public road, coming from the upper provinces heavily laden, generally a string of them together, and following, weary and worn, in each other's footsteps.

stream, small, snug, whitewashed buildings, solid, modest, and unpretentious. The chief exception to this rule is a noble range of barracks, built for the accommodation of the English troops, which is somewhat more ambitious in style, and a noble house overlooking the river, built by General Perron, and now occupied by the English College.

But it is of the native town I wish to speak, on entering which you pass through a long narrow street, consisting of red brick houses on either side. You think it is never going to end. Turning off into one of the side streets, you find yourself facing the native bazar or market place; and on small platforms, raised two or three feet from the ground, are sweetmeats piled up in little pyramids; in another, baskets of grain, and jars of oil; in another, brass vessels of various kinds—trays, drinking-cups, lamps, &c. You may also see a Brahminy bull perambulating the bazar, putting his nose into the baskets of grain, and no one venturing to interfere with him. There he goes sniffing about, fat and sleek, the very picture of pampered pride. In the evening, in the same place you may see the "Kawab" sellers roasting little bits of meat over a charcoal fire, and selling them to the passers by, while the burning charcoal throws a lurid light on the dark figures. And if you pass later in the evening, about ten or eleven o'clock, all is still, but you will see the industrious shopkeeper, sitting by his lamp, the picture of patience, casting up his accounts, and entering in regular order, in a thick narrow ledger, the various transactions of the day. It is late, but not for him. The charm of money-making, with its stealthy gains, hovers about him like a golden dream, and cheers his lonely hours.

XL.—TO DACCA.

As for our trip through the Soonderbunds, though it was a speedy one of only nine days, yet I cannot say it was very delightful. We were very glad to see Dacca, and get on shore. Sometimes, however, we enjoyed ourselves, when sitting of an evening on the top of the boat for *howa-kana.* I cannot say much for the scenery along the route, there is so little variety. Here we passed rice-fields; there, small villages and bazars; and sometimes we saw only dense jungle for miles and miles. More than once an enormous alligator was seen basking in the sun, on the bank; but no sooner did we come near him than he waded into the stream, and disappeared out of sight. What huge creatures they are!

The roads at Dacca are very dusty; they vie with Calcutta in this respect; there is no walking about here, or driving either, without getting your eyes filled with dust. But I ought to say, there is a pretty grassy road, called the Bund, on the river-side, which is comparatively free from dust.

There are a great many ruins here of palaces and mosques. One afternoon, about three o'clock, we visited the ruins of the Lall Bagh, or the palace of the nabobs of Dacca in former times. Here we saw the fine mausoleum which one of the nabobs built over the grave of his favourite daughter, in the grounds surrounding the palace. It is of white marble, and the doors of sandal wood. There is a large black slab, with an inscription on it in Persian. After taking a look at the lady's tomb, we mounted the battlements of the old palace, and at last reached the top of an old decayed tower, overlooking a beautiful bend in the river; and from this place we had a fine view of the city in the distance. I could not

help thinking, as I stood on that ruined tower, if it could but speak, what a tale it could unfold! And there it stands, now roofless, covered with creeping plants, the floor overgrown with grass, and untenanted except by the owl and the bat, which were flying about even at that early hour.

One of the most interesting things I saw at Dacca was the *peel khana*, or elephants' stables, where all the elephants belonging to Government are kept. I never, in all my life, saw so many of these animals together. There are now about two hundred in the stables, and I hear that three hundred more have been sent to Rangoon. On arriving at the place, we asked the sergeant in charge of the stables if we could have a couple of elephants to take a ride; and, accordingly, they were soon got ready. We enjoyed the ride very much, though the jolting is not very pleasant at first. We had the pad, not the howdah; the latter is considered not so comfortable. When all was ready we mounted, and set off at a great pace, remaining out for about an hour.

I was very much surprised at the method adopted for taming the wild elephants which have just been caught in the jungles. We saw twenty or thirty of these wild ones tied up, and strapped with ropes and thongs to trees, at some distance from the tame ones. There they go through a kind of drill, morning and evening. A number of men are employed to beat them with bamboos; and, if they become mischievous, they get a prick with a spear. We saw one of them throw down one of his tormentors with his trunk. You cannot help pitying the poor dumb creatures, seeing what they have to endure. This beating and drilling goes on every day, until the animals are considered perfectly tame.

In one of our strolls, we met with a very strange old man—an old joghee, or saint. This singular being has

not spoken a word for years. There he stands, sometimes in the middle of the road, sometimes beside a temple close by, in which he sleeps at night. The natives regard him with great veneration, and, in passing, mutter a kind of prayer. Poor ignorant creatures! This old saint has his meals sent to him every day by an old Mahomedan gentleman of Dacca, called Alee Meer, who also sends his servants to wait upon him. Sometimes the saint will not deign to eat his food for hours after it is placed before him. The servants wait until it is his pleasure to dine. He is by no means a pattern of neatness or cleanliness, and his long hair does not seem ever to have been combed.

Dacca is infested with insects of every description. Sometimes in the evening a whole army of bugs invade the premises, and fairly put out the lights; besides these, there are legions of flies, beetles, grasshoppers, cockroaches, not to mention the everlasting mosquitoes.

Some leopards have been seen lately near the town. A gentleman told me the other day that he had seen the print of a leopard's foot in his garden. He had also heard the cry of a *fiow* the night before. It is a species of jackal, which gives a peculiar cry, like its name, *fiow, fiow*, whenever it sees a leopard.

One morning, when paying a visit at Captain M——'s, he showed me into a room where he had a number of men employed embroidering Cashmere shawls. I never saw more beautiful work; the embroidery is exquisite. The ordinary Dacca shawls are very much inferior to those done under Captain M——'s own eye. The designs—all his own—are rich in the extreme; and he selects the stuff himself. They are worked for parties at home who send him large commissions. The price of one which was then in the hands of the embroiderers was sixty rupees. It was only a half square, but of the finest

quality, black, and most elaborately adorned with flowers and butterflies of the most brilliant colours.

After this I sent for one of the muslin merchants, who was recommended to me as having the best and finest muslins. But, do you know, they are quite as expensive here as in Calcutta! They are, however, fresher, and there is a greater variety to choose from. They are generally made to order; but they are also to be seen ready made in great quantities, and so beautifully fine that they would pass with ease through a small ring. I ordered six pieces; three of them are what are called *jundunnees*, in which the pattern is wove in with the cloth; in the others, the pattern is worked with the hand. The prices vary according to the quality of the muslin and beauty of the pattern.

The European families endeavour to make themselves comfortable. They have a mutton club to supply themselves with good mutton, there being no butcher in the place, in this large city of Hindoos and Mahomedans. There is also a book club to supply intellectual food, and all the most popular novels, and most approved reviews and magazines are received direct from England; so that the English here are not quite banished from the literary world. There is also a public billiard table; and the members have one public night every week, when each sends his dinner to the rooms, and all dine together in pic-nic fashion, after which playing commences. No gambling is allowed.

There is a house here called the "new comers'" house. All the European residents have tried it in turn, but no one likes it, nor stays longer than he can help, it is so damp.

One of the European houses is *celebrated* for a murder having been committed in it a few days before we arrived. A sweeper, in the service of Captain F——, murdered

his wife, a young woman not more than fifteen. She was Mrs. F——'s favourite ayah, and had been brought up by her from a child, and instructed in reading, writing and needle-work. The sweeper in a fit of jealousy cut his wife's head off, while she was asleep, with a sword belonging to one of the burkendazes, and then made his escape. He was caught, and is now in prison; but I understand the magistrate refuses to pass sentence upon him for want of evidence. What evidence do they want? The wretch himself confesses that he killed his wife.

CHAPTER VI.

MOFUSSIL MEMORIES.

XLI.—THE MOSQUITO.—THE FLYING BUG.

THE MOSQUITO must be ranked among the minor miseries of Indian life. And yet when examined with attention it is rather an interesting creature. It is gray. in colour, and smaller than the common house-fly, longer perhaps in the body, but more slender and ant-like in shape. It has long wings with which it flies lightly away if you so much as touch it. Its mouth is of a peculiar type, adapted not merely for receiving food, but having also a sharp sting which it uses with great dexterity. Before you see the creature, you are made aware of its presence by a peculiar nasal sound, sharp and stinging like the wound it inflicts. After hovering about for some time to see how the land lies, warily reconnoitering as it were, circling about in airy flights with many evolutions, at last it settles on your forehead or the back of your hand. There it sits sucking the blood out of your body, but watchful the while, its wings a little elevated, and ready for flight if you but move; if you so much as breathe upon it, it is off. Make no movement, and it gradually relaxes its vigilance, sitting quietly sucking your blood till it is completely gorged. It then becomes lazy and stupid, and its wings fall down, as if in sleep. Now is the time to take your revenge. When it is sitting gorged, and, as it were, drunk with blood, you may easily bring your hand down upon it and crush the monster.

It seems to be a fact that mosquitoes do not attack old Indians, who are thoroughly acclimatized and whose livers are deranged, with the same ardour as they do new comers. They do not feed upon their blood with the same keen relish. It is also observed that among the new arrivals they have their preferences, a sort of natural selection drawing them to some individuals more than others. And in some, too, the wound becomes inflamed, and swells to the size of a small boil, while in others it is a slight puncture, and leaves only a small red mark.

The hands and face, being the most exposed parts of the person, naturally suffer most; but the ankles and knees are also favourite points of attack, the sharp sting piercing with ease through the thin socks and trousers. If you are sitting on a cane-seated chair, the interstices offer favourable openings, and the more retired and secluded parts of the person do not always escape, the thin cotton trousers affording absolutely no protection whatever. Sometimes you may see a young "griffin," who has just entered the room, driven to despair, contending in vain against his invisible tormentors and their persistent attacks, till as a last resort he takes refuge in flight. In a word, such is the consummate cunning of these incorrigible creatures, such their ferocity and persevering obstinacy, that it has been conjectured, not without an air of high probability, that the plague sent to torment Pharaoh and the Egyptians, consisted not of the common fly but of mosquitoes.

The FLYING BUG.—Among our occasional visitors is a particular kind of insect called the flying bug. They come in swarms at certain seasons, and fill the air, flying round the lights, and landing on the tables and sofas where they creep lazily about. If you are sitting at a meal, they drop into the dishes and give a most unsavoury odour to every-

thing they touch. In the evening when the lamps on the table are lighted, they absolutely envelop you, attracted by the light. If you wish to get rid of them, now is your opportunity. Place on the table two or three plates filled with water; they are sure to fall in, and when once there they are lost; unable to swim, they lie sprawling helpless on the surface of the water, and you can then have them carried away in platefuls.

It is generally when the air is still, in close sultry weather, that these insects make their appearance. They do not bite, but they fill the air with an odious smell, and pollute everything they touch. They get into the hair of your head, from which you have great difficulty in pulling them out, and creep down your neck, keeping always close to the skin, nestling there quite fondly and attaching themselves to you in a most affectionate manner.

In Bengal these flying bugs are generally of a black or dark brown colour, in appearance very like the ugly little creature of the same name not altogether unknown in our bedrooms at home. In some parts of India they are of a green colour, and it is a point which has been much debated and is still undecided, and, so to speak, *sub judice*, which of the two, the black bug or the green one, is the most disagreeable.

XLII.—THE COCKROACH.—THE ANT.

The COCKROACH is another interesting insect of which in our Indian houses we have enough and to spare. He is much larger than the bug, and does not pay flying visits merely, but is thoroughly domesticated, and, so to speak, a permanent resident in our houses. Sideboards and old boxes which have been neglected for some time swarm with them; and under favourable conditions, they increase and multiply with amazing rapidity.

In outward appearance the cockroach resembles a large beetle, with a scaly body and long horns or feelers projecting from the head. He is generally seen walking circumspectly over the floor, exploring attentively all round with his long feelers as he proceeds; but he can also fly through the air, though clumsily, and for no great distance. He is perfectly harmless to the human species, but has such a disagreeable look that ladies of delicate nerves are frightened out of their wits when, flying through the air, he alights on them suddenly. I have seen ladies, as the ugly creature, with scaly body and long horns, approached them, jump on chairs or sofas to be beyond his reach, and screaming with terror so as to alarm the whole house. But this is quite a superfluous display of energy; for the cockroach, though not prepossessing in appearance, is perfectly harmless, and only performs the humble duty of a domestic scavenger, picking up dead insects, and pieces of meat, and stray crumbs found lying about.

The ANT.—In India ants swarm "in number numberless." They are found in every room of the house, and in every cupboard. To prevent their getting at the sugar, you have to place little tin pans filled with water under the feet of the jars where it is kept. The same precaution must be used to prevent them getting into the meat-safe. It is even necessary to have these pans full of water under the bed-posts, to prevent the ants getting among the sheets, and making you aware of their presence when you least expect it. Children are often found in the morning with dead ants sticking to their body, which they have crushed during the night while restlessly tossing about.

These house-ants are individually very small. But they make up by numbers for what they want in individual strength. They are good scavengers; no crumb of

bread or meat dropped on the floor escapes their notice; in an incredibly short time they devour it on the spot, or, with united strength, carry it away bodily. They may sometimes be seen dragging along a disabled cockroach, still exhibiting signs of life, but unable to withstand the united onset of his numerous foes. A curious sight it is to witness their perseverance and the impetuosity of their attack. Poor cockroach, thou art obliged to succumb at last, overpowered by numbers, and the indefatigable perseverance of thy assailants! What avails thy horns now, and thy scaly armour!

They sometimes attack much larger creatures than cockroaches. A dead snake is not beyond their reach. You may see one lying in the evening on the road, and next morning not a trace of it is left. It has been carried away during the night wholesale, by the united strength of myriads of these tiny but busy and indefatigable creatures.

There is another species called the "white ant" still more destructive. It is quite a small creature too, no larger than the common house-ant, but with a faculty for destruction far beyond its physical dimensions. A natural instinct leads it to prey upon whatever is damp and moist; leather portmanteaus lying in neglected rooms are great favourites with them. But not content with the outside, they prey upon everything in the portmanteau, such as stockings, shirts, and every article of wearing apparel. They are great book-worms too; they enter your library and devour your books most sedulously. I have seen large folios scooped out all along the margin as if eaten by a goat, and on examining it carefully you find the binding nowhere, and each individual leaf presenting the appearance of lace worked on a large pattern, or the variegated figure of the map of the world. It is especially when they are damp that books attract

their notice; for, as I have said, for everything moist they have a special liking. They swarm in such myriads, that there is scarcely anything in the way of destruction beyond their power. The very beams that support the roof of your house, are sometimes so honeycombed by this busy creature that nothing remains but the outer shell. And yet with all this destructive power they are not without a constructive faculty also, as witness those conical structures of vast size, built by their united efforts in many parts of the country, rivalling in size huts built by the hands of man.*

XLIII.—THE FLYCATCHER.—THE CHAMELEON.

The FLYCATCHER is a very harmless little creature with which we are quite familiar here. He is a species of lizard, about three or four inches long; with his feet so formed that he can walk up a smooth perpendicular wall with the greatest ease, and all over the ceiling at his pleasure. He may be seen every day creeping on the walls of our sitting-rooms, and along the ceiling overhead, or lying apparently asleep in a snug corner between the

* Fra Bartolomeo, the Roman Catholic Missionary, soon after his arrival at Pondicherry, relates that being desirous one day of taking out a book from a chest in which all his effects were stowed away, he was horrified on opening it to discover that it was full of white ants, which had made sad havoc there. When he examined the different articles in the chest, he observed that these insects had perforated his shirts in a thousand places, gnawed to pieces his books, and among others had devoured a copy of Father Gazzaniga's Theology. His girdle, his amice, and shoes, fell to pieces as soon as he touched them. The ants, on being interrupted in their labour, moved off in columns one behind the other, each conveying away in its mouth a portion of his effects.

wall and the ceiling. Sometimes you see him watching a fly, or other insect, his head thrown back, his eyes fixed on the object of his desire, and his tail moving from side to side, and quivering with excitement. He then seizes his opportunity, darts forward, and, woe to the poor fly!

The flycatcher is sometimes seen minus his tail, as if it were cut off with a knife, which makes him look strange and awkward. But what is very curious, you find, after a time a new tail growing from his body, and taking the place of the old one. Of this there can be no doubt. We see the new tail in every stage of development, first a little stump, and then gradually increasing till it attains its full length.

It is remarkable that this creature, though at first loathsome to the sight, gradually gains upon your affections. His quiet domestic habits endear him to you, and you watch his movements, his schemes, and all the operations of his little life, with the interest attaching to an interesting pet. He never bites the children, and his lively cry of *chuck chuck*, is almost as cheerful as that of the cricket on the hearth.

It may not be amiss to mention that the natives hold the flycatcher in superstitious awe, and draw omens from him for good or evil. If the call of *chuck chuck* is heard when they are setting out on a journey, they consider it a bad omen, and delay their departure accordingly. Of this I had a curious illustration from my friend Mr. Tucker. A native catechist of the south of India called one day upon a European missionary, and, after some conversation, rose from his seat to leave, when suddenly the ominous cry of *chuck chuck* was heard overhead. The catechist looked puzzled, began the conversation again rather awkwardly, and eventually sat down. He was thus detained for a considerable time; for ever as he rose, the ominous sound was again heard, and arrested him on the

threshold. The missionary, aware of the native superstition, was not a little amused, and could not forbear smiling; at which the catechist frankly confessed that he was afraid to leave the house, with the ominous *chuck chuck* of the flycatcher sounding in his ears.*

The CHAMELEON.—The other day a man came round with a chameleon for sale. We are all interested in this strange creature from our school-boy days, long before we see it; and when once seen, the reality surpasses expectation—such an old-world creature is it, and with such strange ways. It is so beautiful, and yet so ugly; beautiful with brilliant colours, but ugly in shape and awkward in its movements. It is, as every one knows, of the lizard species, and, like others of its kind, it moves in a clumsy, constrained manner. Nature seems to have designed it for a sort of amphibious life, and given it means of locomotion clumsily fitted for both purposes, but not perfectly adapted for either singly. It is most amusing to see one or two of them, with a large family of young ones, moving lazily and awkwardly about.

But though awkward in its movements, it is in some respects quick and active. Nature has given it a tongue, which it shoots out like lightning to a prodigious length. Let a poor fly come near it, and out darts the tongue with unerring aim.

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* Sir J. E. Tennent mentions a sort of lizard common in Ceylon, called the *Geckoe*, which appears to resemble, if it be not identical with the flycatcher of India. It frequents sitting-rooms, being furnished with pads to each of its toes, which enable it to climb up perpendicular walls, and walk along the ceiling, and having a sharp quick call of *chic chic chit*. He notices also the curious property that if it loses part of its tail, it has the power of reproducing it. He is of opinion that it detaches it of its own accord, and that it is a provision of nature to enable it to escape from its assailants.

An equally remarkable feature of this odd creature is the eye. It is extremely prominent, and has a closely fitting circular lid, out of which it looks as from a microscope. You see, as it were, the internal machinery at work, as it looks all around, for it can look in every direction—divine machinery constructed with exquisite skill. But here again there is a certain awkwardness in the creature; for when one eye is looking in one direction, the other may be looking in quite another direction. You see one eye moving slowly to one point, and the other moving slowly to the opposite point, as if drawn and adjusted by fine pulleys. Nor is it the old ones alone that do this, for the young ones are equally expert, and squint quite as well as their parents. To see a large family of them all squinting in this way, young and old, has a very ludicrous effect.

When kept as pets, they are generally confined in a cage. A family of chameleons is a curious sight, young and old, in a cage, moving slowly on the bars, as if afraid of falling off. It is interesting to study their old-fashioned ways. To rear them, however, especially the young ones, is an arduous undertaking which I would not advise any one to attempt; for they are apt, even with the greatest care, to die off in a most heart-rending manner.

We are all aware, from our early years, of the singular property the chameleon has of changing its colour. Its general hue is a bright glossy green; but it varies in shade like a green silk dress; the shade of colour varying, it is believed, according to its temper or mood of mind.*

* Sir J. E. Tennent, who had a keen eye for all such phenomena, mentions a peculiarity in the chameleon which has not been sufficiently noticed,—"the imperfect sympathy between the two sides of the brain, and the two sets of nerves which permeate the opposite sides of its frame." Hence, he says, each of the eyes has an action independent of the other; and one side of

There is a creature well-known at Madras called the "blood-sucker," somewhat like the chameleon in form and moving, but uglier and more ungainly, and without its brilliant colours, the prevailing hue being a dark brown, spotted with white. It may be seen creeping under bushes, and climbing awkwardly among the branches and leaves. It is horribly ugly, and the name, too, is enough to inspire fear; but I believe it is quite harmless, except to the insects it feeds upon.*

XLIV.—THE SQUIRREL.

Sitting in my room, with the door opening into the veranda, early in the morning, when everything is quiet, and the consomar, who has brought in my cup of coffee, is gone back to his own house, there to remain till breakfast-time, I am often entertained with a visit from a beautiful little creature of a green colour, with black stripes down the back. This is a squirrel, which comes noiselessly into the veranda, to pick up any stray crumbs that may be lying on the floor. If he hears the slightest noise, he instantly raises himself up on his hind legs, as if listening attentively. Very often it is a false alarm, only the creeking of a door, or a bird coming to share his meal; and in a moment he is down again, whisking about as before. But if any one approaches, if a human footstep is heard coming up the stair, off he goes, running briskly along the ledging of the wall till he turns the corner, and is completely out of sight.

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the body sometimes appears active while the other is passive; and one will assume a green tinge while the other is red.

* I cannot but think that the word "blood-sucker" is sometimes applied to distinctly different creatures of the same species. Acland in his "Letters from India," in which there are in-

These little squirrels are of a dark green colour, with broad black stripes down the back, and with a bushy brushlike tail. They are small, but of wonderful activity, resting not a moment in one position. To see them frisking about you would say they are made of springs. They are certainly charming little creatures, and perfectly harmless, if let alone; but if you were to catch one with your hand, he would give you a sharp little bite that would surprise you.

The absence of dogs and cats in our houses here, makes these little creatures more interesting. Not that there are no dogs or cats in the country. We have both, but they are not our companions, they are not so tame and domesticated here as at home. Dogs especially appear to change their nature in the East. They run about in a half-wild state, without a home, uncared for, and picking up their food as they best can. They are, as they are called, "pariah" dogs. Even the lowest servant considers himself degraded by their touch, and the very sweeper washes them with a grudge. Every year, as the season comes round, in what may emphatically be called the dog-days, a price is set on their head, and, by order of the magistrate, they are hunted down and killed with clubs, wherever they are found. In passing along the road at these times, you meet with savage, blood-thirsty

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numerable errors, arising from the writer's inexperience and fertile imagination (some of them also obvious errors of the press), states that the "blood-sucker" may be seen creeping on the *walls of rooms*. I have never seen it perform any such feat.

A more correct writer, Sir J. E. Tennent, describes one of the most "beautiful" of the lizard species, which goes by the name of "blood-sucker" in Ceylon. Certainly, and beyond all question, the species of lizard to which the name is commonly applied at Madras, is far from beautiful; it is the very personification of ugliness—one of the ugliest creatures you can set your eyes upon.

wretches, each with a club in his hand, and a number of dead dogs strung on a pole over his shoulder.

The treatment he receives renders the Indian dog unsocial. He is seen skulking about the corners of houses in the rural districts, generally too timid to bark, though sometimes rushing forward as you pass with an angry snarl, and showing his teeth, as if ready to bite. I have not, since I came to India, heard a good English bark from a native dog. He belongs to a degenerate race. We call him a pariah, as if he had lost caste. Nevertheless, the grateful nature of the animal is not wholly extinct—

"Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret."

It has been often remarked that a kind word meets with a grateful response, in the wag of the tail and the faithful look of sympathy in return.*

The native cat does not fare much better here than the dog, and, like the latter, is found in a half-wild state. This is remarkable, and the more so that the Hindoos are not without a fondness for pets, as may be seen in the case of the parrot, which they often carry about with them, chained by the foot to prevent his flying away.

XLV.—THE KITE.

My house is situated on the banks of the river, some thirty miles above Calcutta, and being the highest in the place, as well as the most retired, the kites have chosen it as their favourite watchtower, from which, with keen glance, to sweep the horizon all round in search of prey. They also build their nests here, and if you trespass on

* The pariah dog of India is, I believe, of European descent, though sadly degenerated. He has no owner, and is never regularly housed or fed, any more than if he was a jackal.

their domain, they resent it as an unwarrantable intrusion. Great was my surprise the first evening I went on the house-top to enjoy my *howakana*. On emerging at the top of the stair, I was furiously assailed by a number of angry kites. At first a whizzing noise was heard in the air above, as they swept past with swift wing, then they came nearer, and struck fiercely at my unprotected head and face. I felt as if my ears were cut off, and beat a hasty retreat. You may be sure the next time I went to the house-top for an evening stroll, I went not alone, but took a good thick stick with me, to ward off my angry assailants.

These are the common kites of the country, the "Brahminy" kites, as we sometimes call them.* They are a small species of vulture, resembling our gray hawk in colour, but somewhat larger in size. They are quite common in Bengal, and are frequently seen hovering in the air, sometimes pursuing other birds of weaker wing. Sometimes they fly into your veranda, swift as thought, and carry off from the plate a piece of meat, which the consomar is in the act of bringing to the table.

One day, I remember well, at a pic-nic in the Botanical Gardens of Calcutta, the cook, all unconscious of what was awaiting him, was bringing for luncheon, with a self-satisfied air, a roasted fowl, which he carried in a plate on his head; when all at once, and in sight of the whole party, one of these Brahminy kites, ever on the watch for prey, pounced down upon it, and bore it away in triumph to the other side of the river. Nothing could exceed the consternation of the poor cook, when he looked up and

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* So called, it is supposed, from the religious awe which they inspire, being regarded as omens of defeat or victory, sent by the gods to give men a dark insight into the future, when two contending armies are about to engage in battle.

saw the fowl, designed for our luncheon, carried away far beyond his reach!

Sometimes, when looking out, you see a competitive struggle going on between a kite and a crow. The latter picks up a bone, and flies off with it; the kite, ever on the watch, sees it, and sets off in pursuit. The crow, on his part, aware of the danger, flies at full speed; but, finding his enemy gaining upon him, he has recourse to stratagem and artful dodging, turning now to the right, and now to the left, now up, and now down, to elude his relentless foe. All in vain. The kite keeps ever on his track, and steadily gains ground, till at last the baffled crow, finding he cannot escape, drops the bone. The watchful kite sees it falling through the air, darts down like lightning, catches it before it reaches the ground, and bears it off in triumph.

XLVI.—THE VULTURE.

There is another species of vulture very common in Bengal, much larger than the common kite, and almost as large as our eagle. These larger vultures lead a retired life in some remote region of the sky, far away from the haunts of men, and appear only at high festivals. It is only the prospect of a good feast that tempts them from their airy heights. Let a dead body, whether of man or bullock, floating down the stream, get fairly stranded on the bank: forthwith numbers of vultures may be seen hovering high in the air, at first far away, and scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, but gradually approaching nearer and nearer, guided by unerring instinct, to the very spot. The question has been keenly debated, whether it is through the eye or the nose, the sense of sight or of smell, that they perceive the object from afar.*

* See "Waterton's Essays." This close observer is clearly of opinion that they are guided by the sense of smell. On the

However this may be, it is certain they do perceive it somehow or other from an incredible distance. Just opposite my house there is a ghaut jutting a little way into the river, where the body of a bullock sometimes gets stranded. It is one of the most wonderful sights to observe the vultures on these occasions, and how they demean themselves. I have often watched them with curious interest. At first they appear like specks high up in the air almost out of sight, then as large as crows, then they come nearer and nearer, at last circling round and round, and lighting at the very spot. But they do not begin to devour the carcase at once; they will not touch it till it has reached an advanced state of decomposition. This is a point of etiquette with them; and they may be seen, forty or fifty of them, sitting with their necks buried in their shoulders for an hour or two, waiting with stoical patience till the repast is ready, and has reached that stage which to them is most delicious. This moment you see them sitting perfectly still; then all at once a strange commotion takes place, and as if, summoned by a common instinct, you see them, from perfect stillness, flapping their wings and hopping forward, and all at once commencing operations tooth and nail. All their energies are roused into active exercise, and such tearing and tugging is seldom seen. As a rule, each bird

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other hand, Baker, in his recent work ("Travels in Africa"), holds just the opposite opinion. He says, if the vulture were blind it would starve; but if its nostrils were plugged up, it would not much matter. He adds, that vultures fly at enormous altitudes, the atmosphere containing regular strata of birds of prey resting on their wide-spread wings, and watching intently, with telescopic gaze, the world beneath. Waterton, on the other hand, is quite indignant at the idea of depriving the vulture of his nose, which he regards as among the most wonderful of created things, from its marvellous sensitiveness.

selects his own part of the body, and is absorbed in devouring it, paying no attention to the others. But sometimes there is a vigorous competition among them for some delicate morsel, and they fight keenly with one another for it. You may see one of them running away with a choice piece, another follows him, and they both keep pulling and tugging at it till one or the other carries it off in triumph. Meanwhile the work of destruction proceeds with despatch, and a score or two of them are not long in devouring a whole bullock, picking it quite clean, and leaving not a vestige but the bones. Sometimes a pariah dog appears on the scene, standing at first at a respectful distance; at last he ventures timidly forward, and they make a general attack upon him, when he is obliged to beat a hasty retreat. When the repast is over, the vultures may be seen sitting sluggishly for awhile, scarcely able to rise from "the place where they fed;" and then, one by one, they rise heavily in the air, and disappear quite out of sight, into that remote region whence they came. Where they come from, or whither they go, I have never been able exactly to make out.

The vultures seen in greatest numbers on these occasions are a large gray kind, resembling our eagle; but mixed with these is another species, with red face and black body, a magnificent bird, almost as large as a turkey.

XLVII.—THE ADJUTANT.

Every one has heard of the Adjutant, a bird quite common in Bengal, especially in the streets of Calcutta, but never, that I remember, seen at Madras. It is of a light gray colour—a long-legged, ungainly bird, with bare neck, small bare head, and an enormous beak. The most curious, and perhaps the ugliest feature about it, is a

large red bag or pouch, sparsely covered with down, hanging from its throat, which is understood to be a more useful than ornamental provision of nature to enable the creature to breathe when any large substance, larger than it can swallow, sticks in its throat. Sometimes it is a bone that he cannot swallow, but which he at last succeeds in mastering after a hard struggle; and hence the natives call him *hurgeela* or the bone-swallower, while we call him the adjutant, from his stiff military strut.

This ungainly bird is constantly seen in the warm weather walking in the streets in search of food. If you pass near him he stalks slowly out of the way; if you strike at him with a stick, which I would not advise you to do, you hear the rattle of his bony beak, as if muttering revenge—willing to snap at you, but afraid. As for the natives, they never molest him, withheld by superstitious fear, but allow him to walk about as if he were sacred in the eyes of the gods, no one venturing to injure him.

When not wandering about in search of food, they affect the parapet of high houses. Sometimes you may see a number of them perched on the roof of Government House, standing on one leg as if asleep, and looking very solemn. When the humour takes them, one by one they make an awkward descent to the street below. Government House is seldom, in the warm weather, without some of these birds, standing sentinel on the parapet, or on a higher point if such can be found.

It is remarkable that, regularly as the cold weather sets in, the adjutant takes leave of absence, and seeks a more genial clime. He is seen no more till the warm weather comes round again; but, when that season returns, there he is again at his post, being designed by nature

to act the part of a scavenger, and assist indolent man in removing garbage and putrid matter from the streets, at those times when it would be most offensive and injurious to the health. Nothing turns his stomach; the more offensive the meat, the better he likes it, and in a city like Calcutta he is invaluable.*

XLVIII.—THE BAT.—THE CROW.

In the evening, during the short twilight, you may sometimes see a train of large birds moving heavily in the air, "like blackening clouds of crows to their repose." There is something that instantly arrests attention in their slow, heavy flight, and you naturally ask yourself what they are.

These strange birds are Bats of a great size, to which we give the name of flying foxes. When seen close at hand, you find they have large black wings, measuring not less than three feet from tip to tip; but the body is comparatively small, and the head is pointed, like that of a fox. When seen on the wing, they sail in one uniform direction, not unlike crows, but move with even heavier and more sluggish wing.

During the day, in some retired spot, these large bats may be seen in great numbers asleep, hanging by the

* There are adjutants, too, in the Upper Provinces as well as in Bengal. Russell, in his graphic way, compares them in the distance, sitting in rows, to old gentlemen in white waistcoats sitting over their wine.

The adjutant is a species of stork. It is well known that certain storks, common in Africa, are provided with bags, or water-sacks, below the throat, to enable them to carry a supply of water in their long flights across the desert. Is it not possible that the bag of the adjutant may be designed for a similar purpose, and not merely to assist in swallowing?

foot from the highest branches of some tall tree. About sunset they awake simultaneously. It is a curious sight to see them during the day suspended as if lifeless, like so many black quart bottles hanging by the neck; and then regularly, when dusk comes on, a magnetic influence seems to pass from one to another, awakening them into life. Then they spread out their wings, and rise in the air, flying round and round for some time, as if gathering their forces, and set off in marshalled order to some favourite retreat in search of food.

Smaller bats, like those at home, are also common here. They frequent our houses, and fly about at night; while during the day they may be seen hanging at the corners, between the wall and the ceiling. There is, also, a tiny house-bat, of a glossy black colour, and no larger than a butterfly; it may sometimes be seen lying on the floor, three or four of them together, like so many black butterflies.

The CROW is very common in Bengal, as everywhere else. At the end of my veranda one or two may generally be seen about breakfast-time looking in. In the hot weather, he sits with his mouth wide open, gasping for breath, his close, warm plumage (and perhaps, we may add, his black colour) not being favourable for coolness; but, though gasping for breath, he has a good appetite, and if any stray article of food drops on the floor, he darts in immediately and carries it off.

There is a smaller species, a kind of jackdaw, much more common at Madras than here. He is fond of sitting perched on open doors and windows; and, if anything tempting offers, he flies down and lights on the floor, where he hops about, drawing nearer and nearer the desired object, but very cautiously, turning his eyes now to one side and now to another, that he may not be caught unawares. And yet he is not timid. You may

clap your hands to frighten him, or throw a stick at him, to no purpose; he only hops a little further away, and then returns to the charge. Sometimes you may see him, in his sly way, peering into baskets, looking for something. Whatever he fancies, he is off with it, be it flesh, fish, or fowl; and I believe even silver teaspoons are not without a certain fascination for him, and he has been known repeatedly to fly away with one in his bill.*

XLIX.—THE PARROKEET.—THE MINA.

Some of the birds we are familiar with are, if not more interesting, of a more pleasing description than any of those that have been named. Take, for example, the Parrokeet, or small parrot of Bengal. It is a pretty little creature, with its bright glossy green coat. Its gay plumage, and feminine loquacity, and look full of meaning, make it one of the most pleasing of the feathered tribe. Half a dozen of these gay creatures at a time may often be seen sitting on the parapet of my house. There they sit in their quaint way, frequently changing their position and engaged in lively conversation. But if you approach them, they easily take alarm and fly away on

* The crows of Ceylon appear to be even greater experts than those of the continent of India. Sir J. E. Tennent says they are such adepts, that they have been known even to open parcels and untie knots. He relates a story of one of them manœuvring and attitudinizing for some time before a chained dog, who was gnawing a bone, with the view of obtaining possession of the coveted morsel. After various attempts to draw off the dog's attention, he called in the aid of another crow perched on a tree hard by. The latter, after various unsuccessful manœuvres, came with swift wing full pounce against the spine of the dog, who turned round to snap at his assailant; upon which his partner in the concern seized the opportunity, and carried off the bone.

rapid wing, and uttering many a sharp, angry scream—lighting on some neighbouring house, for they cannot fly far, with their short wings and rather heavy body.

The MINA is a bird well known in the rural districts of Bengal; about the size of a blackbird, and of a dark brown colour, with white spots under its wings. It is a pet bird, and the natives teach it to speak. In look and general demeanour it is meek and innocent; but when its passions are roused, it can assume a very different character. Sometimes, when standing in the veranda of a morning, looking over into the garden, I see half a dozen of them under the lilac bushes, ranged on opposite sides and engaged in mortal fight. For a while the battle is kept up with the greatest fury. At last, one of them has had enough of it, and retreats from the field; then another and another on the same side, and the battle is ended. It is inconceivable with what fierceness and fury they fight; their passions roused to the highest pitch, they may be seen retreating for a few steps, and then flying at each other's throats, biting with their beaks, tearing with their claws, flapping with their wings, and all the while screaming and scolding in the most excited manner, like so many angry women.*

* Dr. Russell, in his "Indian Diary," mentions having received from a native gentleman, when residing at Simlah, a present of a hill-mina. He spoke beautifully; and when hung up in a cage in the veranda, he began to salute those present, calling out, *Ram, Ram, bhai*,—the usual salutation of the Hindoos to one another. He would then begin to crow like a cock, caw like a rook, and so on. One morning he set up a dreadful lamentation, and wept like a child. The imitation was so perfect as to deceive every one. The Doctor sent his servant out, to turn the baby away; but he soon returned with a grim smile on his face, and intimated that it was no baby, but the mina.

It is often said, that the birds of India are unmusical. Those who live constantly in cities like Madras or Calcutta may long remain under this impression; but here, in this rural retreat, I have been undeceived. My house is surrounded with trees and bushes, where the birds build their nests, and I often hear them, morning and evening, singing sweetly. I do not say so sweetly as at home.*

L.—SNAKES.

Rather a curious thing happened the other morning. In the ground-floor veranda of my house a large almirah or wooden press has been standing for many months, full of books and papers. I had often observed a small hole in the door of this almirah, caused by a knot in the wood having dropped out, but it excited no further attention. Well, the other morning, the durwan came to me with a stick in one hand and a snake, which he had just killed, about three feet long, in the other. On my asking where he had found it, he replied, that he had seen the snake in the act of coming through the hole in the door of the almirah, upon which he gave chase, and killed it among the grass. Thinking it not improbable that another snake might be found in the same place, we unlocked the door; and sure enough here was another, its partner, lying quite snug and comfortable, in a beautiful nest

* Some of the smaller birds sing very sweetly; while the kokil may be heard in spring with a rich liquid note of great power. Sir T. Munro, who lived much in the rural districts in the south of India, does not speak highly of the musical powers of the birds generally; but he makes an exception in favour of the wood-pigeon and the jungle-cock, the song of which he considers very pleasing—the one with its plaintive, the other with its wild note.

made of small bits of paper, which the creature in some incomprehensible way, had contrived to shape to its purposes.

Let no one conclude from this that snakes are very commonly met with in India. In fact, you may be a long time in India without ever seeing one. You may live in a large town for twenty years without seeing any except the cobras, which the jugglers carry about in their baskets for show, lifting them out with their hand, and then playing softly on a flute, at which they raise their crested heads and shoot out their forked tongues, waving from side to side as if keeping time to the music and thoroughly enjoying it. It is true, that in the rural districts it is somewhat different. When residing in rural Bengal, I have more than once seen a huge snake crossing a walk in the garden, and making stealthily for the long grass. Once in the course of several years, in the rainy season, a smaller kind has been observed crawling up the staircase into the veranda. The bearer, who sees it first, cries out, *samp, samp !* (*snake, snake !*) and we soon contrive to despatch it. In the retired "garden-houses" at Madras you sometimes hear of a snake creeping up the steps in front of the door. I remember one instance of this soon after my arrival. A friend of Mr. T——'s was walking in the veranda of his house one evening, when he almost trod on a snake, which lay coiled up on the floor. I can still remember the horror with which I heard of it ; and Mr. T——, though a clergyman, and a very religious man, but who had more experience of India than I had, seemed to take a mischievous pleasure in increasing my alarm, speaking of his friend's escape as if it was owing, beyond any doubt, to a special intervention of Divine providence.

Another instance I may record. One evening, at Calcutta, I happened to be walking on the grassy plain

between the city and the fort, within a few yards of the walls, in the month of March, just about the commencement of the warm weather. Walking along, I suddenly saw a large snake lying at full length before me, and right in my path ; my foot was almost upon it, and it was too late to draw back, so I bounded over it at one spring, with an agility marvellous to myself, now that I look back upon it.

Let me repeat, notwithstanding these instances, that one may live a long time in India without ever seeing a snake. Instead of meeting them every day in your garden, and occasionally in the veranda, finding them lying on your stocking, or inside your boot in the bedroom, or, more rarely, under the pillow, or coiled in the hair of the head, we may pass many years of our lives in India without ever seeing one.*

LI.—THE JACKAL.

In the evening, if I happen to be walking in the garden, regularly about dusk, when the shades of evening begin to fall, a jackal may be seen jumping over the wall, and crossing stealthily to the river-side. This is an every-day occurrence, and causes not the slightest surprise or uneasiness. The animal skulks behind bushes, and keeps out of sight, being much more afraid of me than I of him. The only living thing he touches is the poultry. He prowls about in a cunning, sneaking way,

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* In a popular work on India, the author, after speaking of the boa as being sometimes forty feet long, observes as follows : —"Serpents of smaller dimensions, but equally dangerous and destructive, swarm in every forest, thicket, and garden, creep into the bed-rooms, twist themselves between the lattices of the windows, and nestle in the folds of the turban."

ready to nip up any unfortunate fowl that may come in his way, but aiming at no higher game.

I am here reminded of the exaggerated and highly-coloured accounts we have of this animal, sometimes from sources usually well-informed, and from pens which strive to state the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Mrs. Colin M'Kenzie, in her highly interesting book, relates a most improbable story, told her by a Major F—t—, who, without doubt, must have been all the while laughing in his sleeve at the innocent credulity of this excellent lady. A mad jackal, the major told her, came to the tent of his sister one evening, and *dragged the ayah up and down the tent by the hair of her head.* Now, no one who has ever seen a jackal could believe such a feat possible. The jackal is about the size of the fox, and has the same sneaking habits; nor does he attack anything more formidable than a duck or a hen. The major's story is not a whit more probable than if you were told at home that a fox one night broke into your neighbour's house, and dragged the cook up and down the floor of the kitchen by the hair of the head, and then ate her up piecemeal, leaving not a vestige to tell that such a being had ever lived.

In a recent history of India, very comprehensive, and a work in many respects of great merit, the author enumerates among the animals remarkable for their ferocity, the tiger, the lion, the leopard, "and the jackal." In point of fact, the Indian jackal is not at all distinguished for ferocity, though his howling at night, when prowling in bands through the streets of a town, has something very startling in it, calculated to inspire fear in the breasts of those who have just arrived in the country.

Some other wild animals that have a terrible name are really not much dreaded in India. There is something terrible in the name of leopard, here called *cheetah,*

which in point of savage fierceness is supposed to be quite equal to the tiger. But in India you may live for years, with leopards in the bushes near your dwelling-house, and never hear of an accident.

The buffalo is another animal with a terrible name, but which is not so terrible in reality. You see herds of them grazing in the fields, perfectly tame, and as harmless as cows. They are milked like cows; and you may sometimes see them yoked to a plough, either two buffaloes, or an ox and a buffalo yoked together. On the road to Cuttack, you meet droves of them carrying salt. One of the most ordinary sights in the outskirts of Madras is a number of them lying at their ease in a pool of water beside the high road, their heads only appearing above the surface; and you may pass them a hundred times without their making the slightest attempt to attack you, or without their composure being ruffled in the least degree.

LII.—TODDY COLLECTORS.—BATS.

In the hot weather, nothing is more soothing in the evening than to be out for an hour or two in the open air. Some content themselves with sitting in the veranda of their houses enjoying the sea-breeze that sets in late in the afternoon; but for my part, in the cool of the evening, I prefer a walk in the garden—the large, park-like garden where my house stands, with its broad walks, its fruit trees, and flowering shrubs. All is peaceful and still; and the fresh sea-breeze, as it murmurs through the leaves, soothes your troubled spirits.

But, living here alone, every alternate evening or so I take a drive in my buggy, sometimes in the direction of Bandel, sometimes to the pretty French settlement of Chandernagore, but more frequently into the open coun-

try, scouting about in various directions on either side of the Grand Trunk road. On the direct line of road that runs near the river, some three miles further up, is the village of Hooghly. If you are passing late in the afternoon, you may see naked figures climbing the palm-trees, collecting the toddy, or juice that flows from them; and a very picturesque sight it is. The trees are slender, tall, and branchless up to the very top, and you are surprised to see the naked figure climbing up so swiftly. Grasping the tree with both hands, and with the soles of his feet (which are held together by a short rope), he is ready to start on his upward journey. Quick as thought, his feet move up to his hands, then poising himself, he pushes his hands upwards to his full length, and without a moment's pause the feet again move up to them; and so on he goes, climbing with great rapidity until he reaches the top, where the small toddy jars are placed. These he empties one by one, and then descends. This is the process, as I have described it; and he thus climbs tree after tree, until he has collected as much liquor as he can carry.

These toddy-collecting figures are seen also when you are out driving early in the morning, and the sight is so curious that it never fails to attract attention. In passing a cocoa-nut grove at certain seasons, you never fail to see these naked and picturesque figures climbing the tall trees, to collect the sap which has distilled during the night.*

* There is a vegetable shoot near the top of these toddy-yielding trees, with buds growing out of it. When these buds are cut, the sap or toddy runs out, and it is usual to hang a small earthen jar just below the incision, to collect the liquor. The palmyra, the cocoa-nut, and the date-trees all yield toddy, but in different degrees, the palmyra yielding the largest supply, and next to it the cocoa-nut tree.

Another sight attracts attention when driving in the afternoon along this road. You see before you a high tree, and, suspended from the branches, what appear to be a great number of black bottles hanging by the neck. In reality they are bats, the large Indian bat, known as the flying fox. If it is early, and the sun not yet near the horizon, do not expect to see them move. They remain motionless, still as death. But when the shades of evening set in, and the short twilight draws nigh, then a general movement takes place; all, at the same moment, awake from sleep, shake themselves up, and after a little while take wing and fly slowly away.

LIII.—JEBOON PAUL'S GARDEN.

One of the wealthy natives here, Baboo Jeboon Paul, a quiet, gentlemanly Hindoo of the old school, has a very beautiful garden, some two miles from my residence, to which the public are freely admitted. The other day, about an hour before sunset, in the cool of the evening, I took a drive in that direction, and was quite charmed with the beauty of the place. It is laid out with great taste. A long, narrow lake, or winding tank, divides the flower-garden from the fruit-garden, steps in some places leading down to the water, and with one or two light bridges thrown over, by which you can pass from one side to the other.

There are fruit-trees in abundance, but it is essentially a flower-garden. Of the flowering shrubs, one of the most interesting is the oleander, here so common, with its profusion of lilac flowers. Another remarkable plant which has but lately been introduced into the gardens here, I believe from Ceylon, at once arrests attention; it is the *poinsettia*, with its long, broad crimson leaves. Seen from a little distance, it has a most splendid appear-

ance, and its large, bright crimson leaves are easily mistaken for magnificent flowers; they may, in fact, be called flower-leaves. Is it of this flower the poet speaks, when he says:—

> "He told of the magnolia, spread
> High as a cloud, high overhead;
> The cypress and her spire;
> Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
> Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
> To set the hills on fire!"

Here also is the cactus, a most characteristic Indian plant, with fat prickly leaf, and bright flower. So abundant is it here, that it grows in long rows, like hedges. The beautiful lotus is also seen growing in the serpentine tank, with its lovely flower floating on the surface, and bathing its lips in the cool water.*

I was rather suprised to see our common garden rose, to which the eye is so accustomed at home, growing luxuriantly. It is quite as beautiful to the eye as the English rose, with perhaps a more delicate tint, but not so sweet scented, or rather, I should say, it has a fainter perfume, as if the heat drew away its strength.

In another place, much to my surprise, was seen the common daisy, or *gowan*, — "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,"—requiring to be carefully watered, and sheltered from the scorching rays of the sun; but, with all the care bestowed upon it, looking sickly, as if pining for its native air.

I did not see the English hollyhock, which is met

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* Both the red and white lotus, or water lily, are common here. They are often found growing in tanks, especially in neglected tanks where the water is muddy, the flowers floating on the surface, and resting on broad green leaves. The blue lotus (or, as it is sometimes spelt, lotos) is never seen in Bengal.

with at some Indian stations, such as Bangalore. I looked also in vain for the beautiful white pagoda flower of Madras, with its heavy, rich perfume.

Jeboon Paul, I have said, is a Hindoo gentleman of the old school. This is, perhaps, not quite correct. It is true that he does not openly identify himself with young Bengal. He is no Vedantist in religion, but remains attached to the old faith. He takes no part in discussions on political or social reforms. He does not step forward and publicly patronise English education, and the new views on science and political economy which it opens up. And yet in practice he is as liberal-minded, in some respects, as any of the new school of Hindoos. An instance of this is seen in the generosity with which he throws open his garden to the public, so that any respectable person may enter it, and walk about as he pleases, without the slightest obstruction or surveillance. I may mention another respect in which he is equally liberal. He allows English ladies to visit his house, and converse with his wife, or wives (for, I believe, he has more than one). Some English ladies of my acquaintance lately visited his house, where they were received with great politeness, and had a long conversation with the Baboo's wives. The latter were richly dressed, and loaded with ornaments. On the other hand, they were much astonished at the costume of their English visitors, which they examined minutely and with evident interest, asking various questions as to the use of this article or that, and laughing heartily at the explanations. Such things as hoops and flounces, to their simple taste, appear superfluous and even ridiculous.

LIV.—SANDBANK.—TURTLES.

A great sandbank is gradually forming in the middle of the river nearly opposite my house. I have watched it year after year, at first just peering above the surface at low water, but now seen for hours when the tide is ebbing, though still completely covered when the tide is in. A whole colony of turtles have chosen it for their domicile. No sooner is the great back of the sandbank exposed with the ebb of the tide, than you can see with the naked eye, and still more distinctly through a glass, numbers of these creatures moving about, or lying still, basking lazily in the sun; more frequently the latter, their senses apparently steeped in forgetfulness. They look like so many flat stones, without life or motion. But let any one approach, with or without a gun, however quietly, and the torpid creature is immediately on the alert, and slips out of sight into deep water with surprising quickness.

It is just here where the *bore* is seen in all its glory, as it enters the narrow channel formed by the sandbank. The tidal wave here rises to its full height, and sweeps past crested with foam; the river appearing to have lost its senses, rushing like a mad thing back to its source, in a style which makes you giddy to look at it. The prudent turtle takes the precaution, at the mere approach of danger, of getting into deep water, where she is snug and safe.

One cannot look at this sandbank, in course of formation before our eyes, and which is only an illustration of what is going on uninterruptedly at many points in the bed of the river, without perceiving one of the causes which will contribute in time to come, as it has in times past, to divert the stream from its present channel into a new one. This branch of the Ganges did not always

flow to the sea in the same direction as now. The old channel can still be traced at Satgong, forty miles above Calcutta, through a tract of country many miles distant from its present course. The same causes are silently at work which will change its course again at some future day; and already, as is well known, it is much shallower at Serampore, Chandernagore, and Chinsurah, than it was a century ago.

LV.—INDIAN TREES.

Of the PALM trees, the bamboo and the plantain-tree, I need hardly speak, they are so well known. Of the large family of palms the best known here are the cocoa-nut and the date-palm; the former with a tall, slender, perfectly straight and branchless stem, spreading out at the top like an umbrella in a tuft of long narrow leaves. so that the epithet "feathery" palm is not inappropriate. It has been said of this tree that it "loves the human voice," being generally seen planted near native houses.

The DATE tree is also a species of palm, with a distinct character of its own, which the eye soon learns to distinguish. While the cocoa-nut species is tall and handsome, the date-palm of Bengal is short, scraggy, and crooked. The crooked zigzag shape is not natural to it. but arises from its being tapped for toddy, now on one side now on the other, while the tree is yet growing.

Another thoroughly Indian tree, quite common here, is the BAMBOO, which grows like a great bush, throwing up from a common root a number of shoots which rise to the height of fifty or sixty feet; and what is remarkable, this great height is attained in a single year, after which it grows no more, but only hardens and becomes consolidated. The tall shoots, with their golden stems

and dark green leaves, are among the most interesting features in an Indian landscape. They are sometimes seen growing at the road-side, forming a tall hedge, at other times in detached groups, or bending gracefully over a rural cottage.

As for the PLANTAIN tree, with its immense leaves waving heavily in the breeze, it is more like a huge vegetable than a tree. The leaves are three or four feet long, and broad in proportion; and the fruit grows in enormous clusters, hanging from short thick spurs. Whole groves of them may be seen in native gardens, and very agreeable is the shade and shelter they afford from the hot sunshine.

The BANYAN fig-tree, next to the family of palms, is perhaps more than any other characteristic of India. It is quite unique in shape and size, as much so as the elephant or camel among animals, and appears strange and wonderful to our eyes. It has the singular property of letting down slender shoots or fibres from the branches, which grow longer and longer until they reach the ground, where they take root, and become in time new stems or trunks, almost equal in size to the parent stem, and from which new fibres shoot and take root in like manner. In this way a single tree may spread and spread, till it covers a large area, and under which a thousand men may encamp with ease. Some fine specimens of this majestic tree grow in this neighbourhood, and when driving out in the evening you never fail to take a glance at them as you pass. When growing in a secluded situation, they are the favourite haunts of monkeys, which have here ample room to disport themselves among the branches. Some of our older writers who visited India in the early times, have thrown out the conjecture that this majestic tree may have been the tree of life, that grew in the Garden of Eden. Certain it is, that it is

considered sacred by the natives, who will not allow any one to cut it down or injure it. It is often found planted near pagodas, and for this reason has been styled the pagoda tree. In Africa, where also it grows luxuriantly, it is known by the characteristic name of the tree "with legs." A singular thing happens to this tree, and gives it a still more anomalous character than what naturally belongs to it. It is sometimes seen growing in conjunction with a palm-tree, the latter enveloped all round, but ever struggling to raise its feathery top above the dense foliage into the air and sunshine. The struggle may go on for years, but at last, in this unequal contest, the banyan with its huge arms generally succeeds in strangling the palm.

One cannot look at this majestic tree without remembering Milton's poetical description of it:—

"The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned;
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between."*

Next to the palms and banyan, perhaps the most interesting tree seen here, in your evening drive, is the

* One of our old writers thus describes the banyan tree—"It is a tree of fertile growth, whose branches be spreading, ample and spacious; from whose boughs so dispread, do descend certain stems, that, rooting themselves anew in the earth, propagate an offspring, and so dilate it that it seemeth beyond the custom of other trees to be capacious. The Gentoos suppose that some notable mischance shall happen to that party, whosoever violateth or injureth the least bough or branch thereof."

PEEPUL. It is met with everywhere, and may be readily recognized by its heart-shaped leaf trembling in the breeze with every breath of air. It is a fine large tree, of a grayish colour, and the leaf also silver-gray. The root grows to a great size, and, as you drive along the road, may be seen protruding above ground in huge masses, rugged and bare. The peepul, like the banyan, throws down slender shoots, which do not however take root in the ground, but hang pendulous in the air. The banyan and peepul belong to the same family, and are both considered sacred trees. Some say that the natives regard the peepul as the male, and the banyan as the female, and that the two are associated in the popular mind as a Brahmin and his wife, and the axe that cuts either of them down is held to be accursed.

The seeds of this tree are often carried by birds to old buildings, where they take root. In time they grow to such a size as to bring down the strongest and most solid walls. You may sometimes also see a young peepul growing fresh and vigorous on the outer wall, or in the veranda of an inhabited house, and if it has only had time to take root thoroughly, it is almost impossible to eradicate it. One is growing at the present moment in my veranda, in close proximity to the bath-room, from which it derives sustenance, and I have tried in vain to get rid of it, sometimes digging down and cutting the roots, sometimes, when this has proved unavailing, covering them over with mortar, and sometimes pouring hot water upon them, but all in vain. It springs up again as fresh as ever, with irrepressible vigour. The seed also germinates in other trees; and it is by no means a rare thing to see a peepul growing on a palm, the latter, with its feathery top, struggling upward to the fresh air, and the light of day. When it is found growing in this way, on another tree, it is considered peculiarly sacred, and

specially fitted for religious purposes.* At night, the peepul may often be seen brilliantly lighted up with fire-flies.

The TAMARIND, which by some is considered the most beautiful of Indian trees, is also found here. It grows large and massive, like our own oak, round and well-shaped, but with a small, narrow leaf, of a peculiar tender verdure. It is frequently seen beside a cottage, or spreading its leaves over a small Hindoo temple.

It is, I think, Sir J. Emerson Tennent who observes that while the inhabitants of western India have a superstitious belief that the shade of the tamarind is unhealthy, in Ceylon there is no such feeling; on the contrary, it is usual, especially in the north of the island, to build houses under it, from an idea that of all trees its shade is the coolest. This latter feeling seems also to prevail in eastern India, where we see it sometimes, in this neighbourhood, growing near a cottage, or cluster of cottages, as if planted there on purpose, and standing out, in its fair round proportions, distinct from all the other trees.†

There is another tree common in this district which attracts special attention. It is called the SIMAL tree, and is large and massive, with beautiful crimson flowers in their season. It produces cotton of a silky appearance and short fibre, like down. This downy

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* It is also a peculiar feature of the mistletoe, sacred in the eyes of our ancestors, that it grows upon a tree instead of springing from the ground. Is it from this peculiarity that, like the peepul, it derives its special religious character?

The bo-tree, sacred in the eyes of the Budhists, is no other than the peepul.

† Sir W. Jones speaks in raptures of this tree, describing the flowers as "exquisitely beautiful," the fruit "salubrious," the leaves "elegantly formed and arranged," and the whole tree "magnificent."

cotton is beautifully packed in long pods. When ripe, the pod bursts and the cotton is set free, and may be seen at the commencement of the cold weather, shed along the roadside, and so little valued is it that few think it worth while to gather it. It is never used for spinning, on account of the shortness of the fibre, but is found useful for stuffing sofas and pillows. It is most interesting to examine the pods when ripe, to see how beautifully the cotton is packed by the hand of nature, in a manner far exceeding human art, the fibres arranged longitudinally with the most delicate skill, and the bright black seeds lying softly between.

The true cotton-tree, of which there is one in my garden, is rather a shrub than a tree. The cotton is of longer fibre, and less silky, but packed with the same delicate care.

LVI.—HEAT.—COLD.—ATMOSPHERICAL PHENOMENA.

In this part of India it is intensely hot, from March till June, and again in the month of September; so hot as to be almost unbearable. In these months the heat is sometimes so great, that when you are sitting in the shade writing, the perspiration drops incessantly from your forehead, and wets the paper.

By a merciful provision of Providence, when the heat is at its maximum, the periodical rains begin, and pour down almost incessantly for several weeks. When these rains set in, about the end of June, they have an immediate effect in reducing the temperature, and the weather becomes comparatively cool and pleasant. After some two months of unceasing rain, the sun again shines forth in its brilliancy from a cloudless sky, and there is a fresh outburst of hot weather. The deep porous soil of Bengal, which has absorbed an enormous quantity of water during

the rains, now parts with it freely under the influence of the sun, and the whole atmosphere becomes steamy, like the air of a damp hothouse. This is perhaps the most disagreeable weather of the whole year, and it is the most unhealthy, too. It is what we call "muggy." The air hangs like a wet sheet round the body, and you feel it heavy, oppressive, and relaxing.*

During the hot season we have frequent dust-storms, which cool the air, especially when followed by a light shower of rain, as sometimes happens. These dust-storms come on invariably just when the heat is greatest. They do not continue long, but while they last they are very violent. The atmosphere is agitated convulsively, and turned, as it were, upside down. Volumes of dust are swept along the surface of the earth, or whirled aloft mingle with the clouds. The dust penetrates into every corner of the house, and overlays everything with a coating of fine sand.

Here, as in other parts of India, we have what is emphatically called the "hot weather," extending over a great part of the year; and a briefer period which may, by courtesy, be called "cold weather." In the south of

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* I do not know any writer that speaks so frequently and despairingly of the heat of India as Russell in his "Indian Diary." To him it was horror of horrors. In the hot weather, India presented itself to his lively imagination as "a sea of fire."

Another lively writer, Jacquemont, who writes with French vivacity, thus describes the heat in central India, in the month of May, when sitting under a tent:—"This dreadful heat is in every respect inconceivable. When writing, I have no other covering than a white muslin turban to keep my head cool. As for the breeches, jacket, waistcoat, shirt, shoes, and stockings,—the devil take them all; I make a bundle of the whole, upon which I seat myself, and in the course of an hour they are wringing wet."

India it may be said to be always hot. At Madras, for example, you never experience the feeling of cold from one end of the year to the other. For about two months it is cool, but not cold. From the beginning of December to the end of January it is very pleasant. The air is then pure and balmy, almost bracing. But here, for three or four months of the year, it is really cold. You see the natives leaving the cold shade of their huts to warm themselves in the sun. Even Europeans feel it cold, and are fain sometimes to come out of their rooms and sun themselves in the veranda.

In this "cold weather" we put on warm clothing, substituting woollen garments for the thin cotton ones we wear during the rest of the year. In the *depth* of this cold weather, ice may be collected in small quantities in exposed situations. If you spread some straw on the ground and place on it shallow earthen cups filled with water, in the morning a thin crust of ice is found at the top. In the months of November, December, January, and February, you may occasionally see the English in Bengal making an effort to enjoy their favourite game of cricket. But it is hot work. The cold weather of this part of Bengal is scarcely cold enough for cricket, and it is an absurd spectacle to see a stout Englishman, bat in hand, perspiring freely, while a native servant stands beside him with a towel, ready to rub him down, and wipe off the sweat.*

* Further up the country, the cold weather both continues longer and is of greater severity. There the English find a fire in their rooms indispensable, morning and evening, while in Bengal we scarcely ever see such a thing. At Agra and Delhi, though the heat there is as great while it lasts, as is ever experienced in more southern latitudes, it is of more limited duration; and for six months of the year it is cold, and for part of that time intensely so. In travelling along the road in these

In Bengal during the rainy season, and for some months previously, the sky exhibits a remarkable appearance. Dense masses of gray clouds may be seen sailing up from the Indian ocean, day and night without intermission. This goes on for many weeks. During that period, the wind blows steadily in one uniform direction, and carries these countless clouds on its wings to the upper provinces, to be distributed again in rain over the thirsty soil. It is in the evening twilight, that the outline of the clouds is brought out in greatest relief, and their uniform and busy motion most clearly perceived. I often stand and watch them in the still evening, just before dark, and find it a most impressive spectacle. I see in it the Divine hand visibly at work, divinely appointed machinery on a vast scale, for watering the earth and clothing it with verdure and fruitful seasons. The power of the Almighty is in visible operation, carrying out a beneficent purpose.

Thunderstorms are sometimes witnessed on a grand scale, particularly at the season which immediately precedes the periodical rains. You may sometimes hear peal upon peal in rapid succession, like the firing of gigantic artillery. Cases occur where a number of persons are sitting in a room, and a sudden peal bursting over the roof makes them all start to their feet. Perhaps you are sleeping in your bed, and are suddenly awoke by a crash over your head louder than thunder, while the lightning is seen at every window and every crevice, and the house appears enveloped in flame.

Atmospherical phenomena of a gentler kind are observed in the evening in the calm settled weather. Dark

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months, you may sometimes see cows with coats on their backs, to protect them from the cold; while the human species find it convenient to wear a dress wadded with cotton.

masses of clouds piled up on the western horizon, throw out constant flashes of light. There is no thunder or rain, only the lightning playing silently from the dark clouds. Night after night this goes on, the very picture of silence, and continuing for hours and hours. Occasionally, at long intervals, as if to vary the scene, a stream of forked lightning may be seen darting with zigzag motion from one dark cloud to another.

One of the most beautiful objects I have ever seen in the evening sky, is what I can never forget. One evening, just about sunset, sitting two or three of us in the veranda facing the west, the clear blue sky being without a single cloud to mar the effect, lifting our eyes we beheld a beautiful brush of brilliant light extending halfway down to the horizon. It told its own tale at once. We all knew it was a comet, and could be nothing else. Next day all Calcutta was talking about it. This beautiful brush or broad pencil of brilliant light, appeared night after night for several evenings in succession, following the sun till it was at last absorbed in his beams.

CHAPTER VII.

MOFUSSIL MEMORIES.

LVII.—PLOUGH.—HARROW.

In these evening drives, when once you get fairly out into the country, your attention is attracted to the cultivated fields. They are perfectly flat, without the smallest mound rising above the common level, nothing beyond an earthen fence thrown up here and there; and upon which may be seen a goat browsing, seeking the highest point which the nature of the country affords.

In this flat plain, with its rich alluvial soil, there is one sheet of cultivation. The naked cultivator is seen working diligently in his irrigated fields, perhaps planting "paddy" (the rice plant) carefully with the hand, in little bunches, in a small plot of ground covered two or three inches deep with water. The neighbouring fields are all divided in the same way into little garden-like plots, with a rim of earth running round them, only a few inches high, to serve as water-cups. When the plants have had water enough, he simply removes a few inches of the small embankment with his hand, and out the water flows into another compartment. The whole process of cultivation is most interesting; but I do not mean here to enlarge upon it, further than to say that, as you look on, you cannot but feel that the black-skinned Bengalee is elevated considerably above the monkey tribe, with which some of our savants wish to associate us in the scale of being, but who have not yet learnt either to plant or sow, any more than to speak, or worship God. The diviner mind is wanting, especially the religious ele-

ment, which is perhaps the deepest and broadest, as it is the noblest part of our nature.

In all kinds of machinery, or nearly all, useful for facilitating labour, the Hindoos are far behind. This is clearly seen in their agricultural implements, of which they are not altogether destitute, but which are of the rudest description. Let me glance at those which arrest the attention most, in our wanderings in the rural districts. And here let me premise that much is omitted, my object being to put down nothing which has not come under my own eye, or which does not come under the eye of any ordinary observer, who resides for some years in the land of Ind, outside the Presidency towns, and who has the habit of keeping his eyes open.

The Indian PLOUGH has been often and correctly described as a crooked stick. It performs its work so badly, that the land requires to be turned over repeatedly before it is fit for the seed, often as much as half-a-dozen times. Surely here is a great waste of labour, which must task the patience of the mildest Hindoo! A bullock is yoked to the plough; and, such is the absence of art, that no reins are used; and with one hand a man holds the light plough, and with the other guides the bullock by the tail.*

As for the Indian HARROW, used for smoothing the ground and covering in the seed, it is of the most primitive kind. The branch of a tree frequently does duty for that implement. When it is thrown aside, and some

* The plough varies somewhat in different provinces of India, but nowhere is it a scientific implement, or equal to the exigencies of the case. In districts like Bengal, where the ground is soft and free of stones, it is entirely made of wood, and is simply a crooked stick; in other districts, where the soil is harder, the crooked stick is pointed with iron.

degree of art comes in to assist nature, they use one of the rudest and clumsiest machines ever seen by human eyes, a ruder implement even than the common plough. It is a long machine, resembling a ladder, drawn by bullocks, with one man standing upon it to add weight, and another to guide it. This seems to be, in principle, the same machine as that described by Hamilton Buchanan, which he calls *chankee*, a narrow plank, the ropes of which were tied to the necks of the cattle, while two men stood upon it, "to save themselves the trouble of walking," and who saved themselves from falling off by holding the tails of the bullocks, guiding also the cattle by the same means; and in which, so rude is it, and such the absence of ingenuity, there was no contrivance for preventing the rope tied round the plank from rubbing on the ground and being quickly worn out.

LVIII.—VEHICLES.—HACKERY; KERANCHEE, ETC.

The HACKERY, or village cart, is a rude kind of vehicle, commonly drawn by bullocks; the wheels small and clumsy; the body of the cart consisting of two or three bamboos, extending from end to end, converging to a point at the neck of the cattle, and united and kept in their place by slips or cross-bars. The axletree does not fit well into the socket, and the wheels sway from side to side, at an angle of several degrees from the perpendicular; and, being without grease to diminish the friction, they make a sharp creaking noise as they move along. A more rude or primitive machine than the common hackery is seldom seen.

In India, wherever I have been, it is the rarest of all sights to see a native on horseback. This is a mode of locomotion which they do not affect, and for which neither their habits nor habiliments are adapted; nor

does the horse thrive well in these provinces, and this may be partly the reason. The common pony, or *tatoo*, of Bengal is a small, weak creature, no larger, and not so strong as a good-sized English donkey.*

Riding being out of the question, the most common mode of travelling is by palankeen, in which the native reclines at his ease. Where the roads are good, as at Calcutta, they have begun, many of them, to use a wheeled carriage, called a *keranchee*.

The KERANCHEE is a machine somewhat resembling our "noddy," set high on two wheels, generally open at the sides, and drawn by two slender tatoos. Numbers of natives, employed as clerks in the public and mercantile offices of the city, drive to their offices in the keranchee. It is generally seen at full gallop, and, mounted on its high wheels, it looks as if flying in the air, bearing along with it a full cargo of natives, whose muslin scarfs are seen fluttering in the breeze and swelling out from the open sides. Europeans never use it, unless it be sailors out for a holiday, and taking a trip into the country to see the land of Ind. When a ship arrives, the crew not unfrequently hire keranchees, and travel at full speed, half-a-dozen of them in one machine, through the crowded streets of Calcutta, to their own great enjoyment, the native driver flourishing his whip, and the little tatoos

* In some parts of India, especially the Upper Provinces, natives may be seen riding on oxen. In the south of India, too, this custom seems at one time to have prevailed more than now. In the early accounts handed down to us of the English factory at Surat, we read that our countrymen there followed the custom of the country, and rode about on oxen; and sometimes, when two of them met outside the city, on the open plain, they would run races with one another, which caused great amusement when the "cows" galloped at a good pace.

doing their best, struggling on, sorely puzzled at the unwonted load. The machine rolls from side to side; and the burly sailors, in their blue shirts, and with bare necks, are wild, and yell with excitement, for everything wears the charm of novelty; while the gentle Hindoo looks back with wonder at the rollicking fun and boisterous merriment of these strange mortals from a distant shore!

The PALKEE GHARREE is beginning to come into general use among the natives, as it has long been in use among Europeans. It may be described as a palkee on wheels, and is generally drawn by a single pony. Over a good road it is a decided improvement upon the palankeen. Necessity is the mother of invention; and I have heard that this useful conveyance originated in a strike of the Ooriya bearers for higher wages. There are men still living in Calcutta who remember the time when palkee gharrees were not. When the said strike commenced, the community of Calcutta were thrown into dismay; but there lived, at that momentous crisis, a sturdy Englishman, a bookseller by trade, who took it quite coolly. In the recesses of his own mind, he determined upon having his revenge, and being upsides with the Ooriyas. Accordingly, he called in a native carpenter, and had his palkee mounted on wheels, with a pair of shafts instead of the pole. He then yoked his pony to it, and, thus equipped, drove through the streets of Calcutta. Great was the consternation of the Ooriyas when they saw the palkee mounted on wheels, flying through the streets. They shook their heads, and confessed that the saheb was too many for them; and since then there have been no more strikes.

The palkee gharree used by the English is a compact, well-constructed vehicle, made by an English coach-builder. But that used by the poorer class of natives is

made by a native carpenter, and has many defects. It is small; the different parts scarcely hold together, and have to be tied with ropes; while the wheels are perpetually losing their vertical position, and go in a zig-zag direction.

The means of conveyance by water are quite on a par with those provided for transit by land.

The DINGHEE, or small native boat, is probably the same as was used from the earliest times, long before the invasion of Alexander, and does not rank much above the canoe of the savage. It consists only of a few planks rudely nailed together, with a slight platform of bamboos extending from end to end, and in the middle a small semicircular shed, covered with mats.

These small dinghees convey passengers up and down the river, and from one side of the stream to the other. They are frequently overcrowded. Each passenger pays only a trifle; and, as the object is to convey as many as possible at each crossing, men and women, with their baskets of fruits, are crowded into the boat, until it can hold no more. It makes one's flesh creep to see the small fragile craft labouring across the stream, with its living freight almost touching the water's edge.

A still more primitive invention is sometimes used for single passengers. You may see a man crossing a river, or over a flooded part of the country, resting on two earthen pots. Sometimes, also, they carry goods to the market on a simple platform of bamboos laid on these earthen jars.

LIX.—MILLS.

CORN MILL.—In this land of Ind, they still grind corn with a hand-mill, in the old primitive way practised by the Jews two thousand years ago. In passing through

an Indian village, we are reminded of the scriptural saying, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left." Here, too, you may see them sitting on the floor of the veranda, in front of the house, one person turning the mill, and the other feeding it with corn. It is a common sight, and strikes you as a peculiar and interesting Eastern custom. The mill is rude and simple, consisting merely of a flat, circular stone, which is turned round with the hand upon another stone underneath, the corn being crushed between them. Frequently only one person is seen at the mill, and you think of the phrase, "one shall be taken, and the other left."

The OIL MILL is another machine which at once attracts observation when you are travelling in the rural districts. It is of rude and clumsy construction. A large block of wood, hollow and open at the top, like a mortar, is fixed firmly in the ground; and within it, and nearly filling it, works another solid wooden block, to which is fixed a long shaft, which is turned by a bullock. The oil-seeds, or the shells of the cocoa-nut (from which oil is extracted), are placed between the wooden blocks, and crushed by the pressure of the one against the other. The bullock goes round and round, and the oil trickles out from a hole at the side of the machine, into a jar placed there to receive it. The machine, in its rude construction, in its shape and mode of working, is not unlike that used for crushing clay in our brick-fields at home. It gives forth the most doleful sounds as the shaft moves round and round, especially when crushing the obdurate cocoa-nut shells, which offer considerable resistance. The sound may be described, not as "most musical, most melancholy," but as melancholy without being musical; and the rude machine, and the lean bullock, whose ribs may easily be counted protruding from its hide, form a

picture interesting indeed, but more striking than beautiful.

The SUGAR MILL, which is also seen at work here, is of the same rude construction. You find the same two blocks of wood, the one working within the other. The same everlasting bullock turns it round; and, in addition to all, there is the same doleful, dolorous sound.

In this neighbourhood, these sugar mills and oil mills are met with almost wherever you go. They shun the haunts of Europeans; but if you go to the more secluded regions, and pass on foot through the rural lanes, they are sure to arrest your attention, first by their creaking melancholy noise, and next by their rude construction, and their clumsy but not unpicturesque form and figure.

In the preparation of sugar, the Hindoos exhibit skill, mingled with a rude simplicity. The mill is generally in the open air. The juice is received in earthen pots; and is then strained and put into boilers until it is boiled down to a proper consistence. Some attention is paid to skimming and refining it. It is then allowed to cool, the stirring going on all the time; after which it is taken out, and laid by, not unfrequently on the leaves of the palmyra-tree.

What is called "jagary" by Europeans, is a coarser kind of sugar, where the impurities are not skimmed off, but are allowed to incorporate with the liquor. When boiled down, the liquor is poured into shallow pits dug in the ground, with a mat spread at the bottom; and when it becomes solid, it is wrapped up in leaves for sale.

LX.—WATER MACHINES.

In Indian agriculture irrigation plays a great part, and the machines used for raising water from a lower to a higher level, while they show some power of invention,

are rude in construction. The pump is not known at all; but, as a substitute for it, they have other contrivances of a more primitive kind.

The PACOTTA, so well known at Madras, is one of these, and one of the most ingenious. The most essential part of the machine consists of a long bamboo stick, with a pitcher tied to the end of it. The bamboo stick moves on a fulcrum or pivot; and by a simple contrivance, a man standing on a rude bamboo scaffolding, by stepping alternately back and forward, lowers the empty pitcher into the well, and raises it again full of water. This goes on in a regular, methodical manner for hours, the pitcher emptying itself into a wooden trough, from which the water flows into the field or garden. The tall apparatus of bamboos, and the arms of the lever alternately rising and falling, not to speak of the naked figure which sets the machinery in motion mounted aloft in the air, is a striking and picturesque object.

A machine, the same in principle, but more rude in form, is in common use in the rural districts of Bengal. It consists of part of a cocoa-nut tree, halved in two, and hollowed out in the middle, closed at one end and open at the other, in shape like a narrow canoe, with one end cut away. It rests on a pivot, raised two or three feet from the ground; one end dips into the water, and at the other end is a heavy weight, such as a block of wood or lump of clay. A man standing over the pivot steps alternately forward and back again; when he steps forward, his weight presses the closed end into the water; and when he steps back, the lump of clay, by its own weight, raises the water, which pours out at the other end of the trough.

This simple, spoon-like contrivance is well enough suited for Bengal, where the water is lodged in tanks or ponds, and lies near the surface; but it would not do

where the water, as at Madras, is lodged in deep wells; there a somewhat more complex machine, with a higher fulcrum, is needed; and hence the pacotta assumes a different shape in Bengal and the south of India, so much so as almost to appear a different machine.

In some cases a double pacotta is used, the water being raised a few feet by one machine, and from that to a still higher level by means of another machine.

Another contrivance for raising water, more frequently seen in the Madras Presidency than here, is the CAPILY, or leather bag. The bag is tied to a cord passing over a pulley; and a pair of bullocks, which descend an inclined plain, work the machine. When the bullocks ascend, the leather bag is lowered into the water and filled; and when they descend, it is raised full of water, which pours into a trough or reservoir. This contrivance seems to indicate rather more ingenuity than the pacotta.

The simplest contrivance of all, and which is only by courtesy entitled to the name of a machine, is a bucket of closely woven basket-work, with ropes fastened to two of its sides, a pair at each side. It is used only for purposes of irrigation; and two men, standing on opposite sides of a small pool, contrive by constant baling to raise a considerable quantity of water, from a lower level, a few feet higher; alternately lowering the basket when empty, and swinging it up full. The operation can be continued for hours by those who are accustomed to it, and it answers the purpose better than the extreme simplicity of the contrivance would lead one to imagine.

I have not seen, either here or at Madras, that beautiful contrivance for raising water known as the PERSIAN WHEEL; in which small earthen jars, ranged round the rim of a large wheel, dip into a well as the wheel revolves round; the jars being so arranged that their mouths are all directed down, as they descend empty, but up, as they

ascend full; and when, in their upward progress, they reach the highest point and begin to decline, emptying their contents into a channel or reservoir. This is undoubtedly a more perfect machine than any of those which have been named, and is known in some parts of India, but not here.

LXI.—COTTON MACHINES.—SMALL TOOLS.—CLOCKS.

Walking through the streets of a village, you may sometimes, but rarely, see the natives CLEANING COTTON by means of a very simple machine resembling a bow and string. The cotton, both the finer sort used for weaving, and that of shorter fibre used only for stuffing sofas and bolsters, is, as has been said, carefully packed by the hand of nature in pods or capsules, which, when opened, disclose a number of small black seeds intermixed with the cotton. The first operation after it is gathered, is to thresh it, separating in a rough way the husks and black seeds from the fibre. Then the rude cleaning machine is applied to it. The string of the bow, pulled between the finger and thumb, vibrates among the cotton, separates the fibres and removes impurities. In passing through the streets of a village, you may see a native employed in this way, sitting in a hut made of mats with open door. A heap of uncleaned cotton lies before him, which he strikes rapidly with the string of the bow. The process is rude, and in its results not very successful, or such as would fully satisfy the demands of a Manchester cotton spinner.

The instrument used for SPINNING YARN is also rude and simple, consisting of a ball of clay, with a piece of wire thrust through it to which the thread is tied. This simple instrument is turned round with one hand, and the thread held with the other.

The Hindoo LOOM for weaving cloth is ruder than ours. It has no contrivance for rolling up the web. This makes it impossible to carry on the operation within doors, and you may see the Hindoo weaver at work in the open air, the threads of the warp stretched out the full length of the web.

Some of the smaller tools for facilitating manual labour are equally simple. The favourite mode of communicating a rotatory motion, when such is needed, is by means of a string. This simple plan has almost disappeared from our country, but it is still in vigorous use with the natives of India.

To this class of tools belongs the carpenter's awl. It consists of a small narrow chisel, and a bow, like that of a violin, with a loose string. The string is twisted round the handle of the chisel, and by drawing the bow alternately back and forward, the blade turns rapidly round. This native awl performs its work not amiss. You see a half-naked carpenter sitting on his heels, the wood which he operates upon being placed on the ground and held down firmly with his foot; his left hand rests lightly on the handle of the blade, with the other he draws the bow quickly, as if sawing, and the hole is bored in an incredibly short time.

It is much the same with the Hindoo churn. The churn-stick, instead of being turned round by the hand, receives its rotatory motion from a string, which passes round the handle and is drawn alternately backwards and forwards.

No clock or watchmakers are to be seen in this part of India. The Hindoos make neither clocks nor watches. Tennant, writing at the beginning of the century, says, "No native of India has as yet attempted the construction of a clock;" and the same may be said still.

I have sometimes observed in India a contrivance for

measuring time, differing entirely from our clock. Like many indigenous contrivances, it is of simple and rude construction. An empty bowl-shaped copper cup, with a small hole in the side, is set in a vessel of water; so placed, the water slowly enters the cup through the hole, and at last fills it. When full or nearly full the cup of course sinks, and this is the signal that a certain definite portion of time has passed. The cup is then lifted out of the water, and set again in the vessel, to fulfil anew its appointed task.

This rude sort of chronometer is sometimes, though rarely, seen in native schools: I have only met with it once in my experience. Placed in the middle of the schoolroom—within sight of all—it was interesting to observe how naturally the little black eyes wandered off the palm leaves to the cup, weary of the confinement, and longing for fresh air and liberty.

The weights in use for weighing articles in the bazar are of a rude description, consisting generally of a rough stone, which has been chipped and chipped until it has become a very vague and indefinite test. The scales are generally held in the hand, and there is "ample room and verge enough" for cheating; for a slight twist, which passes unobserved, is sufficient, and both parties are probably satisfied, the one believing that he has got enough, the other conscious that he has not, and affording a clear illustration of the couplet in Hudibras—

> "For sure the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated, as to cheat."

LXII.—PRIMITIVE METHODS.

In harmony with the rudeness of their machinery is the mode of performing the work, which is often very peculiar, and strikes the European eye as imperfect.

The native carpenter when engaged in planing wood, has no mechanical contrivance for holding it. The ground is his bench, and he either holds the piece of wood with his toes, or another man holds it for him.

The Indian blacksmith uses a stone for his anvil. The bellows of his small forge have a button on the upper board, and you may sometimes see a native lying on his back, with the button between his toes, and blowing the bellows with his feet. Such an attitude is highly characteristic, and appears to us the *ne plus ultra* of easy indolence.

Dirzies, or native tailors, generally sit on the floor when they sow, and hold the cloth between their toes, as we do with the finger and thumb. I have constantly observed this in Bengal, and so common is it that, after a time, it excites no remark.

It will be observed that the Hindoo makes great use of his toes, which he calls, not inaptly, *feet-fingers*. With them the carpenter holds the wood he is planing; with them the tailor holds the thread he is twisting, as well as the cloth he is sewing; and, as we have just seen, with them the blacksmith blows the bellows of his forge. In fact, the toes of the Hindoo are almost as lithe and useful as his fingers.

Equally primitive is the *modus operandi* in some other instances. In one of the most common water machines of Bengal, as we have just seen, the man who works it brings in the weight of his body to bear it down, and a lump of mud at the other end, by its own gravity, lifts it up again, and by this alternate motion, of stepping off and on, the work is done. Ingenious, but inartistic!

Other primitive customs linger in the East, which have gone out in the more enlightened West. It is still usual here for the workman to execute his work at the house of his employer. This applies to the carpenter, the black-

smith, the goldsmith, the tailor, the shoemaker, and the barber. If you order a gold or silver chain, or a ring from a native workman in many parts of India, he comes to your house, sits down in your veranda with one or two simple tools, and completes it there and then.

A change is slowly taking place in this respect. In Calcutta and other centres of European influence, the old custom has almost ceased, except in the case of the tailor and goldsmith, the former of whom is often hired as a regular servant on monthly wages.

Another primitive custom is this. Two or more trades, which with us are divided, are here found united. Thus, for example, the occupation of the carpenter and blacksmith are still often found united in the same person; and it is the same with the barber and surgeon.

Another custom pointing in the same direction, and indicating a rude unsettled and suspicious state of society, is this. When you want any work done you have generally to give an advance of wages to the workman, who is seldom willing to begin until he has received payment in part. He acts on the principle that a bird in the hand "is worth two in the bush," and will not lift hand or foot until he has fingered the money. It is in vain to contend against this deep-rooted custom, as some courageous Anglo-Saxons are disposed to do. It is best to comply with it: you may occasionally be deceived by parties withdrawing from their engagement after they have received money in advance, but as a rule they will act in good faith.

CHAPTER VIII.

MOFUSSIL MEMORIES.—INDIAN ART.—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

LXIII.—WOOD-CARVING.—TILE-CARVING.

AND yet we are not to suppose that the Hindoo is in quite such a rude state, as regards the common arts of life, as this limited view of the matter would show. It is quite true that his tools and machines are rude and imperfect, but by means of simple tools he can turn out very perfect work. This is the other side of the picture.

Notwithstanding all that may be said about the indolence of the natives, India is a busy hive of industry. Go where you will, you find the great mass of the people busily employed in one occupation or another. Let me briefly glance at some of them, more especially those which force themselves on our notice as soon as we set foot in the country.

There is a superior class of Hindoo carpenters, who are employed in executing ornamental work in which they greatly excel. Nothing can exceed the neatness and elegance of their work-boxes, writing-desks, and other articles of this description, made of sandal wood, of ivory, or buffalo horn. Their WOOD-CARVING is perfect in its way, whether executed on work-boxes, card cases and the like, or on larger pieces of furniture, such as sideboards and chiffoniers. It is impossible to conceive anything more perfect than some of their works of this description; and our admiration is increased when we consider that the effect is produced without machinery, and by means of only one or two simple tools such as a knife and a chisel.

This art is also seen to advantage in the pillars of some of the houses, and in a striking, though less pleasing form, on the cars brought forward at religious processions.

Their skill in carving is also seen in the carved tiles used for facing the walls of temples. The tiles are perfectly flat, and are each about a foot square. After being burnt in the kiln, they are steeped in water, and chiselled smooth. The carving operation then commences and is executed with great care.*

In this manufacture the prolific principle of "the division of labour" comes in to assist the Indian artist. The tile before it is finished passes through several hands. One person prepares the clay, another shapes the rude tile, another cuts the edges and smooths the surface, and another carves the figures upon it.

LXIV.—EARTHENWARE.

The manufacture of earthenware is one of the most flourishing in India, and is carried to a point of great excellence. Earthen vessels are made not merely in the shape of plates and bowls to be used at meals, but for cooking, for carrying water, for storing grain, and for various other purposes. In fact it would be difficult to enumerate everything manufactured by the Indian potter. He makes the rude clay images which are carried about at religious processions. He makes bricks for building

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* Fergusson, in his work on Indian architecture, says, with reference to Hindoo pagodas, that "the buildings are always set up in block, and the carving executed *in situ*." This may be true in some cases, but it does not apply to those where the carving is executed on small separate tiles, which are then built in, after being immersed in oil, which they absorb, so as to stand the wearing effects of the weather.

houses, earthen rings for the sides of wells, carved tiles for facing the walls of temples, earthen cups for the common hookah, small earthen oil-lamps, and a large variety of clay toys and playthings for children.

One of the most common articles made by him is the *sarai* or common water jar. In Bengal it is made of reddish clay, and is always unglazed, so as to remain porous, for keeping the water cool. It has a long neck which swells out into a bowl, and is not inelegant in shape. Another kind of water jar is the *gomlah.* It is larger but less elegant, and in it the native women bring water from the tank.

The Indian potter usually works separately by himself, and in the open air. He places a lump of clay on the wheel, turns it round with his foot, and at the same time gives shape to it with his hand. The work is done with magical quickness; what this minute was a rude lump of clay, is, next minute, a well-shaped bowl or jar.*

LXV.—HARDWARE.

As regards hardware manufactures take the brass *lotahs* so common in Bengal. They are of all sizes, some

* The manufacture of earthenware has been long known in India, and has reached a high, though not the highest point of excellence. The ware is strong but coarse. It is always unglazed, which, for some purposes, is an advantage. In some instances a sort of clay paint is washed over the surface, and then heated till it hardens and adheres. In consequence of not being glazed, the earthen plates used at meals imbibe oil and dust. It is impossible to keep them clean, and the purer castes throw them away after using them once. The custom of throwing them away after being used stands in the way of improving the manufacture. It is not worth while to spend skill and labour upon what is to have such an ephemeral existence.

of them being large, and used instead of the earthen gomlahs, for holding water; others being used as cooking vessels, and others as drinking cups. Our durwans are generally furnished with these articles, and also with a brass salver from which they eat their rice; and they are all kept scrupulously clean.

The manufacture of these brass lotahs is carried on to a great extent in particular districts, from whence they are conveyed to other parts of the country. I have observed at Balasore, for example, whole streets of shops in which nothing else is sold, and I believe they are brought from thence by sea in great quantities to Calcutta. Some of them are cast, and others hammered. The manufacture is neat and well done, exhibiting no mean skill.

Of the articles of hardware in common use the *hookah*, used by the richer class of natives, ranks high as a piece of delicate workmanship. The bowl of the hookah is made of a metal resembling pewter, sometimes of brass, and in rarer cases of silver or gold beautifully carved and inlaid. When the inferior metals are used, they are sometimes ornamented and inlaid with the more precious metals.

The workmen employed in making these beautiful hookahs have recourse to division of labour, and to this their proficiency must in some measure be owing. One man melts and prepares the metal, another shapes and polishes it, and a third carves and inlays it. Moreover, this manufacture, like some others among the Hindoos, is hereditary, descending from father to son in particular families, and to this their proficiency may be partly due.

It is well known that the natives show great skill in manufacturing gold and silver ornaments. The silver ornaments of Dacca and Cuttack, and the gold and silver chains of Trichinopoly, are justly admired. It is in these

delicate kinds of workmanship that the Hindoo of the present day most strikingly displays his artistic talent. By dexterity of hand, and with the aid of simple tools, he produces a work of inimitable beauty.*

LXVI.—TEXTILE FABRICS.

No one requires to be told of the high degree of perfection to which the Hindoos carried the art of weaving, and on this subject little need be said. Everyone is aware that twenty centuries ago the muslins of Dacca had a world-wide fame, and that for exquisite fineness of texture, in which respect they have been compared to woven wind, and to gossamer wet with dew, they remain unsurpassed up to the present day.

Some have imagined that this remarkable skill in the art of weaving is owing to its being a sedentary occupation, and in harmony with the natural indolence of the race. Others attribute it to the flexible fingers of the Hindoo, slender and delicate like those of a woman, fitting them specially for such fine work. Others discover a reason for it in the fineness of the cotton grown at Dacca. Perhaps there would be no error in supposing that all these causes combined may have had some influence, seconded by the patient skill of a clever and ingenious people, and carried to the highest point of perfection by long practice.†

* It is universally admitted that the Hindoos are quick at imitating any pattern set before them, and some curious illustrations of this might be given. Such is their talent in this way that nothing is too difficult for them to copy successfully. The missionary Bartolomeo tells us, that having entrusted to a Hindoo artist a lamp made in Portugal, the workmanship of which was exceedingly delicate, some days after another was brought to him, so like the original, that he could scarcely distinguish any difference between them.

† The muslins of Dacca were brought from the banks of the

The muslins of Dacca, in addition to their exquisite fineness, are beautifully embroidered, some in the loom and others with the hand. It appears that in the reign of Jehangir, these manufactures were carried to a perfection they never reached before; and the Empress, the light of the world, with the ladies of her court, adorned their beautiful persons with them, each setting off and adding a fresh charm to the other.

It must be admitted that in this and cognate arts the Hindoos have attained the highest point of excellence. The muslins of Dacca, the silks of Maldah, the *kinkob* stuffs of Benares, the gold and silver ornaments made with such elegance and delicate neatness at Dacca, Cuttack, Trichinopoly and other places, to which may be added their carving in wood and ivory, can hardly be surpassed. The Cashmere shawl too, which may be ranked among Indian manufactures, we can barely imitate and cannot surpass. Of late years the fibre of the pine apple has been woven into cloth of great beauty; handkerchiefs made of this material are of exquisite lustre and fineness, rivaling and even surpassing the grass-cloth of China.

Ganges to the banks of the Tiber, to adorn the persons of noble Roman matrons, when Rome was at the height of her power. At the period of the Mahomedan conquest, ten centuries later, they still retained their fame, and were among the richest gifts which the Hindoos were able to lay at the feet of their conquerors. It was customary, down to a late period, for the Viceroys of Bengal to send presents to the Emperor, of the principal manufactures of the province, including Cosimbazar silks and Dacca muslins.

LXVII.—HOUSES.—GHAUTS, ETC.—CHOULTRIES.

A glance at the fine arts will show that in them the Hindoos are no mere novices. To begin with their Architecture.

On arriving at Madras or Calcutta, you form a mean opinion of their skill in this respect. The ordinary native hut is destitute of all architectural beauty. The same, in a qualified degree, may be said of the bare brick houses inhabited by the middle and wealthier classes, which have all, to our eye, an unfinished look. They are not only destitute of elegance, but have not even quaintness or originality to recommend them; no character or individuality whatever.*

When we go into the interior, into some of the more prosperous districts, it is only there we see something to admire. The Bengal cottage in the vicinity of Midnapore, for example, is snug and neat, and has an adaptation to the climate, which tells you it is original and unborrowed.

And, as for towns, it is not to Madras or Calcutta you must go, to see a true development of native taste. They have both grown up under the eyes of Europeans, under English influences, and are far indeed from being a true picture of native taste. If we wish to see native architecture, in its genuine forms, and in its best style, we must go to such cities as Benares, or Gaya, or Pooree. The old town of Gaya is celebrated for its picturesque buildings; and the same is true in a still greater degree

* Lord Hardinge, when he arrived in India, said, very justly, that Calcutta was not so Oriental as Cairo; and that, if he had merely wished to see the East, he need not have come further than Egypt.

of Benares with its numerous temples. It is in such places that we see the real Hindoo style. Even Pooree, though a comparatively small place, is stamped throughout with a marked Hindoo character, and the Temple of Juggernath beside it, with its uncouth grandeur, crowns the whole. Conjeveram, in the south of India, which is celebrated for its temples, is also in the regular native style, each house being built in the form of a square, with a small court in the centre.

If, instead of cities, we look at individual buildings, the eye rests with satisfaction on some of the river ghauts, which must be ranked among the most tasteful and characteristic specimens of Indian art. The more elegant and important of them have a paved standing-place at the top, surmounted by a roof resting on pillars, and broad handsome steps lead down to the river, the whole forming a light, elegant structure; and its perfect adaptation to the climate is obvious to every eye, and is at once appreciated by all who see it.

Along with the elegant ghauts may be ranked the water tanks, some of which, of great extent, are enclosed by a wall of solid masonry, lined with cut stone, rising from the bed of the tank, a foot or two above the surface. With handsome ghauts at the side, they may fairly rank as beautiful works of art; and the impression of their beauty is not lessened when we consider that they are works of the greatest utility.

Some of these Indian tanks are not less than half a mile on each side, and are faced with huge blocks of cut stone all round. In some of them you find a small pagoda in the centre; in others, pagodas at the sides, and choultries for the accommodation of travellers.*

* In his tour in the south of India, Hamilton Buchanan was very much struck with some of the tanks he saw. He describes

The choultry is, for native travellers, the usual substitute in this country for an hotel or inn. Generally speaking, it has no furniture; and within the bare walls the traveller must provide his own bed (usually a mat), and cook his own food. It is generally substantially built, the roof projecting beyond the wall, and supported by pillars, and thus forming a veranda. It has features peculiar to itself, a certain grim grandeur and dusky solemnity; but the more important of these structures exhibit architectural taste of no mean order.

The choultry is not to be confounded with the *tany-pundal* of Madras, which is a smaller building, a mere shed, where travellers obtain temporary accommodation to repose in the shade, and a drink of water.*

LXVIII.—PAGODAS.

The chief point remains to be considered. Hindoo architecture is seen to most advantage in the pagodas or temples dedicated to religion; in this development it has a character of its own, borrowed from no other source.†

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one of them, which specially excited his admiration, as lined all round with stones of cut granite, descending to the bottom in steps. At two of the sides were choultries, built also of cut granite; the pillars rude and inelegant, but covered with figures in *basso relievo* of Hindoo deities, fishes, and serpents. Speaking generally, Buchanan describes these great tanks as "the most elegant works of the natives."

* Heeren was much struck with the Indian choultry. He says:—"It is in the construction and ornament of these choultries, where religion has prescribed no definite plan to be followed, that Hindoo architecture seems to have exercised itself in all its perfection and freedom of restraints." He particularly mentions, as a splendid specimen of Hindoo architecture, the magnificent choultry of Madura.

† Fergusson justly describes the pagoda of the Hindoos as

The pagodas of Bengal, whether in Calcutta or the surrounding country, are generally small, presenting to the eye a style and appearance rather curious than elegant. Those dedicated to Siva, of which there are many here, are all of a beehive shape, with a small pointed pinnacle, and in their general outline are not unlike an inverted spinning-top. Not unfrequently several of them stand in a row side by side. In sailing up the river from Calcutta, you see four or five of them in a row at one point, prettily situated not far from the left bank of the stream. Further up, in front of the town of Serampore, you see another, now almost in ruins, standing on the brink of the stream. To us Christians, it is interesting from the fact that, after being abandoned by the Brahmins, it was taken possession of by Henry Martyn, the missionary, who used it as his study, and passed hours in it daily. It would be interesting to know all that passed through that brain in its meditations among the tombs of departed Hindooism! How the heart and mind of that devoted missionary would glow with enthusiasm, as he

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standing completely alone in the world, as unique and characteristic as their religion; unlike all other styles, but coming into comparison more than any other with the Gothic. It may be observed that there is a family likeness between the Hindoo pagoda and the temples of Burmah and China, and it is not unlikely that the latter may be the offspring of the former.

Strange to say, the word "pagoda," which Milton anglicises into "pagod," is of European origin, and unknown to the Hindoos, though believed to be a corruption of a native name.

It is an obvious remark, that the excellence of Hindoo architecture, as seen at its highest point in the pagodas, is the daughter of religion. Here, as in Christendom, religious enthusiasm has given an impulse to art, which nothing else could surpass or equal.

reflected that one day all these heathen temples would become the temples of Christ!*

Externally, these temples are devoid of ornament, being bare brick walls, sometimes covered over with a plain coating of plaster. Another characteristic is this:—inside, they are dark, with no light but what struggles in at the door. It is a characteristic of Hindoo pagodas, as distinguished from Christian churches, that they are not designed as places for public worship, where men and women may not forget the assembling of themselves together, for prayer and praise, and Scripture reading and exposition. In these pagodas there is no part of the building where worshippers can meet as a congregation. The inner apartment, instead of being a spacious hall, is small and dark, admitting only the priest, who is there to receive the offerings. Instead of a dim religious light, there is no light at all.†

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* The Hindoos attach no particular sacredness to the temple, but only to the idol placed within the temple. Remove the idol, and the mere building of brick and mortar, no longer considered sacred, may be abandoned and used for other purposes. Here is an instance, in which a temple, which had been abandoned by the natives, was taken possession of by a Christian missionary, furnished with a table and chairs, and used by him as his study; and all this without giving offence to any one.

† Russell, in his "Indian Diary," describes, in his own graphic way, these Hindoo temples as "heavy-domed, squat" buildings, having "no beauty of elevation, and utterly deficient in the simple beauty of the Mussalman mosque." In glancing at the temples of Siva, facing the river above Cawnpore, with their broad flights of white steps down to the river, he says they have "massive low domes rising from dumpy walls"—dark foul chambers, full of withered flowers, and having hideous idols.

No one can describe such things so picturesquely as Russell. In a writer of such merit, writing rapidly and impromptu, it is

There are other pagodas to be seen here, neither few nor far between, of a square shape, and with flat roofs, differing entirely in external appearance from those dedicated to Siva. They are, I believe, dedicated to Vishnu, or rather to one or other of the "avatars" of Vishnu, particularly to Krishna, the darling god of the Bengalees. They are to be met with both in Calcutta and in the rural districts. One evening lately, when strolling through a quiet lane, further down the river, and some three miles from my house, I came quite unexpectedly upon an interesting temple of this kind, in a very retired and secluded position. What struck me particularly, was the excess of ornamentation on the outer walls, there being no part of it that was not profusely decorated with quaint mythological figures, so as to appear to the eye as if hewn out of solid rock, with figures carved upon it all over. I believe, however, it is built of brick, with a facing of tiles closely joined together, upon which the mythological figures are carved. In this art of minute ornamentation the Hindoos undoubtedly excel; and we have an illustration of it in the profuse decoration on the walls of their pagodas, as well as in their wood carving and silver ornaments.*

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a small thing to observe that he is not always, as regards matters of fact and points of antiquarian interest, as correct as in his descriptions of what meets the eye he is pictorial and poetical. Thus in one place, misled by classical associations, he makes what some would consider the grave mistake of representing "Siva," the grisly god of the Hindoos, as a "goddess."

* Fergusson is profuse in his praise of Hindoo art in this respect. He describes the architecture of the Hindoos as "unrivalled for patient elaboration of details, which are always designed with elegance, and always executed with care;" and he adds, that no affectation or imitation of other styles mars the effect.

I say nothing here of the ugly little idol-houses to be seen everywhere, dark little buildings, with just room enough for the idol, and a light burning before it; and which have no mark of architectural beauty, but are fit emblems of the low and grovelling superstition that prevails among the masses of the people. The *swamee-houses* in the south of India are of the same kind, small and ugly, just large enough to hold the idol and nothing more; the door at one side, and the idol a little further in, with lamps burning before it.*

I have spoken only of the ordinary pagodas; but there are here and there, in particular localities, some of higher pretensions than the rest, both as regards sanctity and architectural merit. One of these is the celebrated temple of Juggernath, on the sea-coast of Orissa, a building of enormous magnitude—not one temple, but an agglomeration of temples, with a great one in the centre, out of which rises the great spire seen from such a distance, both from the sea, and on approaching it through the sea of sand. Externally, the buildings are embellished with mythological figures grotesque and strange, and surpassing far in quaintness what is to be seen on our old abbeys at home. The collective group of temples, some larger and some smaller, but forming in some sense one whole, is surrounded by a high wall, which it takes from twenty minutes to half-an-hour to walk round, and which must be more than a mile in extent. Within this high wall no Christian or Mahomedan is allowed to enter, none but genuine Hindoos.†

* I was much surprised, on visiting the cathedral at Cologne, at seeing in that noble Christian temple, small *swamee-houses*, very similar to those of India, with an idol and lamps burning, and before which female devotees were kneeling, or, in Hindoo phrase, *making poojah*.

† Juggernath, like so many other Hindoo words, is spelt

Some of the pagodas of the south of India, where Hindoo taste has been allowed more freely to develop itself, unchecked by foreign conquest, are fine buildings in their own peculiar style. To this class, and perhaps standing in the front rank, belongs the celebrated pagoda of Tanjore, rising through fourteen stories to a height of more than 200 feet. It stands like a great tower of Babel, square and massive, and not inelegant, impressing the mind with a feeling of grandeur, not unmixed with religious awe. Looking at it, you cannot but feel that it is an emanation of the religious spirit, raised by the rude instincts of the people to the great Unknown God, whom they ignorantly worship.

We cannot fail to remark that the beautiful idea embodied in stone and lime in Christian churches is seen also in Hindoo pagodas. The tall, though ungainly, spire of Juggernath's temple, equally with the vast pagoda towers of Southern India, strive upwards, and point to heaven as with a finger, but not so gracefully as the beautiful spires of our Christian temples.

The longing for retirement and seclusion discovered in the ordinary dwellings of the Hindoos is seen still more conspicuously in their temples, which are surrounded many of them with high walls, so that you can neither enter them nor see from the outside what is passing within. Some of the larger pagodas of Southern India have not one but several enclosures, one within another,

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variously. In all such cases, I see no reason to deviate from the common and familiar form to which our eyes have become accustomed. By adopting a new and fantastic spelling, at the instigation of learned pundits, we may get somewhat nearer the derivation of the word and its original form; but just in the same degree we deviate from what we may call the idiom of our language, and the laws of euphony by which it is regulated, introducing forms foreign and uncouth both to eye and ear.

and within the innermost is the shrine or temple proper, according to Hindoo ideas, the holy of holies. The pagoda of Juggernath is surrounded by a lofty wall, each side of which is 650 feet long, and within which there is another high wall. Some of the temples of the south have four or five of these enclosures. There is a pagoda in the vicinity of Trichinopoly, one of the most celebrated in India, which has seven such courts or enclosures, severally more than 300 feet distant from one another.

LXIX.—MAHOMEDAN MOSQUES AND TOMBS.

Some of the Mahomedan mosques in India exhibit much elegance of taste, and, so far as I may judge, must be placed, as works of art, far above the more uncouth though impressive pagoda. The tall slender minarets look well, glancing in the sun, or seen in the evening between you and the clear sky. They have a look of culture about them, and elevation, bearing the stamp of an intellectual people, who have grown out of the slough of grovelling polytheism, and have risen to the height of the great impressive and holy truth, which they proclaim in a clear ringing voice, "There is no God but One God." How different this from the corkscrew figure on the temple of Siva, which does, in some sense, point to heaven, but in a poor imperfect way, falling far below either the Mahomedan minaret or the Christian spire!

The general style of the mosque is often chaste in a high degree, and the minute carving and gilding is of the most finished kind. The writings on the walls, consisting of extracts from the Koran, and the whole decoration of the interior of the building, have a character of their own, not seen either in Hindoo pagodas or Christian churches.

A mosque is now building at this place, and is nearly finished, which promises to surpass anything of the kind in the vicinity of Calcutta. Some who have seen the beautiful mosque on the citadel of Cairo, consider this not a whit inferior to it. A remarkable feature is the amount of ornamentation and minute carving. All over the building likewise may be seen texts of the Koran, painted in large and beautiful characters on the more conspicuous parts of the structure.*

One day when I visited it, I was surprised to see a number of Mahomedans assembled for worship, men only, and no woman or child among them. They appeared to be reading the Koran, and singing hymns.

Nor can I forget the scene I once saw enacted here, in a gloomy hall adjoining the mosque, in celebration of the death of Hassan and Hoossein, the grandsons of the Prophet. The President of the Council of Education at that time (Mr. Bethune), and the Secretary, came up from Calcutta on purpose to witness it, and stayed at my house. About nine o'clock in the evening, we started for the scene of operations, about three miles distant. On arriving, the *Mootewallah*, a Mahomedan gentleman and

* It is well known that Mahomet in order to prevent his followers from sinking into idol-worship, absolutely prohibited them from drawing any picture or image of men or animals, no matter how little connected with religion. To prevent them from worshipping images, he prohibited them from making any—a principle to be compared, in point of sternness and thoroughness, to that of John Knox, "Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away." If much in this way was gained for religion, how much was lost to art! The Mahomedans, prohibited from depicting men, and rising to the ideal of godlike beauty, have to content themselves with painting plants and flowers; and in these their art finds expression, and, along with them, are texts from the Koran, woven in wreaths and tracery.

general superintendent of the sanctuary, received us, and showed us to seats where we could see the performance to advantage. There was a full congregation met of bearded men only, without a single woman or child, all sitting, with turbans on their heads. One by one, white-robed *Mollahs*, ascending a high rostrum or pulpit, read passages from the Koran, and delivered a short but passionate harangue. When one *Mollah* ended and came down from the rostrum, another was ready to take his place. This was continued for some hours; and ever as the speaker touched upon the great subject of the evening, and painted in pathetic colours the ruthless murder of the youthful Hassan and Hoossein, sobs were heard throughout the building, the sobs of bearded men.* And to crown all, a black coffin was brought in at the close, and carried on men's shoulders round the hall, again and again, with solemn step and slow. At this point the lamps were partially extinguished, and the dim religious light added considerably to the solemn effect.

Some of the finest remains of Mahomedan architecture, rivalling, if not surpassing the mosques, are the celebrated TOMBS. I do not know that any people on the face of the globe, have lavished more wealth or taste on these monuments of the dead than the Mahomedans of India. There are many such remains at Dacca, some of them magnificent in their ruins; but it is in the Upper Provinces, at Agra and Delhi, and the district round about, where the great masterpieces in this branch of architecture are to be found. The real *chef d'œuvre* among them

* In reality they were hired for the purpose. It reminds one of the marginal annotations of the Scotch minister on his crack sermon, where he touched tenderly on the pathetic,—"Greet here;" according to the Horatian maxim "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi."

all, is the "Taj Mahal" at Agra, which is universally admired for its exquisite elegance.*

It is to be observed that the Mahomedans display the same minute taste for decoration in their tombs as in their mosques. The "Taj" is composed of stones of different colours, tastefully arranged, though this is not its chief merit. We have an illustration of the same minute elegance of taste in the celebrated peacock throne at Delhi, representing to the life a peacock with spread tail, and composed of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, in exact imitation of the natural colours of the bird.

LXX.—MODELLING AND SCULPTURE.

The natives possess an undoubted talent for modelling. This will not be denied by any one who has seen those clay figures, met with both here and in the south, which

* Perhaps it is too much to say that it is universally admired. While some describe it in the most glowing colours of entranced delight, others are less struck with it, and some even speak of it as producing *no* impression on their minds. Young Charles Metcalfe, a year or two after his arrival in India, visited it on his way to Delhi, and in a letter written immediately after, he says—"I will tell you the impression that all this beauty and elegance left upon me. You will be surprised when I tell you it left *no* impression upon my mind. I was not inspired with any of those sentiments of awe and delight, or reverence, with which I have viewed much less magnificent buildings."

As a set off against this somewhat disparaging account, we may quote that of Russell, who touches upon it in his "Indian Diary," with juster appreciation, and in the true spirit of poesy. He speaks of it as a dream in marble, which it is impossible to describe, and as clothed in a strange loveliness which imbues the mind at the first glance. It is a thought, a conception of tenderness, a "sigh," as it were, of eternal devotion and heroic love, standing alone in its loveliness, pure, chaste, and graceful.

represent the different castes and ranks of Hindoo society. So real and life-like are they, so true to nature, that they at once recall to the mind the living originals in a manner quite unmistakable. No one who has once seen them, requires to be told that this figure represents a Brahmin, that a Dirzie, and that other a Cooly.

Besides this, we have had more than one instance, of late years, of native artists capable of modelling, with admirable truth and spirit, the busts of European gentlemen. All this shows that there is much artistic talent among the natives, which it only requires the breath of favourable circumstances fully to develop.

Fine art, in many of its branches, is the daughter of religion; nothing gives so great an impulse to it as this sublime sentiment. The hand of the artist strives to embody in a visible form, and not in vain, those ideal pictures of perfect beauty which flit across his imagination. This is to a certain extent true here, as in the West. At the religious festivals, the images of the gods are carried about and exhibited to admiring crowds. It is no exaggeration to say, that many thousands of clay images are annually made in Calcutta, for the Doorga-pooja festival alone. This must give a prodigious impulse to the art of modelling. Some of the figures are not inelegant. But, if the truth must be told, the great majority of them are rudely executed, and display scarcely any glimmering of artistic taste. This may partly be the fault of the artist, who is frequently no other than the common potter. It may be partly due to the material he works upon, common clay, coarse and soft, modelled

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He repudiates entirely the thought that it is Italian in its origin, the idea stamped upon it being intensely Mahomedan and Oriental, while there are many other buildings in India of the same type, and cognate to it in expression.

into a rude resemblance of a head, arms, and legs, and moulded round two or three sticks and a wisp of straw. With every disposition to be pleased you can scarcely refrain from smiling, as you look at these rude figures, simple and unadorned, with no beauty to admire in them, and no ideal charm.

One of the most pleasing figures I have seen at any of their numerous festivals, represents a youth, elegant and well-shaped, sitting at his ease cross-legged, and with a very pleasant expression of countenance. The slim youth, with delicate limbs, and the sober gray of the face lighted up with a few happy strokes of the pencil in white and red paint, has a very lively expression, as he moves forward, bobbing up and down, as if bowing to the crowd. The natives are charmed with it; they are children, and must have their dolls!

The perishable nature of the material is undoubtedly unfavourable to high art and careful execution. Who can expect figures of great excellence made of mud, and which at the end of the procession are to be thrown into the tank, or into a river! As well might we expect figures of great artistic merit to be made of gingerbread.*

It may be said of the Hindoos of the present day, that they have more skill in modelling with soft materials, like clay, than in cutting figures in stone. There is no lack, however, of the latter in the country. Look, for example, at those in the fort-temple of Trichinopoly, or those within the walls of the pagoda of Juggernath, of which I had flitting glimpses only, or the profusion of them scattered widely over an extensive plain at the "Seven Pagodas," near Sadras. And, to turn to a different

* At certain religious festivals in Bengal, great numbers of these clay images are made, to be carried about in procession, and afterwards thrown into the tank or river.

class, some of the temples, large and small, are literally covered with carved and sculptured figures, quaint and curious.

In some instances, the stone images within the temples are adorned with valuable ornaments of silver and gold and precious gems. The religious sentiment of the Hindoos finds expression in this way, in gifts which are believed to be very acceptable to their deities. The more ephemeral images of modern manufacture, made of sticks, and straw, and clay, are also found sometimes decked out in like manner, loaded with apparel and ornaments. At the Doorga-pooja festival, you may see a common clay image of the goddess painted in gaudy colours, and adorned with jewellery, of little intrinsic value, but which glitters brightly.

While the images of the gods, carried about at festivals and processions, are generally of clay, and designed only for a temporary purpose, there are others made of a more durable material. Such are those of the infant Krishna, which are worshipped at the family altar in Bengal, and which are usually made of metal, sometimes of silver or gold. There are also to be seen stone images cut in marble; and, further up the country, they are frequently made of sandstone. So far as I have observed, the excellence in point of execution, generally bears some proportion to the intrinsic value of the material. The small metal images, seen in private houses, are elegant and artistic. Where marble is the substance, the images are often beautifully formed. Where sandstone is the raw material, the execution is coarser; and the images made of clay are inferior to all the rest, and exhibit scarcely a vestige of artistic taste.

It has been observed that in no country of Europe, except perhaps Spain, where religious feeling dominates over every other consideration, have great artists dedi-

cated their talents to the production of *wooden* statues. This must be owing to the worthlessness of the material, just as in India the rude images made of clay, rarely exhibit the refinement of genius.

Another unfortunate circumstance is, that some of the deities are mis-shapen monsters, which no excellence of art can make pleasing or beautiful. Take, for example, "Punchanum," one of the forms of Siva, worshipped by the lower orders of Bengal. He has five faces, and in each face three eyes. This is a figure which no art can beautify. Equally difficult would it be to make a pleasing statue of Kalee, brandishing a sword in her hand, her tongue protruding from her mouth, and her foot planted on the breast of her prostrate husband.*

But, on the other hand, some of the deities are of a more pleasing description. Such is the infant Krishna; and such is Saraswati the goddess of learning, represented as a graceful female figure. The former affords full scope for the delineation of infant beauty surpassing that of earth. Sometimes there may be seen an image representing the

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* One of the images worshipped by the more ignorant classes of Bengal, is a figure called "Punchanum;" an idol of most hideous shape, with five faces, and in each face three eyes.

One of the monstrous images in Bengal is that of Kalee or Doorga, the wife of Siva, represented in the attitude of dancing on the dead body of her husband, with her tongue stretched out at full length. This peculiar attitude, more picturesque than beautiful, is founded upon the following fancy. Kalee, rejoicing in her victory over the giants, danced on the dead bodies of the slain till the earth shook. The gods in alarm sent Siva to restrain her; and in order to allay her mad excitement, he threw himself down among the slain. Kalee on perceiving she was trampling upon her husband, was horror struck, and pushed out her tongue to its extreme length, to express her disgust.

child Krishna and his mother; the child kneeling in a supplicating posture, and holding out his hand. This is a subject well adapted for sculpture. Another figure, in which the genius of the artist has full scope, is Kama, the god of love, the most beautiful creature of the three worlds, and constantly attended by the cuckoo and the humming bird.*

LXXI.—PAINTING.—GENERAL REMARKS ON INDIAN ART.

The only branch of painting which Hindoos of the present day can be said to cultivate, or in which they rise above mediocrity, is portrait-painting. Single figures of men and women, such as those which illustrate the different castes, are drawn with fidelity and neatness; but there is some stiffness of outline, indicating an infant state of the art; while another prominent defect is the absence of light and shade, the different colours terminating abruptly, as if drawn with a stick instead of a pencil.

The Mahomedans of India can execute miniature portraits of exquisite neatness; the beard, the eyebrows, the turban being all painted in the most accurate manner, with a sameness, indeed, indicating the absence of the life breath of high genius, but with a delicacy of touch very admirable in its way, and which proves that in

* A common image in Behar represents an enraged female, assisted by a lion, engaged in the arduous task of killing a man who springs from the neck of a buffalo. It is supposed to have an allegorical meaning, representing the contest ever going on in the world between good and evil. To an artist fully appreciating the idea, this is, perhaps, a subject susceptible of judicious treatment, but to do it justice would require a mind of rare genius.

handling the pencil, and in the purely mechanical part, they are not far below perfection.

It is the rarest thing possible in India to see an elaborate painting executed by a native artist. There is scarcely any attempt ever made to group a variety of figures together, whose parts have a mutual relation and tell a common story. There is no attempt made, or scarcely any, to delineate Hindoo life in its gay and crowded scenes, no attempt, so far as I have seen, to transfer to the canvas a beautiful landscape; or to paint the morning or evening sky,—the former in all its purity, with its delicate beams of light, or the latter with its gorgeous clouds.

The only exception, perhaps, to this rule, is found in the paintings on the exterior walls of pagodas and of houses adjacent to them, representing processions and mythological figures; some of which are elaborate cartoons, and have been greatly admired.

The absence of large and noble pictures cannot arise from any mental defect in such a quick-witted ingenious people. It must arise rather from the circumstances in which they are placed, unfavourable, as yet, to a free development of their powers. That a taste for art, and for the finer productions of the pencil is beginning to spring up, may be seen in the picture galleries of some of the wealthy and intelligent natives who associate much with Europeans. Of these, the richest I have seen in the more tasteful productions of art, is that of Dwarkynath Tagore. Not many weeks ago I passed a whole day at his "garden-house" in the country, some half a dozen miles from Calcutta. It was a holiday, but not for Dwarkynath, who spent the forenoon in writing letters, assisted by a European secretary. At two o'clock we had tiffin, where half-a-dozen European gentlemen were present, and two European ladies. The host himself sat

at table, but did not partake of the sumptuous feast. He sat with turban and graceful Mahomedan costume, a man of fine features though of dusky complexion, dispensing his bounties and joining in the conversation, the picture of a finished gentleman. After tiffin, we had some music on the piano from the ladies, and Dwarkynath himself played with delicate skill the beautiful Persian air "Tazee batazee, nu banu."

But I am forgetting the pictures, of which a large and rich collection hung on the walls of a great hall, most of them plates and water-colours; in which, I thought, the nude figures were very fairly represented, rather beyond their just proportion; but which, at all events, in their flowing outline and variety of light and shade, must furnish admirable models for the native artist, and tend to draw him, if anything can, out of the stiff style to which he is accustomed. At these graceful figures I looked and looked again, till my eyes ached and my spirits were exhausted, that hot afternoon, when the Indian sun shone fiercely in at the windows, and the light shimmered as in the open air, reflected with overpowering effect from the white walls and pillars.

If we were disposed to be critical, we might say that in painting, the natives excel in a certain external and mechanical accuracy, an almost photographic fidelity, to the neglect of the inner sentiment, the life and spirit which denotes action and character. This realism they carry to excess, until it becomes a blemish. The imitative faculty dwells in them strongly, and is seen in various ways, now in copying a delicate work of art, now in catching the style of an English author, now in imitating your own handwriting in a manner that deceives yourself. This strong imitative skill they carry into the arts of drawing and painting, and they can reproduce a copy of what is set before them, whether it be a single figure,

or a group of figures, so accurately that not a hair-stroke is wanting. If they had to paint a Cromwell, they would reproduce every mole and wart of that rugged face.

This criticism applies likewise to their statuary. In fact, the same fault may be found with it, and in an exaggerated degree, that has been observed in specimens of modern European sculpture, compared with those of classic times; the former perfect in mechanical accuracy, not a button left out, or a vein of the body, but at the same time being poor in conception; while the latter are often without this minute and painstaking accuracy, exhibiting arms of disproportionate length, shoulders of disproportionate breadth, necks of disproportionate thickness, as measured by the foot-rule, but at the same time expressing the very life and spirit of the action bodied forth, of the inner sentiment and passion. The latter doubtless soars to a higher region of art, and is to the other what poetry is to history.

It is remarkable that in sculpture and painting the Hindoos, like the Egyptians, exhibit no stages, no progressive development of these arts. In the case of the Egyptians, this stationary and unprogressive character is attributed to their following a rigid formulary, under the direction of the priesthood, containing minute directions how each particular object, and each part of it, is to be delineated, and hence the same lines and attitudes from first to last. Add to this the strong conservative element in religion, which adheres rigidly to what has gone before, so that when certain models have been once established it is considered a species of sacrilege to deviate from them in the least. The same reason probably accounts in no small degree for the stereotyped and stationary character of Hindoo art.

Along with this obdurate law, drawing its sanction from

the very vitals of religion, comes in what has been touched upon before. The highest ideals of Indian art are essentially unpoetical and almost incapable of artistic treatment, monstrous shapes, some of them hideous in the extreme, to which no human skill could lend attractions, and where there is no room for the exercise of taste.

CHAPTER IX.

MY VOYAGE TO INDIA.

LXXII.—LEAVING ENGLAND.—A STORM AT SEA.

AFTER a tedious delay of six weeks, waiting for the sailing of the "Juliana," we are at last on board; the passengers, ten in number (no ladies among them), having joined the ship at Portsmouth early on the morning of the 20th December. By ten o'clock all was ready, and we set sail. It was bitterly cold, a stiff breeze blowing from the East; and we swept down the Channel at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour.

On looking round among the passengers—now all on deck—you see their various moods of mind. There is a touch of sadness in them all, at leaving their native land, but some show it more than others. A youth, who shares my cabin, fresh from the Emerald Isle, one of the handsomest young fellows I have ever seen, with flowing black curls round his forehead, and dressed in the pink of fashion, gives me to understand that he is suffering from a heart affection, and that some charming angel is weeping for him in her lonely bower. This gives a tenderness to his tone which is very touching.

Another of the passengers, Captain A——, a grave Scotchman, has left his wife and children at home, and as he thinks of the parting, it makes him sad, and his eyes fill with tears. Another, Captain L——, an Irishman, returning to India from a three years' furlough—a man of sallow complexion, with his dark great coat buttoned up to his chin, paces the deck with the saddest expression I have ever seen. His lips compressed, his

arms folded across his breast, not a gleam of interest in what is passing around him playing on his countenance, he walks the deck self-absorbed. What is it that sits brooding at his breast? Is it the parting with family and friends, the farewell to a mother he will never see again? Or is it a more tender tie still, and blighted hopes? Or is it the foreshadowing of some great evil, of what lies before him in India, which he has tried before and knows from experience? We cannot tell; but something there is brooding at his breast, and weighing him down, which strikes us youngsters with awe.

While there was this tinge of sadness in every face, deepening in some to intense sorrow, there was one exception, and only one. At the last moment, when the sails were unfurling before the wind, another passenger came on board unexpectedly—a little man, slightly built, with pock-marked face, and sandy whiskers. At first he dived below, and was invisible for some time; but about twelve o'clock he again made his appearance, and behaved in a way to attract general attention. While all the others were depressed, he was in exuberant spirits; joyous in the extreme; and ever, as the ship gave a lurch, and almost toppled him off his legs, he would split his sides with laughter. With every fresh gust of wind, ever as the sails filled out and became more inflated, his spirits rose in proportion, and became more elated. There was something so remarkable in this, that every eye turned to him. Then he wore clothes that did not fit him well, and which looked as if they had been made for a much bigger man. On inquiring who he was, we were told that this puny creature was the "Honourable Captain Pomfret."

On and on we went down the Channel, which gradually widened until the shores of England disappeared in the distance. By-and-by, the light of day disappeared

also, and darkness brooded over the face of the deep. The most careless among us must have been struck with feelings of awe, when for the first time that night he looked abroad over the wide expanse of water surging and seething around. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, the sea was in a tumult, white waves curling their monstrous heads, and rolling nearer and nearer. The "spirit of the deep" seemed to have broke loose, roaring like a beast of prey round our little castle. Had a single plank given way, we must instantly have gone down; but we were under the protection of Him, who can say to the angry waves, "Be still."

It blew hard all night; and next day the storm, instead of abating, increased in violence. On the third day, we were in the Bay of Biscay, the "sleepless" bay, as it is sometimes called. It blew a perfect hurricane. The ship pitched and rolled so that we could neither walk nor stand. Sailors trained to the sea all their lives could hardly keep their footing, or walk from one side of the deck to the other. As for us passengers, we were in a most miserable plight. With hatchways closed, to keep out the spray that dashed over the ship, all was dark, and we lay in our hammocks like mice. Furtively, one or two of us ventured out, and groped our way on deck in the dismal darkness; but we were soon compelled to return to our cabins, again to seek what rest might be found in our suspended hammocks. Alas, there was little comfort there either! Fancy a little square room, seven or eight feet long by five wide, the little port-window shut, and no light; the floor streaming with water, which rushes now to one side, now to another; and the ship labouring in the trough of the sea, rolling and pitching all the time. Then the noise is indescribable. You may scream yourself hoarse, without being heard. You call for assistance, but there is no one to

answer. Every one, servants and all, have enough to do to take care of themselves. There is nothing to be had to eat for love or money, and the pangs of hunger are added to all our other sufferings.

In the afternoon there was a slight lull, if it may be so called, a slight pause in the storm, and some attempt was made to provide us with a dinner, of which, one and all, we were much in need, being nearly famished with excessive fasting. Some hastily-cooked provisions were brought into the cuddy, and with some difficulty placed on the table. The ship was still rolling heavily. The plates had to be tied to the table with cords, to prevent their sliding off. We could hardly sit on our chairs, which were tied to the floor. It was a great occasion, and demanded a great effort; and we held on. Things were looking favourable, and we were all expecting to be served with savoury meat, when a huge wave came right against the side of the ship, which shook and quivered to its centre. The table, from a horizontal, assumed a vertical position, and, in a moment of time, we found ourselves huddled together at one end of the cuddy, among broken plates and broken heads—everything broken, except our fast. And so ended our dinner!

Towards evening it began to blow again a frightful hurricane. As the night advanced, the storm increased in violence. Those of us who, during the short pause in the storm, had ventured to the cuddy, one by one again retreated to our cabins, and got into our swinging cots as best we could. What others felt I know not, but, for myself, I listened with a feeling of awe to the storm raging so fiercely around us. We were now on the wide sea, tossed about by the winds and waves. It was strange to think how helpless we were. If a single plank gave way, we must all inevitably perish. Surely at such a

time it is natural and right to raise our thoughts upwards, and to lean on the unseen Arm. The storm continued for hours, constantly increasing in violence. It was midnight before I fell asleep; and my sleep was of short duration. About one or two o'clock in the morning we were startled by a dreadful noise. There was a crash heard, as if all the glassware and crockery in the ship had been suddenly thrown down and broken in pieces. The ship was pitching violently. Everything seemed to have acquired the power of locomotion. Chairs and tables, barrels, tubs, and pewter basons, were rolling about in most admired disorder. The roar of the winds and waves was distinctly heard above all; and now and then the boatswain's shrill whistle was heard; and through the howling tempest a human voice reached our ears, showing that the sailors were at their post doing their duty manfully, amid the storm and darkness. This was the crisis of the storm; it was now at its height. It could not continue thus much longer. From this time it gradually abated, and before the day dawned it was again comparatively calm.

LXXIII.—AT SEA.—A VISITOR.—FLYING FISH.—MEALS.—SUNDAY AT SEA.

The weather is now extremely fine; the sea is as smooth as glass; and a light, soft breeze blows steadily in one uniform direction from morning till night. It is gradually getting warmer and warmer; every day we feel a sensible difference, but it is not very oppressive yet. We are now in the latitude of Madras; and I sometimes think, if the climate of India be no warmer than this, it will be quite bearable. We must remember, however, that here, as in England, it is still the coldest season of the year. Though not oppressively hot, how different

from an English winter. You, dear friends, who sit at home at ease, are seated round a blazing fire, with every door and window shut; while here we never see a fire, and might sleep on deck without the slightest inconvenience.

Though now several hundred miles from land, a little bird has just paid us a visit. It came and perched on the ropes of the ship, as if to rest. Where it came from no one could say. You would have been surprised at the interest this little visitor excited. Many schemes were laid, and many attempts made, to catch it, but in vain. It flew lightly from rope to rope, much faster than we could follow it. At last it took wing, vaulted lightly through the air, and was soon lost in the distance.

The little "flying-fish" are now frequently seen, darting through the air, sometimes singly, sometimes in companies of a dozen or more at a time. They rise briskly out of the sea, and shoot forward some distance; then drop down again rather suddenly, as if exhausted by the effort. One of them was caught, entangled among the ropes at the side of the ship, and we examined it with much interest. It is a real fish, the size of a small herring, of a light silvery colour, and has wings at its back resembling long fins, with which it flies through the air like a bird.

In this vast ocean we are traversing, the eye day after day looks round the horizon, exploring it anxiously, without seeing any welcome sail. It is scarcely credible that, since we left the narrow seas of Europe, and launched out into the wide ocean, we have only seen one or two ships at most. One of them passed quite near us, but it was not homeward bound. It turned out to be an American vessel. What a disappointment! When it was first seen approaching, all was excitement. We concluded it was certainly homeward bound. It would be along-

side of us in half-an-hour—certainly not more. Letters were hurriedly written to dear friends at home, signed and sealed. But, oh grievous disappointment! it was discovered that the vessel, instead of approaching nearer, was gradually sailing away from us. This was the first ship we saw. Another was just seen in the distant horizon, and, after exciting our wonder for an hour or two, it vanished into the clouds, completely out of sight.

Life at sea is rather monotonous; it must be almost insupportable to those who have no taste for reading. The monotony is chiefly broken by our meals, to comfort the inner man, which follow each other in rapid succession. We breakfast at eight o'clock, dine at three, and take tea at half-past six. In addition to these regular meals, there is a lunch at noon, and a light supper at nine in the evening, after which we retire to sleep, to refresh our wearied bodies and strengthen them for the same arduous duties on the following day. The principal meals being breakfast and dinner, I may describe them more particularly. At breakfast, we have always rolls warm from the oven, but not always very sweet to the taste, and butter somewhat highly flavoured. We have also very generally grilled mutton to our tea or coffee, and not unfrequently cold ham, or curry and rice. For dinner, we have generally soup, pork always, and sometimes mutton, besides the ordinary vegetables, and frequently curry and rice. Everyone also takes a glass of beer, or perhaps two. Even the most temperate among us indulge in this luxury, for which the bad water, which tastes of the iron tank in which it is kept, is held to be a sufficient excuse. Wine is also on the table, which those may take who please. When we left England we had a large supply of live fowls on board, with a reasonable number of ducks, geese, and turkeys. But alas, few of them survived the storm in the Bay of Biscay! The sheep stood

it better, and ever since the commencement of the voyage the "butcher" has killed a couple of them every week for the table. But the standing dish, which never fails, is pork: ducks may fail, fowls may fail, but pork never fails; and the mere sight of it is now perfectly nauseous to us.

Tea in the evening is a very meager meal. It consists of a single cup, and a slice of dry toast. It is indescribably bad, and does not deserve the name of tea. Since the warm weather commenced, many of us are in the habit of mixing it with a tumbler of water. Thus combined, they neutralize each other's bad qualities, and form, if not a very agreeable beverage, at least one that quenches the thirst and does not call for frequent repetition.

When the weather is fine, we have service on Sundays, the capstan forming the pulpit, with the Union Jack thrown over it; and the Captain or first officer officiates as chaplain. The sailors, trig and clean, with beards neatly trimmed, take their seats with much composure; and the Sabbath, with its hallowing influence, steals into all our spirits. First the morning lesson is read, then a printed sermon, and then the closing prayers. It is remarkable with what order and decency the whole service is conducted, and the fine effect it has. Perhaps there is something solemnizing in the situation. Here at sea we are placed in unknown dangers, and seem to be more helpless than on land, more dependent upon Divine power. It is also true that here we stand in presence of two of the grandest objects of nature, face to face with them—the ocean and the firmament, with none of the petty works of man to intervene and mar the effect.

After divine service, the remainder of the day is spent more quietly than usual. There is a Sabbath stillness in the air which is very pleasing. The Captain, walking on deck with one or other of the passengers, is much inclined

to let the conversation take a serious turn. He tells how he reads the Psalms of David regularly through once a month; and it is a favourite idea with him that sailors should be more religious than other men, they who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters, for "they see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

In these Sunday evenings especially, I think of friends at home, and of the Church-going bell in that far off distant land. And then, to think of the zone of praise rising to heaven, from sea and shore, as the sun circles round from east to west, singing Hosanna to the Son of David, Hosanna in the highest!

LXXIV.—THE LINE.—SHARKS.—TROPICAL FISH.

We have been becalmed for the last day or two; not a breath of wind, and the sails all the time flapping lazily in the stagnant air. Yesterday we saw a shark for the first time, in the wake of the ship. No sooner did he appear than all eyes were directed towards him. He was clearly seen in the calm sea, his fins moving slowly, and his eyes steadily fixed on the ship, on the look out for anything that might drop overboard into the sea. Without delay the sailors got their tackle ready to catch him. A piece of pork fastened to a strong line was dropped down in the most tempting manner just before him. The monster swam up to it, but did not bite it, having his suspicions that all was not right and above board. He came slowly up to it, put his nose to it, swam round it, and then drew back. But, as if unwilling to lose such a dainty treat, he came up to it again and examined it more carefully. But again his prudence got the better of his appetite, and he retired from it as before. This was rather provoking, but there was no help for it; it was not

only provoking, but most unexpected. With our heads full of the shark's voracity, of which we had heard and read so much, we expected him to make a dart at the bait and swallow it in an instant. Judge then of our surprise and disappointment, when we found him slowly swimming round it, reconnoitering like a wary general, and then retreating without striking a blow.

But all sharks are not alike. Later in the day, one of these monsters was fairly hooked. When it became known everyone rushed to the spot. There had been a struggle, but the monster was now quiet, quite subdued. They were pulling him gently to the side of the ship, and he submitted to his fate with sullen pride. Preparations were then made to lift him gently out of the water; but no sooner did he become aware of this benevolent intention, than he set himself to resist it. Curling his tail and clinging to the water, he collected his strength, made a last desperate effort, and succeeded in disengaging himself from the hook. Just as he was making off, one of the sailors struck him on the head with a harpoon and split it in two; this stunned him. He swam round and round quite bewildered, with his bleeding head above the surface, giving us an opportunity of seeing his full proportions; but soon recovering himself, he darted off at full speed, skimming along the surface of the water, an object of unspeakable interest, until he disappeared in the distance.

Some hours later, when we were at dinner, there was heard a trampling of feet and an unusual bustle on deck. One of the sailors had caught a shark and fairly "landed" him on the lower deck of the ship. There he lay writhing in agony, now raising himself up, and then falling down exhausted. Gradually his strength ebbed away, and his struggles became less violent. In a few minutes the only sign of life remaining was a slight convulsive

tremor; one of the sailors then stepped forward and despatched him. We all examined him with the greatest curiosity. He was five or six feet in length; and on looking into his mouth, we found it armed with a double row of sharp teeth of a most formidable description, and beautifully adapted for seizing his prey and keeping hold of it.

Though these "calms" are vary tantalizing, and we fret at the idea of making no progress, and coming no nearer, from day to day, to the port whither we are bound, and where all our hopes are centred, still there is something to interest us as we look abroad and around. The sea with its glassy waves is never at rest, but heaves constantly up and down. Sharks are not the only fish we see; there are others of a milder type. The porpoise may often be seen rolling round like a wheel, or circular saw, appearing above the surface for a moment with its curved back, and then suddenly disappearing. Sometimes large fish spring out of the water, high in the air. Sometimes we see large seal-like creatures that remind you of the mermaids of the deep, their dark backs and quaint faces distinctly seen above the surface, as they bathe in the sea, seeming to enjoy the bright sunny weather. You see them swimming about, and turning themselves over, with a half-human and civilized air. But if you come near them, as they are performing their ablutions, they do not like to be narrowly inspected, and quietly slip under water, quite out of sight. These awful solitudes, far removed from the haunts of men, teem with living creatures. Myriads of them are here busy providing for their wants, and revelling in the charm of life.

LXXV.—CROSSING THE LINE.

Last night, about eight o'clock, one of the sailors called

out "Ship ahoy!" On looking ahead, we saw a boat approaching, with a bright light burning. In a few minutes the boat was at the ship's side, and a high personage, quaintly and curiously dressed, came on board, announcing himself as the ambassador of Neptune. He advanced to the chief officer, and, speaking through a trumpet, so that his voice was distinctly heard by all on board, he put the following questions to him :—

"What ship is this?"

"The 'Juliana.'"

"For what country is she bound?"

"For India."

"Who is the Captain?"

"Captain Driver."

"How is Captain Driver?"

"Very well, thank you."

"How are all the young Drivers?"

"All quite well."

"Have you any passengers on board, who have never crossed *the line* before, and paid tribute to Neptune?"

"Yes; a considerable number."

"I give you notice that Neptune and his Court will pay you a visit to-morrow, with the usual ceremonies."

By this time some of us, unable to restrain our curiosity any longer, had edged forward to get a nearer view of the ambassador. But this was considered a breach of etiquette not to be permitted, and a perfect deluge of water came pouring down from aloft. This damped our curiosity, and caused an immediate retreat. In the confusion, the ambassador withdrew, after handing to the chief officer a sealed letter addressed to the Captain. He glided overboard into his boat, which was seen for some minutes floating away, with the bright light burning in it, and from which a voice was heard singing.

Early this morning preparations were begun with a

view to Neptune's visit. In the first place a large sail was suspended by the four corners, forming a capacious hollow in the middle, and buckets of water were ranged round it. Close to the suspended sail, two or three steps led up to a narrow platform, on which could be seen several rusty instruments.

When the hour struck twelve, Neptune arrived in great state, surrounded by his attendants. His body, of a fish-like colour, with bright spots here and there, was adorned with a rich garment of blue and green, thrown loosely round his person. He wore a long gray beard, still wet and dripping. Seated in a chariot drawn by two of his attendants, with bodies spotted like his own, in his right hand he held a sceptre. The chariot moved forward to the poop, where the Captain was standing, and Neptune thus addressed him :—"Some of your passengers are now sailing through my dominions for the first time. You are aware of the customary rites on these occasions, and we will now proceed to business." The Captain bowed, and holding in his hand a list of those who had paid a fine rather than undergo the ordeal, he handed it to Neptune. The King of the Sea looked over it, and was pleased to express his approval, granting his royal dispensation to all who had paid down the fine.

By this means the passengers all escaped the ordeal. But one or two of the sailors were less fortunate. One of them in particular was subjected to a very severe ordeal. By some means Neptune had learnt that this sailor had behaved badly during the voyage, stealing the tobacco of his messmates. Accordingly he was severely punished. Two or three of Neptune's attendants caught hold of him, tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and bound him hand and foot. The Sea King then put the following questions to him, in a severe and dignified tone.

"What is your name?"

"Jack Stowaway."

"How long have you been at sea?"

"Three years."

"Have you done anything unworthy of a British sailor?"

Before the unhappy man had time to reply to the last question in the negative, the attendants seized him, stuffed his mouth with tar, and emptied several buckets of water over his head. He was then deliberately led up the steps of the stair to the narrow platform. Here he stood for some minutes, till the officiating barber sharpened a rusty instrument with which to shave him. The razor was a piece of old rusty iron with a very rough edge. Jack's chin was in the first place besmeared with a thick coating of soap and tar, and then scraped with the rusty razor. Under this operation he made very wry faces, and roared for mercy. His persecutors kept scraping away, applying more soap and tar from time to time, and then scraping it off again. Every time he opened his mouth, the tar-brush was thrust into it. He struggled hard to get away, but without effect. Two brawny Tritons held him, one on each side, while another carried on the shaving process. After tormenting him for a considerable time in this manner, they pitched him head over heels into the hollow sail, and deluged him with water. Here he was received in the arms of another Triton, called the Bear, with rough shaggy skin. The Bear caught him in his arms, hugged him with right good will, and tumbled him about in the water, ever as he scrambled up, pulling him back, and plunging him over head and ears again. He looked wildly round for help, but there was none, not a hand was stretched out to save him. When this had continued a reasonable time, he was allowed to go. It was a rough lesson, and I hope did him good.

Neptune, who all this time had been sitting in his chariot, trident in hand, looking on, now condescended to say that the proceedings of the day were over, and that they had been conducted in a very satisfactory manner. He intimated, nevertheless, that if any of those who had paid the fine, desired to have an experimental acquaintance with the ceremony, he would be delighted to afford them an opportunity of gratifying their wishes. One and all declined the honour, and expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with what they had seen. He then withdrew, with his attendants, in the same imposing state as he had come, to the sound of trumpets, and various kinds of music.

LXXVI.—CONTINUATION OF THE VOYAGE.

After crossing *the line*, we sailed towards Capetown; but a succession of calms kept us almost stationary for two weeks, and we either lay like a tub on the water, or crept along at a snail's pace. This was very tantalizing, and had a visible effect on the temper of the passengers, who were inclined to think the "Juliana" the worst sailer and most miserable craft that had ever ventured out to sea. This was gall and wormwood to young Charlie Driver, a son of the Captain, who was on his first voyage, and who was loud in his praises of the said "Juliana," until her miserable performance perfectly silenced him. At first he parried every attack with uncommon spirit, but now his only response was a sickly smile.

About the middle of February the calms and light winds were followed by squalls, which carried us far away from the Cape, westwards towards the American continent, and as far south as 42°. Here we were tossed about by contrary winds for several days, gale following gale in quick succession. The sea lost all its glassy smoothness;

again the waves were seen curling their monstrous heads, and running mountains high, to use a common and scarcely exaggerated phrase. It was intensely cold, too, in these high latitudes, and we were glad to put on our winter clothing again. This stormy weather continued till about the middle of March, after which the wind became favourable, and we made steady progress towards the Cape.

While we were in these southern latitudes, a very melancholy event took place—the death of the poor steward. From the first day of the voyage he was in a weak state of health, and looked as if he had not long to live. He was, however, full of hope, and expected much from the sea air, and the change to a more genial climate. The first time I saw him was a few days after we left Portsmouth, when the warm weather commenced. We were all on deck, about three o'clock, when some one called out, "Land in sight!" and here was the poor steward marching at the head of the table-servants, who were bringing in the dinner. We all remarked how ill he looked. He never rallied, and before long he was laid up quite unable to attend to his duties. In the fine weather he used to sit, part of the day, on the deck, to enjoy the fresh air. But nothing could arrest the progress of his malady. From day to day he became weaker and weaker. One day, while sitting on deck, he had his little trunk brought to him, in which his clothes were neatly folded up. He took them out, one by one, folded them carefully, and then replaced them in the little trunk. In a few weeks more he was too weak to leave his berth. He was now losing strength rapidly. The day before he died, he was lifted out of his cabin for a little while, to have it cleaned and aired. Sitting on a chair, pale and emaciated, he looked the very picture of helplessness. The breeze blowing through the cabin widow seemed to distress him, and

he uttered a feeble cry, and stretched out his lean arms as helpless as a child. We took him back to his cabin, and he seemed exhausted with the effort. The doctor thought he would scarcely live till the morning, and it proved true. The first thing we heard at daybreak was that the poor steward had breathed his last. He was found lying on the floor of his cabin, stiff and cold.

When we were in the more southern latitudes, nothing could exceed the dreariness. In these distant seas, the solitude is awful. For days and days we saw nothing but the frowning sky above, and the rolling waves beneath, our little ship looking like a lost thing in the wide waste of waters. One day we saw the carcase of a large whale floating past, and literally covered with sea birds feeding upon it. This gave an unearthly, weird-like appearance to the place, and we seemed to have reached the furthest limits of the habitable globe.

As, in our backward course, we approached the Cape, sea-fowl became more frequent. The most remarkable of them was the albatross, a huge bird, strong of wing, seen several hundred miles from land. In its furthest flights, it seeks no resting place, but remains on the wing for hours and hours, poised in the air. Great numbers of them appeared, now poised and almost stationary, now sailing from side to side, or circling round and round, always with their keen eyes fixed on the sea, and sometimes darting down with a sudden swoop and a peculiar scream, to pick up anything which appeared on the surface of the waves. We caught some of these birds. A piece of pork attached to a line was thrown into the sea. The keen eye of the albatross soon descried it. Then you might see this great bird sailing forward, circling round and round, and lastly pouncing upon it with unerring aim. When once hooked, it was easily captured; first it would rise in the air, but finding something impeding

it, slowly floundered down, falling flat into the sea with extended wings, where it lay quite helpless. It was then with the utmost ease drawn towards us, over the surface of the waves, and secured. When viewed on the deck of the ship, it seemed to have lost all its wild vigour, and looked tame and gentle like a big dove. The largest of those we caught, measured eleven feet from wing to wing. Its body is small, but the wings are about five feet each in length.

After entering Table Bay, and expecting to reach Capetown the same night, we were brought to a sudden stop. All at once the wind was literally taken out of our sails, and we were becalmed and brought to a stand-still; and what made it more tantalizing, other ships, which had kept further from the land, were seen sailing past us with sails all set, while we were fixed to the spot, much to the disappointment of us all, but particularly of little Charlie, the Captain's son, whose faith in the "Juliana's" sailing powers received another rude shock.

In the afternoon, the sailors, from sheer *ennui*, opened a cask of brandy, and helped themselves freely to its contents. The effect was soon apparent, and exhibited itself in an unmistakable manner. Jack broke out in open mutiny. The sailors came in a body to the Captain, and complained that *they had too much to do!* One of them, a good specimen of what is called a sea lawyer, acted as spokesman, and made out a very good case. The Captain remonstrated with them, and, with the officers and passengers ranged on his side, succeeded after great difficulty in quelling the mutiny.

During the night a light breeze sprung up, and next morning we found ourselves lying at anchor off Capetown. This was the morning of the 20th March, exactly three months from the date of our leaving England; and during the interval, whether in calm or storm, we had never

once seen land, and only twice or thrice seen a distant sail. After breakfast, the passengers, one and all, went ashore. It was Sunday, and the bells were ringing for church,—sweet sounds which we had not heard for many a long day.

LXXVII.—CAPETOWN.

I need scarcely say anything about Capetown, a place so well known. It is picturesquely situated on a slope that rises abruptly from Table Bay; the scenery bold and striking; two statuesque hills standing quite near it, —the one Table Mountain, so called from its flat top resembling a table; and the other a hill of striking outline, resembling a lion in repose. The town itself, built by the Dutch, is laid out with Dutch regularity, the streets all straight and parallel. The whitewashed houses look very neat and cheerful. Trees planted along the principal streets afford a pleasant shade when you walk out in the sun. The European inhabitants are mostly of Dutch descent; but there are, also, some English settlers, chiefly merchants. Several of these are boarded at the hotel where we are staying, and take their meals with us. Two of them make themselves very agreeable. In addition to their regular vocation as merchants, they are well acquainted with all the gossip of the town, and have the knack of retailing it in a very pleasant manner. There is also at the hotel an Irish lady in deep mourning. She is from Grahamstown, on the east coast; and, it is said, on the breaking out of the Caffre war, she lost in one night her father, mother, and husband—she alone, of the whole household, escaping in safety. It must have been a terrible shock; but the little woman bears it with wonderful composure. She chats with the gentlemen very agreeably, and you would

hardly discover from any outward sign that she has lately suffered such sad bereavements.

We had not been many hours at the hotel, when it became generally known that one of our fellow-passengers, the Honourable Captain Pomfret, was a person of greater notoriety than we had given him credit for. His fame had gone before him to Capetown; and it is said that before leaving England he embezzled a considerable sum of money. He is one of those, of whom it may be said:—

> "True patriot he, for be it understood,
> He left his country for his country's good."

It appears that he was secretary to a charitable institution in Manchester, and appropriated five or six hundred pounds of the funds, with which he made off without rendering any account. This information came by a ship which left England after us; but which, thanks to our slow progress, arrived here before us. An accurate description was given of his personal appearance, and it coincides very exactly with that of Mr. P——. Our English friends entertain no doubt that he is the man.

Nor were we much surprised to hear it, as it explained several circumstances and eccentricities of conduct, which excited considerable remark during the voyage. Mr. P——, it will be remembered, came on board at Portsmouth, just as we were on the point of sailing. It was remarked that he was in very high spirits after we set sail. When we were running down the Channel at the rate of ten or eleven knots an hour, he could scarcely contain his joy. He gave out that he was going on a pleasure trip to the Cape, from which place he intended passing over to America. It soon appeared that he had brought an inadequate supply of clothing for his pleasure

trip, and he was obliged to beg and borrow on all sides. He had a habit in his cabin of amusing himself by beating gold sovereigns with a hammer, and his pockets appeared to be well lined with them. On other occasions, the keen eye of the chief officer detected him tripping in his conversation about families in Yorkshire, with whom he professed to be on the most intimate terms. What then seemed strange is now made plain. He is undoubtedly the delinquent. But the authorities here cannot touch him, as there is no one to identify him. Poor creature, it is curious to see how he clings to his fellow-passengers, and what a craving he has for sympathy when he meets us in the street, fastening first upon one, then upon another, but receiving no encouragement from any quarter.

After this we saw no more of him, but we heard that he had sailed in a vessel bound for America. One of the worst points about the fellow was that he inveigled young M——, the youngest of the passengers, to play at cards with him every night, until he had fleeced him of all his money. This became known to me only when it was too late. Passing my evenings invariably on deck, I was not aware of what was going on in the cuddy below; till M——, who shared my cabin, one morning, with tears in his eyes, disclosed his unhappy fate, and said he had lost every penny he possessed in the world. It had been given to him by his kind aunts at home as a little purse with which to set out in life.

Nor was this all. The young man was so chagrined and mortified, that, forgetting that two blacks will not make a white, he took to hard drinking. The usual consequences followed; the heat, want of exercise, and the drink, made him ill; an abscess formed on his liver, which carried him off in a few days. Here was a young man, of a frank and generous but too facile disposition,

falling under the baleful influences of this miscreant. who first robbed him, and then—killed him !*

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* This young man, when he joined the ship at Portsmouth, was in the full bloom of youth and health. He was returning to India to his family, after spending ten years in Ireland with his father's friends, receiving his education. He was a general favourite with the passengers, especially with Captain A——, who knew his father (also a military officer) in India. I find the following notice of his last moments in my diary :—

"On Friday last he was suddenly taken ill, but it did not at first cause any alarm ; it was hoped he would soon be well again. But on the following day matters looked worse ; it was found that an abscess had formed on his liver. On Monday he seemed to be rather better, and was able to come into the cuddy in the evening, and remain for about an hour. We were all pleased to see him so much better, and everyone had a kind word of welcome and encouragement. Even his *evil genius* seemed pleased. But on Tuesday he was again worse, much worse, and at intervals his mind wandered. On entering his cabin he did not recognize me. Wild thoughts were flitting through his brain, and he talked of 'Charon and his boat.' Some time after, his mind became clearer, and he said to those standing near him, 'Come in ; don't be afraid !' This was said in a weak, trembling voice. So strange ! Only a few days ago so full of life, and now trembling on the brink of the grave ! For the first time the thought crossed my mind that the gay, impulsive, but too facile youth, was dying, and would never live to see his father and mother and sisters in India, who were looking forward so eagerly for his return. And his good aunts in Ireland, to whom he was the light of their eyes, what will they say ? It was even so. About eight o'clock in the evening the doctor came on deck, and said there was no hope. I went down to his cabin to see him. His breathing was short and heavy, and his whole frame was at times convulsed. It was now certain that his end was approaching. Captain A——, who had sat up with him the night before, was called in. He watched over him with the greatest anxiety, and spoke soothingly to him ; but either

With nothing noble in him, he tried to taint and corrupt everybody he came near. Finding me young and unsophisticated, he had naturally a contempt for my poor abilities; and endeavoured on Sunday evenings, when he was not playing at cards, on more than one occasion, to shake my faith in the Bible. Fortunately, in the good providence of God, we are taught by contrast, as well as by example; and the lessons of infidelity instilled from such a source had rather the effect of strengthening my faith than undermining it. His puny efforts were chiefly directed against the Bible account of the Creation, and he evidently considered himself wiser than Moses and the prophets. His knowledge of geology was meager in the extreme; and the few scraps he had picked up only unsettled his shallow brain, and illustrated the words of the poet, that—

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Taking him all in all, there was a wonderful unanimity of consent among us that he was an unmitigated scoun-

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he did not hear, or could not answer by word or sign. After awhile his breathing became lighter and lighter, and then died away. The poor sufferer sunk into the sleep of death."

Mr. M——'s funeral took place next day at noon. The body was placed in a wooden coffin. The Captain read the funeral service with much feeling; and then the body was committed to the deep. The passengers and sailors stood around in silence. The whole ceremony was very impressive—a funeral at sea, which some of us had never witnessed before. It seemed very strange, to think of our young friend's body being thus buried, going down, down, down, into the fathomless deep! The loss and utter severance from all earthly ties seemed to our imaginations greater and more complete than if the body had been buried in the earth in the ordinary way. These are solemn warnings—two deaths in our little company within a few days, saying with solemn voice, "Be ye also ready!"

drel, without one redeeming feature about him visible to the naked eye.

LXXVIII.—CAPETOWN.—AGAIN AT SEA.

We did not leave Capetown till the 10th April, being detained by a very singular accident. A day or two after arriving; the Captain being on shore, as well as the passengers, a furious gale began to blow during the night. The "Juliana," as ill-luck would have it, parted anchor, and drifted out to sea. There she remained for two weeks, beating about against contrary winds. Great was our consternation, on awaking in the morning, to find the "Juliana" gone. The Captain was driven almost distracted. It was impossible to say what might become of the ill-fated vessel, whether she might not be driven on the rocks and sunk, with all our outfit and all we possessed in the world. At last, after a fortnight's cruise, the fickle "Juliana" made her appearance again, to our great joy, and we almost forgave her for leaving us so unexpectedly.

Notwithstanding the suspense and anxiety we suffered at Capetown, we were not without some solace in our misfortunes. The fine climate, added to the novelty of everything around us, made life at the Cape very enjoyable. Nor were we without solace of a more substantial kind. At the hotel where we stayed we had good dinners, for which, however, we paid a good price. The grapes, for which the Cape is celebrated, were just in season—the finest ever tasted. We had them every day as dessert, both at breakfast and dinner—great clusters of them, placed on the table before our delighted eyes!

We took little excursions, also, into the country, and caught slight glimpses of the great African continent—not so unlike our own, after all, but with points of dif-

ference in the habits and manners of the people. The country is dusty; and you see gentlemen riding about with green veils over their faces, like ladies, to protect themselves from the dust. You seldom or never see a horse yoked in a cart, oxen being employed for this purpose—sometimes as many as sixteen of them in one team, yoked in pairs. The driver carries in his hand an enormous whip, called "sambuck," with a leather thong or lash from thirty to forty feet long, which he wields with extraordinary skill. Let one of the oxen deviate from the direct course, or show any inclination to shirk his proper share of work, and the driver launches "sambuck" at him with unerring precision.

Table Mountain, which almost overhangs the town, was a constant source of interest. At certain times a sheet of vapour, of snowy whiteness, spreads over its top, and is called the table-cloth. Its snowy whiteness makes it very remarkable. But the most remarkable thing about it is, that it keeps ever rolling over the edge of the table, the portion that rolls over suddenly disappearing. You see it in perpetual motion, curling over, and then vanishing out of sight, as if suddenly "precipitated."*

Again at sea, a light wind blows from morning till night, and carries us steadily forward on our voyage. The sea is as smooth as glass, the air balmy, and not a cloud in the sky. The sea below, with its glassy surface, vies with the blue sky above, and all is still and peaceful. Walking on deck, as we were sailing past the island of

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* According to Dr. Livingstone, the white vapour, or "table-cloth," is caused by the sudden rise of a mass of air to the top of the mountain. The dilation of the air, and its attendant cold, cause the formation of a white cloud. On the lee-side, the vapour curls over and descends, until, reaching a certain point, it disappears.

Madagascar, the Captain told us the following story, which happened to himself fifteen years ago. He was at that time commander of one of the Company's great ships, bound for India. Instead of sailing to the east of Madagascar, the usual route, he was led by some inward impulse to take a different course, and sailed through the channel which separates the island from the continent of Africa. One day, while anchoring off the coast of Madagascar, he sent a boat on shore for a supply of water. In a few hours the boat returned, and with it came several natives of the island, among whom was the Prince or chief man of the place. The officer in charge of the boat reported, on his return, that a European missionary was on the island, kept in close confinement, and in danger of losing his life at the hands of the savages. The Captain, astonished at this information, turned the matter over in his mind. It occurred to him that Providence had brought him there to deliver the poor missionary. He had now the chief man of the place on board his ship, and he resolved to keep him there a prisoner until the missionary was set at liberty. Addressing the natives, he said to them, "You have a white man on the island?" They did not deny it. "You are going to kill him?" "No," they replied; "but we do not like him." "Bring him to me," said the Captain. "If you do not, I will carry away your Prince." Saying this, he ordered the Prince to be seized, and carried below. This decided conduct had the desired effect. After some consultation and palaver among themselves, two or three went away, and returned ere long, bringing the missionary with them. When the latter found himself safe on the deck of an English ship, the first thing he did was to fall on his knees, and return thanks to God for his deliverance. There was a dead silence among all present while he knelt in prayer; and the savages them-

selves stood silent and speechless, awed by the spectacle. It need scarcely be added, that the Prince and his attendants were then allowed to depart in peace, with a caution to be more merciful in future to white men, and especially to missionaries.

The evening was fine, and Captain A——, not to be outdone, had also his story to tell, though of a different kind.

"Some years ago," said Captain A——, "when I was with my regiment in India, at a lonely out-of-the way station, a brother officer was attacked with fever. One night I was sitting up with him, and, to keep myself awake, was reading a book by the light of a lamp burning on the table. It was past midnight. There was no one in the room but the sick man and myself; and all was silent as the grave. While thus sitting reading at the lamp, I was startled at seeing a dark figure, like a native *ayah*, gliding past, between the light and the bed. The figure went up to the bed where the officer was lying, drew her open hand over his face, and then glided away like a shadow, without speaking a word. On recovering from my surprise, I took the light, and followed her out of the room, but could discover no trace of her! This strange apparition ever remained a mystery, and I have never been able to make out what it was."

LXXIX.—SQUALLS.—FINE WEATHER.—SEA SCENERY.

We have again passed *the line*—this time on a Sunday. I thought of friends returning from church, glad to get home to the cozy fire, while we are melting under a vertical sun. For the rest, the weather is generally very fine, a light breeze blowing from morning till night. The heat is now greater than ever, the thermometer often at 90° and even above it. The sun beats in through our

wooden walls, and makes it sometimes almost unbearable. You feel as if your flesh would melt, "thaw and dissolve itself into a dew." It is only, however, when it is still and sultry. This stillness and sultriness of the atmosphere, is invariably followed by a storm. The morning is close and warm, perfect stillness, not a breath of air, and the experienced eye of the Captain perceives that a squall is at hand. Orders are given to shut the port windows and reef the sails. We cannot stay below, on account of the suffocating heat, and the passengers rush to the cuddy. On deck, all is bustle and excitement; the Captain issuing his orders at the top of his voice, and he has the voice of a Stentor; the sailors all busy, some pulling the ropes and others aloft reefing the sails: it is high time. A dense mass of black clouds is seen on the horizon. The sea all at once is dotted with crisp rippling waves, called by the sailors "cats'-paws." The ripples increase in size and swell into waves. The wind blows violently, and the dense clouds, now right over our heads, pour down torrents of rain. All the time the ship rolls about, driven to and fro by the wind, without a single sail set.

These squalls at this season are rather frequent. During the intervals, the weather is fine and the ship sails smoothly on. It is a holiday time for the sailors, who have almost nothing to do. They may be seen sauntering about and taking it easy; but they are not all idle. Here are two or three of them sitting on the deck, mending the sails. The needle is, in size, like a shoemaker's awl. The big rough hand plies it with dexterity, and produces a "seam" of great neatness as well as strength.

Some have compared a ship to a floating prison, and others, I believe, have found it a floating hell. Neither of these views quite agrees with my experience. There are resources at sea, especially the two great resources of

conversation and reading. The fault is our own if we do not extract from them the enjoyment they are capable of yielding. And is there not something also for the spirit to commune with? Is there not sea-scenery, so to speak, to please the eye and furnish food for thought? From day to day we have those two grand objects of nature before us—the sea and the sky. Neither of them varies much, and yet the eye never tires looking at them. At this season, or rather in this latitude, the mornings and evenings are delightful. They are sufficiently cool, but without any sharpness in the air to make it disagreeable. We sometimes come on deck very early to see the sun rise; it is a fine, a glorious sight. There is first the dawn—not the gray dawn of northern skies, but a delicate light blue. Beautiful beams of light, of a pale rainbow colour, usher in the dawn. Gradually, as the sun rises to the horizon, the heavens take a richer tinge, until they shine like burnished gold. Then the sun himself "from the eastern clime advancing" appears above the horizon, rising out of the sea like a great ball of fire. The sunsets too are very fine. Sometimes, soft fleecy clouds collect in large masses in the west, grouped together in every variety of shape, white and pure as snow. All at once, as if by enchantment, they become fringed with light. Gradually the golden tinge spreads through the whole mass of clouds; they shine all radiant with light, and form a heavenly picture of indescribable beauty. The sailor mending his sail, looks up with devout wonder. The Captain whispers to some one near him "Can any one come to sea and be an atheist?"

I do not think there are many atheists in the world. God has planted a feeling of His presence deep in the human heart. And if it were not so, every object of nature, in its perfection, seems to say "The hand that made us is Divine." Still we may agree with the good

Captain, that the wonders of the deep attract special attention, and impress the mind in a more than ordinary manner. They interest us by their novelty. On land, we are among objects with which we are familiar from infancy. But at sea the objects are either new, or are presented in a new light. They thus make a deeper impression, and we not only see but feel "the works of God, and his wonders in the deep."

In such weather as this, sitting alone in my cabin, reading or writing, I often forget I am at sea. There is no rolling or pitching, and the ship glides so smoothly on, that I can write easily, as if I was in a room at home. Looking out on the sea from the cabin window, I feel as if we were flying through the air, as if some great bird bore us onward over the boundless ocean. The evenings too are delightful, the evenings at sunset. On one side, the sun is setting; on the other side, the moon is just rising; both seen at once, and throwing a bright light over the blue waves. Again we may ask, "Can any one come to sea, and be an atheist?"

The evenings too, later at night, have their own peculiar charm. The sky is without a cloud, and the stars shine with mild lustre, and in all their glory. Look at that beautiful constellation in the form of a cross, almost as conspicuous here as the great bear in the northern sky. And what is that pear-shaped black patch near it, which never varies. The Captain tells me it is "Magellan's cloud." *

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* This is a common mistake. There are two black clouds in the southern sky; one of them in the constellation of the cross, to which sailors have given the name of "coal sacks." They are quite distinct from "Magellan's clouds," though frequently confounded with them. The "coal sacks" are dark clouds, the larger of the two being pear-shaped; while "Magellan's clouds"

And then, to lean over the side and look down at the sea! The ship ploughs through the waves, leaving behind, and on each side, a great river of white foam, resplendent with phosphorescent light, while innumerable bright rich patches, as if of molten gold, float away on the stream. It is one of the most glorious sights, so bright, so rich, so unearthly; you can scarcely take your eyes off it, but sit for hours and hours gazing, and dreaming of fairyland. *

LXXX.—CLOSE OF THE VOYAGE.—THE PASSENGERS.

The voyage, which is now drawing to a close, has been pleasanter than I could have anticipated. What with reading, writing, and talking, the time never hangs heavy.

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are luminous, like the milky way. The latter are bright, from the number of stars they enclose; while the former are black, from the absence of stars. Both are remarkable objects in the southern hemisphere.

* "The luminosity of the ocean (says Humboldt) is one of those superb natural phenomena which continue to excite our admiration even when we have seen them recur every night for months. The sea is phosphorescent in every zone; but those who have not witnessed the phenomenon within the tropics, have only an imperfect idea of the grand and majestic spectacle which it affords. When a man of war, impelled by a fresh breeze, cuts the foaming waves, the voyager standing at the ship's side feels as if he could never be satisfied with gazing on the spectacle which presents itself to his view. Every time that in the rolling of the vessel her side emerges from the water, blue or reddish streams of light appear to dart upwards like flashes of lightning from her keel. Nor can I describe the splendour of the appearance presented on a dark night in the tropic seas by the sports of a troop of porpoises. As they cut through the foaming waves, following each other in long winding lines, one sees their mazy track marked by intense and sparkling light."

In the evening I always walk for an hour or two, generally with Captain A——. We talk upon all manner of subjects, grave and gay. Sometimes we reason high of providence and fate, and, like Milton's angels, find no end, "in wandering mazes lost." But more frequently our conversation takes a lower flight. Captain A—— tells me a great deal about India, and everything he says on this theme is intensely interesting.

Since we left the Cape, the "Juliana" has really behaved very well. Young Charlie's confidence in her sailing powers has again revived, and he is ready now, as at first, to repel promptly any attack upon her, from whatever quarter it may come.

The passengers are friendly with one another, and there has been no jar since we parted with that black sheep, the Honourable Captain Pomfret. Looking round upon the passengers on the morning we set sail, I was particularly struck with the appearance of one of them. This was Captain L——. He was walking up and down the deck alone, his top-coat buttoned up to the chin, his lips compressed, and absorbed in his own thoughts, heedless of all that was going on around him. There was evidently some deep grief preying at his heart, but what it was no one could tell, for he kept his own counsel, and spoke not a word to anybody.

Captain L—— has become much more agreeable since we left, though at first morose and taciturn. In a week or ten days he completely changed, and began to enter, with a keen relish, into any conversation that was going on, either on deck or at the dinner-table. Fond of argument, and being both acute and well-informed, those who entered the lists with him generally came off second best. His superiority is now generally admitted, and everything he says is received with respectful attention. This has a most happy effect on his temper. Instead of a stern

misanthrope, he is now lively, and a very agreeable companion. Instructive he is also, being well read in history and poetry. He has Byron at his finger ends, and sometimes quotes him very happily, as the following instance may show. One day at dinner, the conversation turned upon duelling. Some one observed that the sensations of the man who stands up to be shot at, must be rather peculiar. Captain L—— observed that it might be so at first, but the feeling wore off; for, added he,—

> "After being fired at once or twice,
> The ear becomes more Irish and less nice."

He laughed heartily at the quotation, and (being himself an Irishman), drew our attention to the word *Irish*, and wondered what could have put it into the poet's head to use such a phrase.

Of the ship's officers, the chief officer has most character and individuality. Full of energy, and thoroughly up to his work, during a storm he is quite in his element; and at all times, if there is anything to be done, he sees that it is done, issuing his orders in a sharp decisive tone. Having been several voyages to India, he is thoroughly tanned and weatherbeaten. He is, I might say, every inch a sailor, and is also intelligent and full of information on all subjects. His activity and decision of character, his manliness, if I might so call it, tempered with due consideration for others, gives him great influence with the sailors, who are ready, one and all, promptly to obey him, and carry out his orders.

The second officer is more of an "amateur." He seems to have come to sea merely to pass the time agreeably. He wears a pair of fine gold spectacles, which he is continually adjusting on his nose; and he takes great pains in dressing a pair of whiskers, of which he is not a little proud. He is, I might say, innocent of all knowledge of

nautical affairs, and, to say the truth, gives himself very little trouble about them. The most that he does in this way is to pace the deck, smoking a cigar, to adjust his spectacles, and gaze up at the ship's rigging, and look occasionally through a glass at any object in the sea, or on the distant horizon.

As for the Captain, bred in the Company's service, and commander of one of their colossal vessels, which sailed to India and China before the age of competition began, with its iron hardness and bluntness, he has cultivated "amenity," if I may use the expression, as a cardinal virtue. A man of fifty years, short and stout, with clear blue eye and ruddy cheerful countenance, he is in his element when presiding at the dinner-table; and allows nothing to ruffle his temper, happen what may. Even the slow sailing of the "Juliana" does not dim his cheerfulness in the least; but he remains as bland and buoyant now as on the first day of the voyage. I need not say he is a favourite with the passengers, the only severe remark ever made against him being directed against his loudness in the morning. He keeps watch himself always between four and eight A.M.; and, having a splendid voice, he sends it ringing through the ship as soon as he goes on deck, and sleep for the remainder of the morning is banished from our eyes!

Of the cuddy servants, there is one with very marked characteristics. He is called Nathan, from which we might infer he is of Hebrew extraction; but there is nothing Hebrew about him except the name. He has a very fair complexion, his hair being almost white. He is half-blind, and very nervous. The passengers, as well as the other servants, take a mischievous delight in teasing him. They keep him constantly trotting about. At dinner, one will call out, "Nathan, some pork!" another, immediately after calls out, "Nathan, a glass of beer!"

This goes on until Nathan is at his wits' end, and does not know which way to turn. Then, when they are by themselves, the other servants tease him, and laugh at him. But the joke is sometimes carried too far. One day an altercation arose between him and the cook. Nathan seized a large carving-knife, and wounded the cook first in the face, and then made a thrust at his side, but was disarmed before doing further mischief. The cook's wound was rather serious; and it has been observed that, since then, Nathan has been treated with more deference by his fellow-servants. Nathan is of studious habits, and reads more than all the other servants put together. He has brought some very good books with him, and spends the greater part of his leisure time in their perusal.

Yesterday morning we were sailing past the Cinnamon Island, all on the alert to catch the spicy breezes that blow from Ceylon's isle;* but the day passed without our being sensible of any unwonted perfume in the air. At last, about dusk, when everything was veiled in twilight darkness, the chief officer called us to him one by one; and, sure enough, there was a very delightful odour; but, whether it came from the cinnamon gardens, or from perfumed waters sprinkled on the deck, must ever remain a mystery. Here was the chief officer in his blue jacket, standing stiff and stern; here was the second officer, stroking his whiskers with one hand, and with the other adjusting his spectacles. The Captain stood on one side, with his glittering eye; and on the other side, Captain A—— and Captain L——, who had travelled this road

* The reader does not require to be reminded of Heber's beautiful lines:—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft from Ceylon's isle."

before, stood grave as sentinels; while we young "griffins" came up one by one, to place ourselves right in front of the spicy gales. Meanwhile Charley Driver might be seen, by the light of the binnacle, standing at some distance, gaping like a young fox, and enjoying the scene immensely, as if he was now having his full revenge for all the jokes cracked during the voyage at the expense of that slow tub the "Juliana," who, notwithstanding all her shortcomings, still remained the darling of his heart.

This morning we were sailing along the coast to the south of Madras, and within sight of land, much interested in what we saw. That was not much, for the coast is low and flat; but India—India, there is magic in the name. All day on deck, looking at a dim line of coast, almost at blank vacancy; still we never tired, earnestly hoping to arrive before night. The passengers, with one or two exceptions, are gone to rest, and do not know that the "Juliana" is now riding safely at anchor in the Madras Roads.

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